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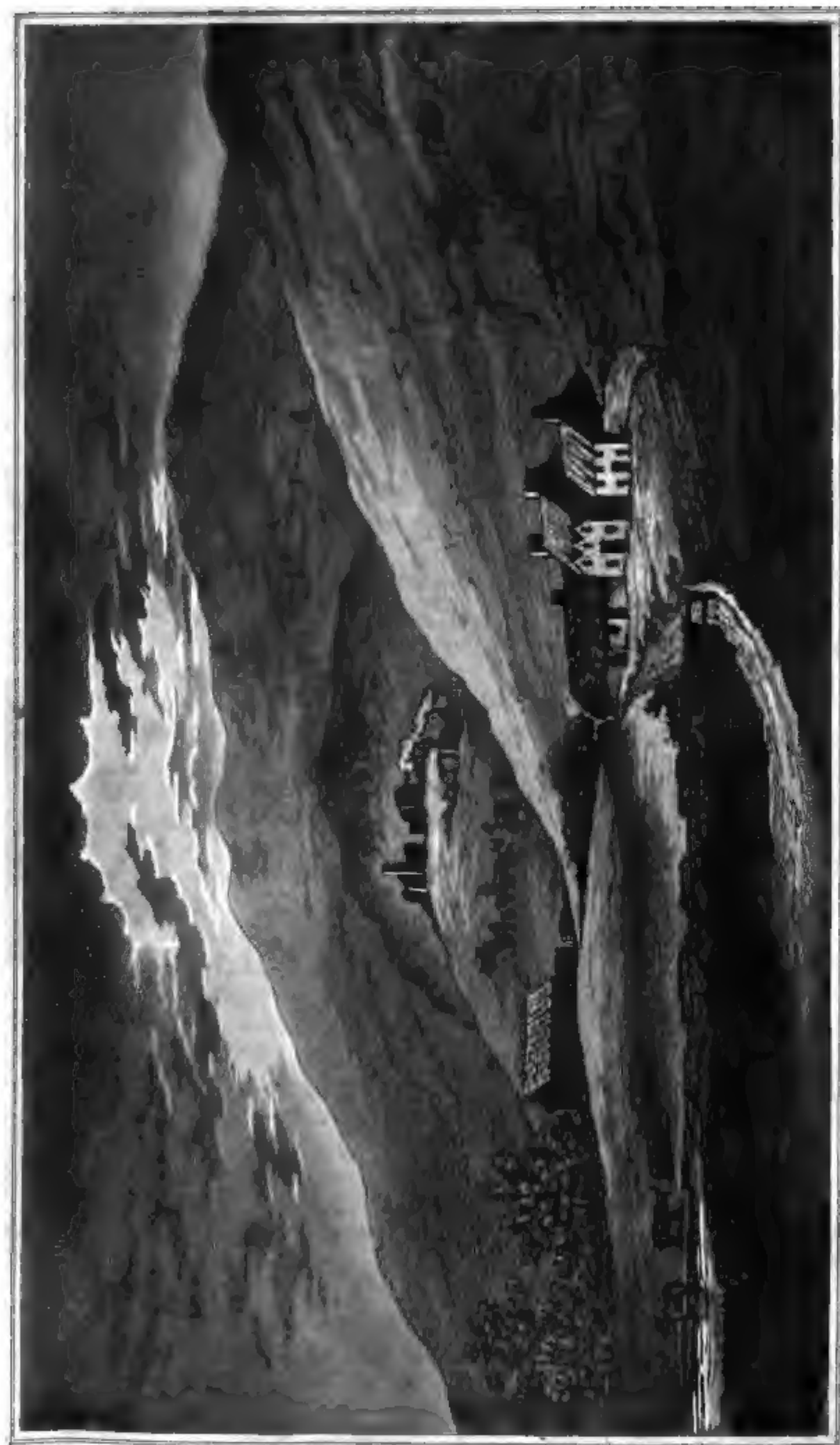
THE
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THE COTTAGE OF ST. LEONARDS.

Abbot's Quern, and the Ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel.

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THE

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1819.

ART. I.—*The Cottage of St. Leonard's, Muschat's Cairn, and the Ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel.*

THE Tales of my Landlord' have consecrated and rendered classic ground a variety of scenes possessing formerly but little interest. The genius of Walter Scott has touched them as with a magic wand. In the words of one of his countrymen, 'since he sung his bold and wild and romantic lays, a more religious solemnity breathes from our mouldering abbeys, and a sterner grandeur frowns over our time-shattered castles. He has peopled our hills with heroes even as Ossian peopled them, and like a presiding spirit, his image haunts the magnificent cliffs of our lakes and seas. And if he be, as every heart feels, the author of those noble prose works that continue to flash upon the world, to him exclusively belongs the glory of wedding Fiction and History in delighted union, and of embodying in imperishable records, the manners, character, soul, and spirit of Caledonia; so that if her annals were lost, her memory would in those tales be immortal.'

The cottage at St. Leonard's crags, the residence of 'Donce Davie Deans,' and his daughters Jeanie and Effie, is familiar to all our imaginations. Muschat's cairn, the scene where Jeanie had her midnight meeting with Robertson, and the ruins of St. Anthony's chapel, close by, will not be easily forgotten by the readers of 'The Heart of Mid Lothian.' But it is not perhaps, very generally known that the scene so described in that interesting novel, has an actual existence in nature. There is however a cottage in the environs of Edinburgh, and upon the very verge of the town, situated precisely as that of Davie Deans is pictured. 'Betwixt Edinburgh and the mountain called Arthur's Seat,' and near to it are still to be discerned the remains of an old cairn, and the yet stately ruins of St. Anthony's chapel.

The engraving accompanying this number, exhibits those objects as they now are to be seen, and is taken from an admirable drawing, made upon the spot, by Miss C. Schetky, whose graphic powers are so well known to the amateurs of the art in this city. It is

a night view, and represents faithfully the gloomy desolation of the scene.

The character and adventures of Jeanie are supposed rather to transcend the bounds of probability, yet it seems from the following extract from a Scottish newspaper that they are founded upon well authenticated facts.

JEANY AND EFFIE DEANS.

[From the Dumfries and Galloway Courier.]

It is not, we believe, very generally known, that the celebrated tale of 'The Heart of Mid Lothian' is founded on fact, and that its heroines resided for the greater part of their lives in the immediate neighbourhood of Dumfries. Of these facts, however, our readers will entertain no doubt, when they shall have perused the following narrative, which we have been obligingly permitted to extract from a memorandum, made by a lady, long before the last series of the Tales of my Landlord had been announced, and we distinctly pledge ourselves to the public for the authenticity of its contents.

EXTRACT.

'As my kitchen and parlour were not very far from each other, I one day went in to purchase chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. This was a little stout looking woman, who seemed between 70 and 80 years of age. She was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood, tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland. Her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that, in winter, she *fitted stockings*, that is, knitted feet to country people's stockings;—an employment which bears about the same relation to stocking making that cobbling does to shoe making, and is, of course, both less profitable and less *dignified*. She added, that she taught a few children to read, and, in summer, 'whiles reared a wheen chicken.' * * * * After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the good sense and naivete of the old woman's remarks, she rose to go away. I then asked her name. Her countenance was suddenly clouded, her colour slightly rose, and she said gravely, or rather solemnly, "My name is *Helen Walker*; but your husband kens weel about me."

'In the evening, I mentioned to Mr. ——— the new acquaintance I had made, and how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was remarkable in the history of this poor woman. Mr. ——— said, there were few more extraordinary persons than Helen Walker. She had been early left an orphan with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, whom she educated and maintained by her exertions. It will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she found that this only sister must be tried by the

laws of her country for *child-murder*, and herself called on as the principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparation, however slight, or had given her any intimation whatever of her situation, such a statement would save her sister's life. Helen said, "It is impossible for me, sir, to give my oath to a falsehood, and whatever be the consequence, I will give my evidence according to my conscience." The trial came on. The sister was found guilty and condemned. In removing the prisoner from the bar, she was heard to say to her sister, "O Nelly! ye hae been the cause o' my death!" Helen replied. "Ye ken I buid to speak the truth."

'In Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and its execution, and Helen availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that same night set out on foot from Dumfries to London, without introduction or recommendation. She presented herself in her tartan plaid and country attire before John, duke of Argyle (after having watched three days at his door), just as he was stepping into his carriage, and delivered her petition. Herself and her story interested him so much, that he immediately procured the pardon she solicited, which was forwarded to Dumfries, and Helen returned, having performed her meritorious journey on foot, in the course of a few weeks.

'I was so strongly interested in this narrative, that I earnestly wished to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to postpone it till my return in spring, when my first walk was to Helen's cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavoured to obtain some account of her from a woman who inhabited the other end of the house. I inquired if Helen had ever spoken of her past history, her journey to London, &c. "Na," said the old woman, "Helen was a wily body, and whenever ony o' the neighbours spierd ony thing about it she aye changed the discourse." In short, every answer I received only served to raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroism and virtue.

'Helen Walker lived on the romantic banks of the Clouden, a little way above the bridge by which the road from Dumfries to Sanquhar crosses that beautiful stream. The name of her younger sister is said to have been *Tibby* (Isabella), and it is known that, after her liberation from Dumfries jail, she was united in marriage to the father of the little innocent whose premature death had brought her life into jeopardy, and that she lived with him in the north of England, where Helen used occasionally to visit her. The interview betwixt Helen and Mrs. ——— above detailed, took place in October 1786, and the remains of the old woman were interred in the church-yard of Irongray, in spring 1787, without a stone to mark the spot where they are deposited.

ART. II.—*Original Letters*, from an American gentleman at Calcutta, to a friend in Pennsylvania.

LETTER VI.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Calcuttam!

Calcutta, April 20th.

MY DEAR H.

IN my last, I gave you an account of what I had observed during the *Gentoo* holidays. Rude and imperfect I am sensible it was; but as far as it goes, I believe its fidelity may be relied on. About three weeks previous to these ceremonies, the *Muhometans* performed their religious rites,—which being not altogether so extraordinary as the others, I have hitherto omitted to speak of them: but since I am on the subject, I will now briefly notice the more prominent occurrences.

The *Moorman* holidays commenced about the 16th of March, and continued until the evening of the 20th; during which time we had to dispense with the services of our waiters, or body servants, as they are called,—who are all zealous disciples of the prophet, and will on no account forego the pleasure of attending, and assisting at the ceremonies. On the evening of the 19th, those devout mussulmen marched in procession through some of the principal streets; when their numbers, with the lights, and tawdry images, &c. which they carried, made altogether a very imposing spectacle. They appeared to march in distinct companies, at some little distance from each other,—and each company bore a number of tinselled structures, of framed work, on their shoulders, all illuminated with lamps or torches. They also carried numerous figures of animals, in some respects resembling the deer,—with a long, erect, tapering neck, but terminating in a rude likeness of the human head. The procession was formed of men, women, and children, who seemed to be absorbed in devotion; beating their breasts—singing, or rather vociferating, and performing a variety of the most singular and grotesque gesticulations. They all raised their hands at the same time, and brought them down in concert, with great force on their breasts, exclaiming '*Hussein*' at every blow:—which I understand to be in commemoration of the massacre of *Hussein*, one of the sons of *Ally*, a famous khalif in the early period of Mahomedan history. I went with two or three gentlemen to their church, or mosque (whither the procession tended), which was a small building, but highly decorated in their rude style. Our servants, who perceived us after some time, came to us, and took a great deal of pains to point out every thing which they supposed would gratify us; and explained all *they* understood of the ceremonies (which, indeed was not much), with the utmost *naivete*, and apparent sincerity. The poor, benighted rabble, seemed to be enraptured with the solemnities of the occasion; and exhibited cause for some melancholy reflections on the hopeless condition of human intellect, in these extensive and populous regions.

The police had a number of the military distributed among the crowd, for the purpose of preventing riotous or disorderly conduct. The next day I went to see the conclusion of these ceremonies. They were held at the upper end of that part of the town which is occupied by English houses, on a handsome and spacious highway, which the marquis Wellesley, while he was governor-general, had caused to be made to a *bungelos*, or kind of rural retreat, about fifteen miles from the city. This wide and elegant road was thronged with mussulmen, who were engaged as above described. At length they marched off in detachments, with their finery, to a large tank, or pond, near the great road, and threw all the tinselled apparatus into the water; which act, they call *burying* their god—having no further occasion for him, it seems, until the succeeding year! Such is the dark and abject state of this ancient people:—in a country, too, where the spontaneous bounties of nature seem to have left little for man to do, but to improve his moral condition. The town, above the aforesaid road, is altogether inhabited by natives; and it looks more like a *grove*, or great garden, than a *city*. The cocoa-nut, and other trees, are pretty abundant; either scattered or in clumps, upon the grounds, and the wretched huts are very numerous among them; but make scarcely any show at a small distance. The walls of those hovels are commonly mud, or sometimes matting, set up edge-wise, and thatched with rice-straw, or flags, and sometimes tiled. The grounds are divided into small lots, by means of ditches, which are usually full of filthy, stagnant water, and very offensive. The most common trees and plants in these grounds are the cocoa-nut, mango, tamarind, plantain, pineapple, &c. &c.—which would render them a delightful place for a stroll, were it not for those ditches, and the extreme ardor and subduing influence of the sun. The cocoa-nut tree is very abundant in all directions around the city, as far as I have observed; and is, indeed, one of the greatest blessings of a torrid clime, where man is oppressed with heat and thirst, and potable water difficult to obtain. A single nut, in its green state, affords at once a nutritious repast, and a refreshing beverage to the traveller. It has been remarked of this tree, that it produces all the materials requisite to build a vessel, to rig it, and provision it for a voyage. The body of the tree, it is true, would yield but indifferent ship timber; being very soft, and almost herbaceous in its texture; but the fibrous coating of the nut makes excellent cordage, called *coir*, and is extensively used here in the manufacture of cables. Those cables are strong and elastic, and are said to be very durable in *salt* water, though they soon decay when exposed to rain or fresh water. Canvass may also be prepared from the same material; and the nuts themselves afford both food and drink. Thus, you see, it would be possible, from the products of this inestimable plant, to construct, fit out, and provision a ship; and although few of us would be willing to embark in such a vessel, yet the fact may serve to illustrate the value of the tree, as well as the beneficence of

providence in affording it in such spontaneous abundance to the inhabitants of tropical regions. Our supercargo having some acquaintance with major D. an officer who is at present stationed in *fort William*, we all received an invitation, a few days since, to dine in the fort. We accordingly repaired thither in our palanquins, with our retinue of servants, about seven o'clock in the evening, and were politely received and entertained by the major and his friends. The company consisted chiefly of army and naval officers, in full dress, whose uniform, especially the scarlet coats of the former, made a very gay appearance. The dinner was superbly served up in the style of this country; and although I had anticipated an evening of stiff and irksome formality, I was most agreeably disappointed. As every one takes his waiter with him, when he goes out to dine, there was, of course, no deficiency of attendants; on the contrary, there was an almost continual scramble among the servants to obtain the favourite dishes for their respective masters. Over the table, there was suspended from the ceiling, a large and elegant *punkah*, or fan, which a servant kept in constant motion by means of a cord attached to it, swinging it to and fro over our heads, and thereby creating a cool and refreshing breeze during the entertainment. This is, indeed, a luxury which is to be met with in every house here; and can only be duly appreciated by those who have experienced the oppressive heat of such a climate.—As soon as dinner was over, the several *hookah* bearers, belonging to the gentlemen present, who used those curious machines in smoking, commenced their operations. Each one spread a small carpet on the floor, behind his master, on which he placed the hookah, ready charged with aromatic ingredients; and having ignited these, presented him with the end of the long flexible tube, called the *snake*, through which the fragrant fumes were inhaled. This apparatus is so contrived, that the smoke is to be drawn through water, which renders it quite cool; but at the same time, occasions considerable exertion to the smokers,—and when they all got fairly to work, kept up a continual gurgling noise around the table. It is the exclusive business of one servant to take charge of the hookah, and to carry it about, and have it ready for use wherever his master goes to dine.

After smoking for some time, and drinking round to each others health (a custom which is here carried to a punctilious extreme), the company began gradually to withdraw. Not the least ceremony is seen on retiring from those parties. Every one is perfectly at his ease while he stays, and withdraws whenever it suits him—frequently unobserved by the rest of the company.

In my rambles to see the various curiosities of this place, I called the other evening at a *pagoda*, or temple, in the suburbs of the city, where a number of Gentoos were assembled to worship their idols. These are tawdry, ill-favoured images of the human form, which are placed in small chambers, or recesses, in different parts of the pagoda, and are guarded with great care by the priests, or

Braminee cast, as they are termed. They would on no account let me pass the threshold of the apartments in which the images were, but very politely permitted me to look in; and those who stood at the entrance, presented me with some elegant bouquets, and placed garlands of flowers round my neck, for all which civilities, they did not hesitate to ask a *bukshish* for their gods; a very modest, convenient, and obvious mode of raising a little revenue for *themselves*; and seems to have occurred to the craft in all ages and nations, where such privileged orders have existed.

Short as has been my residence here, the scenery around me is becoming quite familiar; and I am astonished when I reflect on the facility with which the mind can accommodate itself to the contemplation of the most degrading exhibitions of human wretchedness. Although I was shocked beyond measure when I first beheld human beings used as beasts of burthen, yet I find the general prevalence of the thing has almost obliterated the disagreeable impressions; and I can even call to my grunting bearers to quicken their pace, when I am in a hurry. So powerful is the influence of custom! I am, however, becoming sated with indulgencies so uncongenial with my early habits; and am anxious to mingle again with the freemen of my native land. The streets of this city are considerably infested with native beggars, who never think of soliciting alms from their own countrymen,—but are quite a pest to strangers. Sometimes a cripple is mounted on the shoulders of a blind man, and thus a very convenient co-partnership is formed for the purpose of travelling. I have heard them occasionally uttering a long vociferous story in their own language, and thought at first, they were some kind of fanatic preachers. They will frequently pursue a white man for whole squares, making the most piteous grimaces, and are repelled with great difficulty. I hoped to get rid of one old woman, who haunted me like an evil genius, in all my excursions, by giving her some small coin; but I soon found my mistake—for it stimulated her to redouble her importunities whenever she saw me. The hideous disease of elephantiasis is not unfrequent here; and the deplorable subjects of it are generally seated at the corners of the streets, where they expose their diseased legs in order to excite the charity of those who pass by. We are also daily pestered with jugglers, and snake players, who wish to exhibit their slight of hand tricks, and the docility of their snakes. The snake players take their stand in front of the factory, with their serpents in covered baskets; and whenever they perceive any of us, are continually bawling out, ‘*very pretty snake play, sauheb—see how fine.*’ Those serpents are taught to perform certain motions imitative of dancing, which they do to the music of the *tuntum*. They are said to be of a venomous kind, (the *cobra di capello*,) but their poisonous fangs are extracted. Their owners will sometimes irritate them, and suffer themselves to be bitten by those animals on the arms, or wherever else they can get hold. I have seen the snake players

grasp the snake by the middle, hold it up before his face, and put out his tongue, when the irritated creature would seize his tongue, and hold on while the man pushed it from him, and thereby stretched his tongue out of his mouth to the utmost. No inconvenience seems to follow, except the slight wounds inflicted by the serpent's teeth. For these disgusting exhibitions the snake player of course demands his *bukshish*; and is well satisfied to receive a few *pise*, the smallest copper coin used here.

In my visits to the ship, I often witness a spectacle which is quite familiar to the residents of this place; but at which the feelings of a stranger cannot fail to revolt. Some of the casts dispose of their dead by burning the bodies: but a very numerous one, called the *pyar*, or *paria cast*, throw all their dead into the Hooghly, where they continue to float with the tide until they are finally devoured by fish, or by the vultures and crows. Those birds may be seen in numbers, perched on the carcasses of men and women, and tugging away at the decomposing masses as they glide by with the ebb and flow of the river. Sometimes those bodies get athwart the cables of the ships, at their moorings, when the tide begins to ebb, and are balanced so accurately, that they may be seen hanging entirely out of water, when the tide is down.

I occasionally amuse myself in conversation with some of the more intelligent natives, by attempting to show the absurdity of many of their practices and opinions. They always listen to me with great attention and politeness—though with a marked expression of incredulity in their countenances; and have one uniform, conclusive answer to every thing I can urge—which is, '*our custom.*' It is enough for them, to know what they do is sanctioned by immemorial usage; and they seek no better reason. In their religious dispositions and opinions, the Gentoos are mild, tolerant, and liberal towards others,—but as immovably fixed, to all appearance, as our own Alleghany mountains. With such a people, you will naturally conclude, and I think correctly, that the labours of the *missionary* must, for a long time at least, be both arduous and discouraging.—But I must bring my tedious and heterogeneous epistle to a close. My disposition to be communicative, I hope contributes to your entertainment: at any rate, it affords me frequent opportunities of assuring you how sincerely, I am, &c.

ART. III.—*Gessner and his Works. (Continued.)*

HAVING now attained celebrity in the world, by his performances, Gessner determined upon writing another work, which should command a higher and more sublime character; a character if possible of immortality. This poem *The Death of Abel*, has been translated into English by Mrs. Collyyer, and is familiar to many of our readers.

It is impossible, however, that any just and adequate conceptions, can be formed of this admirable work from the perusal of that

translation, which is remarkable only for its inflated jargon, feebleness and bad grammar.

The *Death of Abel*, like the *Messiah* of Klopstock, stands by itself. The subject of Gessner's poem presents a picture singularly eventful to the world. It is drawn from the *Bible*; and the moral of the poem, inculcates the terrible evil of domestic contentions; the influence of religion in every situation; the misery and wretchedness of vice; and the sublimity and excellence of virtue. It is written in harmonious prose, instead of verse; and is divided into five books. The poem commences with an apostrophe to the muse of poetry, which though general custom has sanctioned, does not seem materially necessary. Hence Lucan has rejected it, with singular propriety, in the *Pharsalia*. The invocation to the *Death of Abel* is eminently beautiful. The narrative opens with the following interesting description.

'The silent hours led on the blushing morn, and sprinkled with dewy tears the shadowy earth. The glorious sun poured forth his radiant beams along the shades of the dark towering cedars of the hills, and tinged with crimson light the massy clouds that floated mournfully on the yet twilight heavens; when Abel and his beloved Thirza arose from their mossy couch, and wandered to the bower of roses and jassamin. Innocence and love beamed with celestial brightness in the soft blue eye of Thirza, and mantled in beauty on her cheeks of bloom. Her fair long hair flowed wantonly over her youthful bosom, or playing in luxuriant circles, descended to her delicate waist. She passed by the side of Abel, whose brown locks clustered in brightness over his liberal forehead; deep thought and meditation were blended in that countenance of heavenly sweetness; he moved with the majesty of an angel of Light, commissioned by the dread Supreme to sooth the last and fearful moments of some expiring saint;—the garments of mortality enshroud him, but cannot conceal the effulgent glory, that beams from the form seraphic it veils.'—Gess. Works, vol. i. p. 4.

Their morning oraisons are offered to heaven in a recitative hymn by Abel. Adam and Eve soon after join them, accompanied by Mahala, the wife of Cain. Concealed in the recesses of a rock, Cain listens to the praises of Abel and Thirza imparted by their parents; filled with rage, he bursts into a wild and passionate soliloquy, which is overheard in the bower. Abel pursues his brother to the field and expostulates with him. The dialogue which ensues on their return, between Adam and Cain; the affectionate remonstrances; the exhortations; the cold-blooded and yet remorseful nature of the replies, together with the apparent repentance and reconciliation of the several parties, are inimitably fine, and admirably imagined and executed.

The *second book* opens with the discourse of Adam on the advantages and prerogatives of virtue. Induced by the solicitations of Abel, he narrates the remarkable story of their lives after their expulsion from *Paradise*; the horrors of the curse were already upon

them; he unfolds the awful vicissitudes to which they had been exposed,—the fearful looking for of death and indignation; the desolations of earth; the destructiveness of amity among the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field; the resignation and contrition of Adam and Eve. Their terrible alarms at the first exhibition of the warring of the elements, is beautifully illustrated and portrayed.

‘ Our tranquillity was soon destroyed. Black and mountainous clouds, rising in slow succession gradually and awfully overspread the firmament of heaven; and veiled the setting sun. The spirits of darkness brooded over the earth; universal nature seemed to await in unutterable, silent horror the dreadful approaches of the storm. Soon the tempest burst. The blast of the hurricane roared among the mountains and raged terribly in the forests; the lightnings flashed along the black clouds, and the thunder burst in tremendous peals. Eve pale with agony and fear, sunk trembling in my arms. He comes—the *Avenger* comes, she exclaimed—armed with all his terrors! He comes to annihilate and overwhelm! to destroy all nature, in vengeance of *my* crimes. Oh Adam! Adam!—She clung to me with convulsive and supernatural strength, and remained speechless on my bosom!—Recollect thyself, my beloved, I exclaimed, let us prostrate ourselves, at the entering in of the grotto; let us pray, Eve, to that mighty Being, who walketh in darkness, whose thunders proclaim his power;—whose lightnings mark his path!—Oh! Thou, who lookedst down with such benignity, when first I stood completed by thine Almighty power—how dreadful! how awful art thou, when thou comest in judgment!—

[Gess. v. i. p. 32.]

The narrative in continuance, displays the happiness which they were permitted to participate; their labours and occupations; their terrors and emotions in the contemplation of the first presentation of death; their devotions, and the building of the first habitations; the awful and magnificent prophecy in relation to that Being who should bruise the head of the serpent. Their surprise on the changes of the seasons; the births of Cain and Mahala—Abel and Thirza, and concludes, with reflections naturally excited, by memory and anticipation.

The *third book*, contains the meditations of Cain and Mahala on the history of the fall, as related by Adam, and its consequences. The introduction of Anamalech, an inferior infernal spirit, who had been commissioned to watch over and excite the malignant and contending passions which rage in the bosom of Cain; and his plans to execute these impious designs. The sickness of Adam and his views of futurity: the emotions and forebodings, supposed, consequently attendant on death. The prayers of Abel for his father's recovery; the gratitude and thanksgivings of Adam, on his restoration to health; the sacrifices of Cain and Abel; the acceptableness of the one and the rejection of the other. The book concludes, with the awful denunciations of Heaven against Cain, and exhortations to repentance; the terribleness of his agony, re-

morse, and despair. The descriptions in this book are wonderfully poetical. It would be impossible, as well as inappropriate, to present mutilated passages in support of this observation; they are so intimately commingled, so admirable in their connexion, fine flow, and consistency;—the pathetic and the marvellous; the grand and the dreadful; the beautiful and the sublime, follow so closely and yet so naturally, that we are sometimes melted with pity or roused to indignation, or else enrapt in a mysterious air and astonishment, or shuddering with horror.

The *fourth book*, opens with a night scene and the distresses of Mahala and Cain. Overcome with the tremendous conflicts of passion, he throws himself on the earth in a wild agony. Cain invokes the powers of sleep. The fiend Anamalech is beside him. He dreams; and every horrible shadow, that can waken frenzy in his gloomy and guilty soul, passes in fearful panorama before him. The veil of futurity is rent, and he beholds the enduring wretchedness and labour and misery entailed, by the curse of the Almighty, on his posterity. The spirit of his dream is changed, and a contrast is exhibited in the offspring of Abel. Happiness and tranquil indolence, and a bounteous and luxurious unfolding of all that is pleasant to the senses, or captivating to the mind, is there in possession; rich and evergreen pastures, snow white flocks innumerable; and far spread waters bursting up in bright sparkles in the sunshine; shepherds and beauteous maidens; long moonlight nights of merriment and love—musick and dancing. These shadows quickly vanish, and the slumberer imagines that the posterity of Abel come, in the array of war, in the darkness of the night, to smite his descendants with the sword; to despoil, ravish, enslave and overwhelm.

But we cannot forbear giving the following, and final quotation from this admirable book;—it may be justly and we hesitate not, to place it aside, the very best passages of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, and *Paradise Lost*.

‘Cain imagined that he beheld the dreadful project executed! The terrible sounds of wailing and grief and lamentation burst on his affrighted ear, mingled with shouts of triumph and rejoicing. He looked, and beheld the humble huts of his posterity blazing amid the darkness of midnight. The fiery reflection of flames gleaming on the encircling mountains, and sweeping in a red glimmering on the waves of the deep waters, which broke with hoarse and sullen murmurs against the rocks. By that disastrous light, he beheld his children bound and subdued, and driven like flocks of innocent lambs, before the triumphant descendants of Abel. He beheld, and startled convulsively in his disturbed slumbers; when Abel who had discovered him sleeping under the dark brow of the cliffs, approached him softly, and bending over him whispered, thus in mildest accents. Soon mayst thou waken, beloved brother, that I may pour forth the fondest language of my love for thee; that I may embrace thee, Cain—But ah! let me repress my impatient

wishes; perhaps, yet longer thy wearied and worn limbs, require the sweet alleviations of sleep.—Ye wanton winds be still! Ye warbling birds be silent! nor sweep with quick glancing wings, the dews of slumber from his eyes!—But soft! how pale! how agitated! what gloomy imaginings convulse his brow!—Ye visions of terror, wherefore haunt his repose! Away, away, and leave his spirit in peace! and come, ye visions of delight, shadows of loveliness and serenity! come and fill his soul with joy and gratitude!—He spake, and tenderly gazed on the slumberer of the rock.

‘Cain awoke. Foaming with horror and rage he started from the rock; his eyes light’ned; the storms of revenge and hatred lowered on his gloomy visage. Open! oh earth and hide; burst ye rocks and crush me! bury me in your depths! Wretched! lost! and oh horrible thought! my little ones must inherit all my agony and wo! In vain, in vain, I supplicate Thee to annihilate and destroy. Yes! the Avenger’s fiat has gone forth;—condemned to misery! the veil is rent and the retributions of futurity break upon my sight. Accursed, for ever cursed, be the day which saw me born! accursed be the place where the throes of travail came upon my mother!—never let herbage spring there, or shrub grow there, or the tree cast its shadow there! May those who are for the sowing and planting, with dreadful bitterness mourn their fruitless toil, and execrate the ungrateful spot! May all who tread there tremble with the shudderings of terror, their hearts withered and desolate, and lameness enfeebling their tottering limbs!

‘Thus raved the maniac!

‘Abel, pale as with the death agony—with faltering steps advanced—My brother! oh no! but some rebellious, some disconsolate spirit hurled by the thunder of the Almighty from Heaven, has dared to assume his form, and imprecate blasphemies.—Where art thou, Cain, I fly to seek thee and bless thee!—Behold him here, exclaimed Cain, thou smiling, crouching favourite of the Avenger! Thou, whose viperous brood are soon to inherit and monopolize all the blessedness of this fair world!—Yes—yes—too fit it is that there should be a crew of menials to wait upon thee—to labour for the voluptuous chosen—whose hours of happiness and dalliance must not be darkened with even thoughts of servitude! Oh horrible!—Hell with all its fires rages and inflames my soul!

‘Cain! my brother, answered Abel, while blended emotions of tenderness and anxiety beamed on his countenance—what dreadful dream has deceived thee? With the earliest dawn I came hither to seek thee, to embrace thee, and to give thee, the salutations of the morning. But, ah me! what stormy passions agitate thy soul; how unkindly thou acceptest my testimonials of affection! When will those blissful days arrive when love and peace shall reign together; when the wrapt spirit, shall yield itself to the wondrous consummation of well regulated delights; those days which our parents anticipate with so much solicitude! Oh Cain, how hast thou frozen those warm hopes awakened in long past hours of affection and re-

conciliation—when I leaned upon thy bosom and wept!—Tell me, Cain, my brother, how have I offended thee?—Heaven knows how unconsciously! Dissipate, I pray thee, the horrible gloominess that overclouds thy brow!—Thus let me expiate my involuntary errors!

‘He said, and kneeling down there embraced his brother’s knees. Ha! serpent, wouldst thou entwine me in thy treacherous folds. Cain shuddered and sprung back—God! It is enough!—He spake. Terrible ire nerved his uplifted arm; he swung a ponderous club, it awfully divided the air and descended on the head of Abel!—The innocent victim sunk at his feet! he fixed his dying eyes on the murderer;—in that farewell glance there was a bright expression of pity and forgiveness. The rushing blood distained the radiant tresses of his golden hair and bathed the feet of Cain. ’Tis past now, and the spirit of Abel has departed.’—

Gess. Works. b. 4. p. 103.

Such is the poetry of that dark deed, which first evinced the reality and hatefulness of sin in this world. The remainder of this affecting and sublime book, is taken up in portraying the ravings of Cain, on the first wakefulness of his mind after the diabolical deed; the triumphal elation of Anamalech on the completion of his work; the apotheosis of Abel, and the great mourning and lamentation of the primitive family.

The *fifth* and last *book*, contains the annunciation of the death of Abel to Thirza; the grief and despair of Mahala and Thirza: the burial of the first martyr; the remorse and wretchedness of the fratricide. The consolation, and the *farewell* departure of Cain and Mahala.

In reflecting on the foregoing analysis, it may be easily perceived, that the death of Cain possesses many of the properties peculiar to the Epopœa. We are not, however, satisfied with the adoption of measured prose, rather than verse; rhyme is not essential, in the composition of the higher kinds of poetry. Perhaps too, there is not that easiness of repose maintained, which forms so fine a contrast to the more majestic and lofty parts of the poem. This objection may be applied with equal justness to the Messiah, and indeed to all the more arduous efforts of the German muse. Besides the subject of Gessner’s poem, is evidently too much restricted. This was the primary fault of *Paradise Regained*. There is no intricacy of events, which gradually unfold into a wide and splendid development. But then it must be allowed, without reservation, that those events which *are* agitated, interest and animate. The outline is finely sketched, and prodigiously well filled up; the characters are delineated with great force and accuracy; and the master springs of the human heart are touched cunningly, and the complex organization and operations beautifully revealed. The machinery is such, as Homer would have chosen, if he had selected such a subject for the display of his mighty powers. Gessner is throughout instructive, from the pure and bright flowing of his morality; and learned, where he may be learned with impunity.

The narrative is hardly ever disturbed by the introduction of episodes; hence the poverty of that variety of incidents which is sometimes deemed, with what propriety we know not, fundamentally necessary to the *Epopœa*. His descriptions are bold and commanding; though at times there appears to be a wild profusion, substituted for richness of fancy; and declamation for elegance and sublimity; yet it must be confessed that his sentiments and figures are always full of life, energy, enthusiasm, and originality. The most timid circumstances in rural life are raised and dignified; and we know how to estimate and look upon them; and lastly, there is perceptibly throughout the poem, strength and luxuriousness of imagination, and grandeur and elevation of feeling, together with a manifold and lucid correctness of judgment and illustrative thought, and the profoundest sensibility.

Immediately after the publication of the *Death of Abel*, three large editions of which were printed in a single year, and translated into many of the European languages, Gessner passed much of his time in solitude, devoting himself for the most part, to the study of *belles lettres*, and landscape painting; the wild and wondrous scenery of Helvetia, its mighty and romantic mountains, its vallies and extensive lakes, afforded numerous opportunities for the exercise of this admirable art. But Gessner was not formed by nature for solitude. The remonstrances and entreaties of his friends availed, and he returned again to the tumultuous scenes of the world; and immediately engaged assiduously in the duties of his profession.

In the former part of this work, we have had occasion to mention mademoiselle Charlotte Heidegger, the daughter of M. Heidegger, a celebrated landscape painter. She was remarkable for her beauty of person and gracefulness of manners, to which was united a highly cultivated mind, and a most amiable disposition. A mutual attachment had long subsisted between Gessner and Charlotte; and it was in the summer of 1760, that this attachment was devoutly consecrated at the holy altar. Soon after his marriage, he was summoned by the universal suffrages of the inhabitants of Zurich to the great council of the republic. During the year 1762, he published his poem of *The First Navigator*. It is a romantic tale, and well worthy of the genius of its author. He esteemed it the best written of all his fugitive pieces. The world perhaps may differ from him in regard to this opinion. In 1772, he published another volume of *Idylls*, containing the celebrated, and justly celebrated poem, entitled the *Deluge*, (which has been elegantly translated into English, by that most interesting paragon of female excellence, the late Miss Elizabeth Smith) and the still more popular letter on *Landscape Painting*, inscribed to his friend and relative Fusselin, the ingenious author of the historical essay, on the *Artists of Switzerland*. This was the last literary work of Gessner.

The qualities which are necessary to fulfil the duties of a public station with reputation, seemed to have been possessed by Gessner in an eminent degree. On his relinquishing the office of senator, he was immediately appointed bailiff of Eilbach, of the four guards, and superintendent of the waters. These were situations of high trust, dignity, and responsibility, and were discharged by this illustrious man, with peculiar probity and scrupulousness of conduct. Nor were these all the honours which were lavished upon him. Catherine II. empress of Russia, presented him with a valuable gold medal, as a memorial of her friendship and regard; and numerous scientific and literary institutions in Europe, elected him honorary member of their societies. His company was courted by the opulent and powerful, by scholars and philosophers, who universally and unreservedly bestowed upon him the tribute of their applause and admiration.

He was attacked by a sudden stroke of the palsy, and died March 2, 1788.

Enough has been suggested in the foregoing article, to give the reader an intimate view of the *literary* character of Gessner. What remains, is to portray, very briefly, his private character. His life was pure and exemplary; he possessed a most excellent heart, full of the spirit of loving kindness and charity. He had a just sense of religion, and many of his private hours, were spent in the hallowed exercises of piety. There was at times much of light-heartedness and cheerfulness with him, blended with a serene melancholy and reserve—that kind of melancholy and reserve, which seems to be constitutional with men of genius; but there was nothing malignant in his melancholy; nothing of misanthropy in his reserve. In his conversation he was mild and condescending, never assuming that exclusiveness and dogmatism of assertion and argument, which is oftentimes, unhappily exhibited, by men of letters. His language was select and appropriate, and his whole converse, a bright development of deep thinking and comprehensiveness of views, artfully arranged, and perhaps intentionally, with a beautiful unfolding of well governed expression, rich and quaint fancies, and at times, a sublime illustration and allegory. But let us hear something more of him from a bosom and long tried friend. ‘This immortal poet, (says the learned Zimmerman), in the familiar society of confidential friends, was one of the most amiable companions. The sight of him conveyed instant relief and pleasure.—To strangers who visited him out of impertinent curiosity, or to pay him compliments, which he did not want, he was cold and reserved. In the fund of humour which he possessed, he found resources against terror and dejection, even in circumstances, where other men are terrified and dejected. He once requested my attendance at the baths of Schintznach where he was attacked with a violent disease of the liver. I hastened to him with a sorrowful heart, but I had scarcely been with him a minute, when he made me laugh

more heartily, than perhaps I had ever done in my life, by a description of his pains, in caricature.'

To conclude. He was sincere in friendship, and gratitude was one of the most powerful affections of his mind;—He never forgot a favour. Modest and unpretending merit, found in him a benevolent and disinterested protector; and liberty, and truth, and piety, an ardent and strenuous defender and friend. To sum up all in a word, he lived as a christian and he died as a christian.

The monument of Gessner is erected in a melancholy grove of cypress and elms, in the valley of Zurich. It was a spot that he loved, and is made sacred, by his meditations and prayers. There is a meeting of the waters there, formed by the effusions of the lakes Limmat and Sihl. The traveller often makes a pilgrimage to this honoured grove; it is also, a favourite walk with the inhabitants of the valley, and you may see them, often leaning over the tomb of the poet, or else wandering in small groups, near the dark and moss covered rock, where in life he was wont to recline. B.

ART. IV.—*English Phonology*, or an Essay towards an Analysis and Description of the Component Sounds of the English Language. By Peter S. Duponceau.—Published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society. Vol. I. No. 17—New Series.

THE author of this memoir has been long known to the literary world, as a highly accomplished linguist. Having in his youth acquired at the best schools of France (his native country), a familiar acquaintance with the ancient learned languages, and with many of their modern ramifications in the southern kingdoms of Europe, he became on his arrival in America, eminently useful to our revolutionary government, by the part which he took in its foreign correspondence. Uniting subsequently, the arduous studies of the civilian with the philosophical recreations of general literature, he has gradually extended his view to almost every cultivated language of Teutonic or Slavonic origin. In oriental learning also, he has made respectable acquisitions; and the Literary Transactions of our Philosophical Society, lately published, evince the critical attention he has bestowed even on the native dialects of this western world.

How then can we, who occupy but a point on the great circle of languages which he has traversed, venture to criticise his treatise on a subject, for which none but a philologist, conscious of vast attainments, would have imagined a name. The schoolboy instructing Hannibal in the art of war, was not less presumptuous than we should be in attempting to review the *whole* work of Mr. Duponceau, to whose general speculations we shall cheerfully listen, with the same mute attention that the simple peasant bestows on the recital of a voyager returned from the Terra Incognita—but whenever he portrays the landscape of our own valley, in colours which we deem untrue to nature, we must be permitted to inter-

rupt him with our homely impressions. In other words, we do not pretend to *sit in judgment*, but humbly claim the privilege to plead the cause of our much injured orthoepists (Walker and his colleagues) against this learned civilian, who roundly accuses them of having *laboured* to no other end than *to vulgarize* their mother-tongue, and to *increase its confusion*.

We are emboldened to undertake their defence, by the consideration, that how much soever a knowledge of the principles of universal grammar, derived from the study of numerous languages, may contribute to elucidate the *external form and structure* of each, it does by no means give to the most skilful etymologist any advantage over his cultivated countrymen in understanding the *sounds* of their own tongue; much less can it enable him to set aside the authority of those whose ears and whose voices have been practised from infancy in dialects which he may have *adopted*. Mr. D. acknowledges the great difficulty with which Frenchmen acquire some of the simplest sounds of our language—a difficulty which, by long residence among us, he, we thought, until we perused this essay, had completely overcome; but may not the radical differences which exist between French and English, particularly in point of accentuation, have occasioned certain prejudices of the ear, which with all the delicacy of his perceptions, he has not been able successfully to combat? and may not even the multiplicity of his attainments in other languages, where he had not the benefit of *early, simple, and strong* impressions, have tended still further to confound his ear, and to make him fancy, among foreign sounds in general, differences and resemblances which have no existence in nature?—Cicero has somewhere remarked, that the speech of our ancestors is preserved in its greatest purity, in the mouths of women, and this may be ascribed in part to the delicacy of their organization, but chiefly, we think, to their education and habits, which prevent in general the adulteration of their vernacular tongue, by foreign mixtures. But be this as it may, we hope to prove by the assistance of our masters, Walker and others, whom we still regard as the most successful analysts of the English language, that Mr. D. has wasted his ingenuity in impracticable refinements upon its *sounds*, not unlike those refinements upon its *sense* to which Dugald Stewart alludes, in the following observations:—‘May there not be some risk, that by such etymological studies, when pushed to an excess, and magnified in the imagination to an undue importance, the taste may lose more in the nicety of its discrimination, than the understanding gains in point of useful knowledge? One thing I can state as a fact, confirmed by my own observation so far as it has reached, that I have hardly met with an individual habitually addicted to them, who wrote his own language with ease and elegance. Nor will this effect of these pursuits appear surprising, when it is considered that their tendency is to substitute the doubtful niceties of the philologer and the

antiquarian, as rules of decision, in cases where there is no legitimate appeal but to custom and to the ear.' *Philosophical Essays.*

But it is time that our preface should give place to our author's.—'By the word *phonology*,' says he, 'I mean in general, the knowledge of the sounds produced by the human voice. However simple and limited this knowledge may appear, it is, in my opinion, more extensive and complicated than is generally thought. Every body knows how difficult it is to acquire the correct pronunciation of a foreign language, but the true cause of this difficulty has never been satisfactorily explained. It has been ascribed to accent, to a tone of voice peculiar to each nation, and which foreigners, after a certain age, cannot imitate. This is certainly true, but it is true also, that these national tones proceed principally from a difference in the articulation of elementary sounds, particularly vowels.'

Here follows a very learned detail (which our limits do not permit us to quote), of sounds 'which are familiar to particular nations—but which others cannot, without the greatest difficulty, imitate; and of which no idea can be conveyed by alphabetical signs through the eye, to those who have never heard them uttered,' even when they have been supposed sufficiently similar to be represented in different languages by the same letters.

From the facts stated, the following inference is drawn:—

'May I not then lay it down as a very probable position, that there is no man on earth who has ears to discriminate, and vocal organs to execute, all the varieties of sound that exist in human languages? and if there were such a man, he could not make himself understood, but by those equally gifted with himself, and only by word of mouth. For how could he convey to the mental ear by means of written signs, sounds which the natural ear never heard before? This shows the great difficulty, if not impossibility of representing in an universal alphabet, all the sounds and shades of sounds actually existing in human language. I do not mean to say that a certain degree of approximation cannot be reached, and that by comparing together the powers of those languages which are best and most generally known,—something like a general, though incomplete alphabet of sounds might not be formed, which the learned at least might understand; and which might be made use of to convey to the mind through the eye, a tolerable idea of the pronunciation of idioms yet unknown, and to represent the sounds of languages foreign to each other, in a manner more fixed and determinate than has hitherto been done; but this is a work of much greater difficulty than will at first sight be imagined. To acquire even an imperfect knowledge of so many different sounds, to analyse and compare them with each other, class them according to their respective analogies, and graduate them by an accurate scale, and after all to communicate in an intelligible manner through the eye, the result of all these studies, requires almost an *Herculean labour*, from which, *perhaps*, might result a curious and interesting sci-

ence; which, until a better name can be devised, I would denominate the *Phonology of Language*.'

Having lawfully constructed of Greek materials, a new name for an impracticable science, our author 'makes an attempt to apply his principles to the English language:' and here though he expresses himself with his characteristic modesty, calling his Essay a 'rude outline which he hopes to see filled up by an abler head and more skilful hand,' it is evident that he anticipates a decided victory over a host of our orthoepists, whose native strength, we believe, he has very much under-rated. Their weapons, though perhaps too ponderous for our arm, we shall endeavour to wield, acting merely on the defensive, and should we be discomfited, still hope to make good a retreat under the protecting shield of some literary Ajax.

'Various attempts have been made,' says Mr. D. 'to ascertain and fix the pronunciation of the English language; none of which has yet completely succeeded.'

True, nor has *absolute perfection* in any art or science ever been attained. To pursue it, says Dr. Johnson, is, 'like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chase the sun, which, when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them.'

'The reason of this failure,' our author conceives, 'is obvious. Instead of applying the process of analysis to the sounds themselves, independent of, and abstracted from the signs which represent them, grammarians have looked to the signs in the first instance, and proceeded from them to the sounds which they are supposed to represent. Hence we are told of the sound *a*, the sound *e*, the sound *o*, when in fact there are no such sounds in nature, *a*, *e*, and *o* being arbitrary signs which may represent one sound as well as another, and are not always pronounced in the same manner.'

That very able grammarians have not always expressed themselves with logical precision, we freely admit; but that any one of them has considered the characters *a*, *e*, and *o* respectively as identified or necessarily connected with a particular elementary sound, Mr. D. himself cannot seriously mean to insinuate. The English have chosen to name the letter *a* after its sound in *fate*, the Irish, after its sound in *far*, and the Scotch, after the sound in *fall*; but as long as the vocal sound heard in each of these words is regarded as a distinct element of speech, no 'confusion' can result from the different appellations assigned to the letter; and if we number this letter *â*, *â*, and *â*, as Mr. Walker has done (adding *â* to distinguish its short sound in *fat* from its long sound in *far*) we may freely use the form *a* in respelling every *accented* syllable in our language, in which either of those vocal elements is found; for the number attached to the form must indicate with certainty the sound intended. We say *every accented syllable*; for none of our lexicographers have pretended to give any accurate description of the unaccented vocal sounds, and we think it will be discovered that Mr. Duponceau's efforts to ascertain them have been abortive.

It must be acknowledged that in the actual state of our written language, many other letters and combinations of letters *usurp* the powers of these simple elements; for example, *ai* in *pain*, *ea* in *great*, *eigh* in

neigh, assume the sound of *a* in *fate*: but according to the plan which our grammarians have adopted, there is no difficulty in detecting the usurpation, for these words being by certain simple rules of English orthography, reduced to a new notation, after a careful consideration of their component sounds, become *pâne*, *grâte*, *nâ*, and the number affixed refers them to their proper element. In the course of our comments we shall have much more to say on this subject, but at present are contented to express our firm conviction, that Mr. D's predecessors have, in analysing our oral language, exercised the faculty of *abstraction*, at least as extensively as himself. We leave the proofs to be deduced from an exhibition of the results obtained.

'But,' continues our author, 'sounds which are similar have been represented by different signs, and *vice versa*. Thus while the sound of *a* in the word *all*, and of *o* in the word *fortune*, are exactly alike, the former is represented in Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary by the sign *â*, and the latter by the sign *ô*, and on the other hand the sound of *a* in *fame*, and that of *ai* in *fair*, are both represented in that book by the sign *â*.'

Now if Mr. Walker's 83d, be compared with his 167th principle, it will be seen that he considered the sound of *o* in *fortune* '*perfectly equivalent*' to that of *a* in *fall*, and consequently could never have intended to exhibit *â* and *ô* in his marginal key as distinct elements of speech. With some view, therefore, to practical utility, rather than philosophical display, must he have determined on this double expression of one sound, and his object is to us sufficiently manifest and desirable, viz. to avoid, in repelling a very large class of syllables, either a *diphthongal* representation of a simple vocal sound, or such a representation by a single vowel, as might mislead an incautious consulter of his dictionary. For example, if the word *former* be re-spelt *faur-mur*, the combination *au* must be admitted as an archetype into the key—if re-spelt *fâr-mur*, it may, by inattention, be mistaken for a different word: but by placing *nôr* at the head of the page, (with the explanation that the broad sound *ô* in *nor* is like the broad *â* in *fall*) Mr. Walker was enabled to adhere very nearly to the ordinary orthography, as in *fôr-mur*, and by that means to render a reference to the key extremely simple and easy.

Fastidious theorists may accuse him of redundancy, for not having excluded *ô* from his alphabetical table of simple and diphthongal sounds, but plain learners, like ourselves, will, perhaps, rather give him credit for recollecting that '*by labouring to be brief he might possibly become obscure*.' Influenced by similar considerations, he has retained, when not absolutely necessary, the mute *e* at the end of syllables, in order to indicate, at first sight, the length of the foregoing vowel. Thus, *glâde* and *fâte* might have been reduced to *glâd* and *fât*; but the former notations are obviously preferable. Moreover, the admission of *ô* into the key, so far from being a blemish, is truly a most ingenious preliminary to facilitate the explanation of the diphthongal sounds contained in the words *oil* and *pound*.

The next charge against Walker, of *deficiency* in his elementary scheme, though of more serious import, is not unanswerable: for if when we attempt to unite in pronunciation the vowel *a*, as heard in *fate*, with a succeeding *r*, which consonant is to be found operating uniformly in every example that Mr. Duponceau has given or can give of the sound

of *ai* in *fair*, the organs of speech produce *of themselves* this identical sound, what practical advantage is to be derived from exhibiting separately in a key, the sounds of *a* in *fate* and *a* in *fare*? A delicate ear will probably discover that every vocal sound is in some degree *modified* by the nature of particular consonants with which it is connected. Thus, *bait, bake, bathe, bale, bare*, (or *meat, meek, meath, meal, mere*), contain five varieties of sound, dependent on peculiar articulation, which cannot, consistently with the simplicity of any system, be separately presented. Mr. Walker is, therefore, contented to prescribe the note which ought to be sounded, and to leave the execution of it to the instrument, for the imperfections of whose vibrations he cannot answer. These imperfections he has not neglected to study, or as our author would say, to fix his '*mental ear*,' but having accurately ascertained the *general powers* of all the letters, he has, very judiciously, in our opinion, taken a distinct view of their *disturbing influences* on each other. 'The letter *r*,' says he, 'being but a jar of the tongue sometimes against the roof of the mouth, and sometimes at the orifice of the throat, is the *most imperfect* of all the consonants.' He has accordingly given it admission into his key in two instances only, *far* and *nor*, in which it possesses no other power over the preceding vowels, than that of lengthening their sounds, as existing in *fat* and *not*. But, after vocal sounds, *already long*, he has not thought proper to place it; having, probably, considered with Mr. Nares, that 'it does not *perfectly unite* with long vowels and diphthongs preceding it, but *retains* something of the sound of *er* or *ar*. Hence it is that the monosyllables *bare, bear*, and *hair*, sound very like the dissyllable *prayer*; *hour* like *power*; *beer* and *fear* like *freer*; *fire* like *flyer*; *oar, doer*, and *sore*, like *rower* and *slower*; &c. and hence it has been usual to write *fiery* and *wiery* for *firy* and *wiry*. Shakspeare seems to have used *diarly* as a trisyllable, &c.'—(Elements of Orthoepey, page 120). May we not then be permitted to say, taking a lesson from Mr. Duponceau in refined illustration, that the letter *r*, as well as many other consonants, has an indefinite *vocal atmosphere* of its own, which like the atmosphere of certain planets, prevents any nice observation of its *contacts* with neighbouring objects, and that Mr Walker has, therefore, very philosophically endeavoured to exhibit his results free from the *effect of organic refraction*. Mr. Duponceau, on the contrary, seems hardly to be aware of the fatal consequence to his own theory of admitting among his simple elements, one consonant-mixture: for if *r* following *a*, be entitled to peculiar rights, this consonant may fairly claim them after every other long vocal sound. We submit the question to the ear of our readers, cautioning them at the same time against the delusions of the eye, whether there is not the same kind of difference between *meat* and *mere*, *boat* and *boar*, *boot* and *boor* respectively, as our author has stated to exist between *fate* and *fair*.

From the *imagined errors* of our orthœepists, Mr. D. turns to the *real imperfections* of our alphabet in comparison with a musical scale: and here we are not disposed to deny what all our grammarians have long ago taught, that 'a perfect alphabet of any language would contain a number of letters precisely equal to the number of its articulate sounds. Every simple sound would have its distinct character, and that character be a representative of no other sound, which is far from being the state of the English alphabet.'

We agree with our author, that 'there is no analogy in nature between written signs and words spoken, any more than between words and ideas'—that 'although alphabets may have been originally intended to represent mere sounds, the various combinations of their characters form at last, in fact, a written language, which, like that of the Chinese, conveys ideas directly to the mind,' and which may be learned by the 'deaf and dumb, though they have no conception of the sounds which the letters represent'—that 'the eye and the ear are different senses, each of which is capable of being employed as a medium for the communication of thoughts between man and man, by means of visible or audible signs previously agreed upon'—that the oral and written language of every country in Europe have deviated widely from each other,—that the orthography of the English in particular, is one of the 'most anomalous that we know'—that, in short, it is impossible to judge from the sound of most of our words what is the orthography, or from orthography what is the sound. We acknowledge that 'there are at present in the English language, simple sounds which can only be expressed *singly* by combinations of letters, such as *oo, ee, au, sh,*'—that 'there are others, the idea of which cannot be conveyed to the mind through the eye by any character or characters in our alphabet, unless connected with others as parts of a word, of which habit has taught us to recognize the sound in a certain group of letters,'—that 'there are several letters and combinations of letters, the names of which have no affinity to the sounds such as *h, w, y, ch, th, sh, gh, ph, ough, &c.;*' that 'in the word *thought* there is only one letter (*t*) the name of which contains one of the component sounds of the word correctly pronounced.' But from all these facts, and the whole metaphysical disquisition from which they are extracted, we are by no means led to the conclusion which our author desires to establish, namely, that alphabetical signs are altogether '*treacherous elements*' of speech, '*inadequate instruments*' for restoring 'with any tolerable degree of success' the lost connexion between our oral and written tongue. The latter might, indeed, even within the last century, be justly compared to a confused and imperfect heap of ruins, from which no idea could be formed of the building they composed; but our skilful architects, by re-assembling the greater part of its scattered and disjointed, though imperishable materials, and by supplying the smaller vacancies with happy ingenuity, have presented to us a model, which if not perfect in its kind, is, we believe, far superior to any which could have been constructed by other means.

Consonants have been sometimes called the 'bones of language,' and are certainly its most durable parts. Depending for their formation on certain definable juxtapositions of the organs of speech, they may be said to have a *local habitation*; and though they may want a *name*, or even be miscalled either in their simple or compounded state, their peculiar inherent powers are sufficiently distinguishable, and may be expressed for the most part in the English language, by single visible signs. We refer to Lindley Murray's excellent analysis of them (corresponding in substance with Mr. Duponceau's), in which the reader will find that, there are but four compound consonant sounds *sh* as in *shy*, *th* as in *thin*, *th* as in *this*, and *zh* as in *vision*, each including the letter *h*. Walker adds *tsh* as equivalent to *ch* in *chair*, and *dzh* equivalent to *j* in *jail*. The power of every other consonant-element, is to be recog-

nized in a *single* character preceding any vowel with which it may be united—(*ng* represents the nasal sounds).

To use a figure suggested by our author, the English consonant-sounds, whatever fantastic dresses they may have assumed in the *masquerade* of our written language, are still somewhere to be recognized in primitive and appropriate garbs. We shall pursue this metaphor even at the risk of ‘trifling unseasonably.’

The K-ing may Capriciously beCome inCog in the Cloak of the Clown, or the S-enator be conCealed in the Cincture of the Cit or of Cæsar; The King may also present himself in masQUerade in the grotesQUe habiliments and casQUe of HarleQUin, while the QUeen and her ‘Waiting-Woman’ U-nited play the parts of the King and Warrior; The King, changeful as the CHameleon, may Cast off his Crown to assume the CHaracter and peruQUe of the CHancellor, while he transfers his costume without his power to the Knight or the mimicK; AleX-ander may be found in raGS while the eX-king deCKS himself with the mantle of AleXander; the Zany may uSe the disguiSe of the S-enator, or the SHoe-black SHine as a CHEvalier; The Judge in reGimentals may look like the General, or without changing his dress display his Genius as a Jester; the Jester may personate the Gentleman, while the Gentleman permits himself to be mistaken for the Gamester: The Gamester may escape coGnizance in the GUise of a GHost, and the GHost vanish from sight altogether: the German may put on the Gay Garb of the Gaul, or the Foreigner Figure as a PHiladelPHian PHonologist: But if, at the close of the entertainment, masks and dominos are to be readily removed from this group of Protean forms, why should we neglect to make acquaintance with each in *propria persona*. ‘Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.’

The means of denoting vowel sounds are obviously more defective and indirect, for we have only five vowel characters to represent six long and six short simple vowel sounds (we exclude for reasons already given Mr. Duponceau’s seventh long sound of *a* in *mare*, and its corresponding short sound of *e* in *merry*, considering them only as slight adulterations by the consonant *r*, of the sounds heard in *mate* and *met*). But if twelve words are to be found in which these twelve sounds exist in purity, each represented by some *one* vowel-character, the numbers which Walker attaches to them must answer every purpose of discrimination: for though the individual elements be not known at first sight by their features, they cannot fail to be as well distinguished by a fixed association, as if they had each a distinct name and character to be referred to. The sound of *oo* in *too*, of *ee* in *bee*, of *au* in *caul*, may each be represented by a single letter as in *môve*, *mê*, and *fâll*.

There is perhaps, as Mr. Nares has remarked, no greater irregularity to be found in our language than the different sounds belonging to the combination of letters *ough* in the words *bough*, *dough*, *cough*, *tough*, *through*, and *thought*; but since our orthoepists Sheridan and his successors availing themselves of an *intermediate notation*, cleared, to use an algebraical expression, of *unknown quantities*, have represented to us correctly all these six varieties of pronunciation by *bôû*, *dô*, *kôf*, *tûf*, *thrôô*, *thâwt*; can we consent with Mr. Duponceau to reject as delusive this simple and natural means of communication? possessing in our opinion, all the value of the *middle term* with which the logician compares his *extremes* and perfects his *conclusion*?

Our author asserts that 'the English alphabet with all its accents, notes, points, and other auxiliary marks, will not give even to the best English scholar a precise idea of the sound of any word which custom has not previously established.' This is undoubtedly true as applied to the common orthography in books, but not so if Mr. Duponceau means, *by auxiliary marks*, all the arts of modern notation. He instances the proper name Mahomet, by Walker's denotement of which we should be willing to test the justice of the assertion, but as we cannot find the word in the Dictionary, we are forced to respell it for our readers, leaving it to themselves to make a fair experiment by submitting our three representatives of the prophet's name, with proper explanations of Walker's key, to any intelligent schoolboy who may never have heard the word.

Mâ'hò-mêt, Mâ'hò-mêt, and Mâ-hôm'it, will produce all the varieties of pronunciation with which we are acquainted.

'If usage,' says Mr. Duponceau, 'had established that the group of letters in the word *thought* should mean the tower of *Babel*, its exhibition to the visual sense would produce the idea of that celebrated edifice, as easily and as promptly as it now produces that of the metaphysical entity which we call thought;' had he however contemplated without prepossession Walker's symbols of the same mental faculty, they might, peradventure, have represented to him instead of the confusion, the *gift of tongues*.

We heartily agree with him in wishing to see no innovation introduced into the alphabet and orthography of the English language, but such as habit and practice will gradually sanction, without any extraordinary effort in the course of the unavoidable mutations which both written and oral language will undergo from age to age. 'In its present state,' says he, 'it is adequate to every practical object, and we do not find that children learn with more difficulty to read the French and English languages, the orthography of which is the most anomalous of any that we know, than the Spanish, Italian, and German, in which the alphabetical signs in their combinations into words preserve in a greater degree their original sounds, nor can I perceive any good effect that would result from a similar innovation, independent of the difficulty, not to say impossibility of introducing it into use.'

We are at the same time equally sensible with himself, 'of the importance of endeavouring to acquire as perfect and accurate a knowledge *as possible* of the elementary sounds, of which our spoken language is composed.' 'This,' he asserts, 'has not yet been done with respect to any language that he knows of and certainly not as to the English.'

'The various powers of the characters of its alphabet,' he admits, 'have been described, but the sounds themselves have never been analysed, nor can they be unless they are as much as possible abstracted from the signs which represent them, for the *ear* alone should be *listened to*,' &c.

We know not how to account for our authors singular delusion in supposing that our lexicographers have been employed solely in *studying their letters*.

To us it is evident that Walker's table of the simple and diphthongal vowels, and the consonant notation adopted by him in connexion with it, are the combined result of the most profound and abstract survey of all

the sounds in our language, and of every practicable and simple method of expressing them.

But let us listen again to our arch-magician who alone holds correspondence with the invisible *Ariel*, and then compare his results with those of Walker, which he seems to have overlooked.

‘The component sounds of the English oral language,’ says he, ‘considered in the abstract, and independent of the signs which are used to represent them, are the subject of this essay. I have attempted to subject them to the process of a severe analysis, taking the ear alone for my guide, and rejecting the delusive aid of another sense. This has been the most difficult part of my task, for in spite of all the efforts that can be made, that other sense the sight will ever intrude, and almost as certainly as it interferes, is sure to deceive. Such is the force of early habit, and so strong is the association in the mind between the written and the spoken language, that it is almost impossible to abstract or separate them from each other. When we have been accustomed to see the same sound represented by different characters, our ear involuntarily follows the eye, and perceives differences which do not exist in nature. Hence all the English grammarians that I am acquainted with, except Mr. Mitford in his very ingenious treatise on the harmony of language, have considered the sound of *a* in *all*, and that of *o* in *cottage* as differing from each other, whereas it is evident, if the ear only is attended to, that they differ in nothing but quantity, the former being pronounced long and the other short. In *fortune* the difference of quantity vanishes, and it seems impossible for the nicest ear to discriminate between the sound of *o* in that word, and that of *a* in *all*. In *hollow* and *follow* again the quantity differs, but the sound is still the same. To try it by a sure test, let the quantity of the words be transposed, and pronounce the word *āll*, *ăll*, and the word *hōllow*, *hōllow*; the similarity of sound cannot fail to strike every ear as it did that of Mr. Mitford, and as it certainly does mine. Here this acute and discriminating philosopher conquered the strong prejudice produced by conflicting senses, and by an early association of ideas.’

We might prove, were it necessary, that the resemblances here pointed out have been long ago considered and understood even on this unlearned shore of the Atlantic; but as our author is well acquainted with Walker, it will be sufficient for our purpose to show that *he* was not ignorant of it. ‘If we choose to be directed,’ says Walker, ‘by the ear in denominating vowels long and short, we must certainly give these appellations to those sounds only, which have exactly the same radical tone, and differ only in the long or short emission of that tone.’

Principle 66.

‘The radical sound corresponding to *o* in *not*, *cot*, *set*, is found in *naught*, *caught*, &c. This *o* is the short sound of *aw*.

Rules for natives of Scotland.

‘The general sound of the diphthong *au* is that of the noun *awe*, as *taught*, *caught*, &c. or of the *a* in *hall*, *ball*, &c. Principle 213.

‘The sound of *o* in *for* produced by *r* final or followed by another consonant, is perfectly equivalent to the diphthong *au*. Principle 166.

‘The *o* in *orchard* is as long as the conjunction *or*, and that in *formal* as in the word *for*. Principle 168.

‘The second sound of the letter *o* is called its short sound, and is found in *not*, *lot*, *got*, &c. though this, as in the other short vowels, is by

no means the short sound of the former long one (in *no*), but corresponds exactly to that of *a* in *what*, with which the words *not*, *lot*, and *got* are perfect rhymes. The long sound to which the *o* in *not* and *got* are short ones, is found under the diphthong *au* in *naught*, corresponding exactly to the *a* in *hall*, *ball*, &c.' Principle 163.

Let the reader compare together these illustrations, and determine for himself, whether Walker was not fully acquainted with the radical resemblances and quantitative differences of the sounds referred to. His *ô*, so far from being objectionable, seems to have been introduced into his key with peculiar felicity, in order to exhibit those resemblances and differences side by side in *nor* and *not*. His results, similar to our author's, appear indeed to cost him much less trouble, but at the same time beautifully to combine in their exhibition philosophical accuracy with practical simplicity. Vainly therefore may Mr. D—— accuse 'our grammarians of exclusively bestowing all their attention on accent and emphasis.' Whoever will take the trouble to examine Walker's key and principles, will find in them the quantity, long and short, of every distinct vocal sound sufficiently, but unpretendingly ascertained.

'Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem cogitat.'

'Mr. Mitford,' continues our author, 'was not every where equally successful, for he distinguishes between the sound of *o* in *robe*, and that of *u* in *but*, which he classes as different vowel sounds without considering that, as in the former instance, the difference consists only in the duration. This last vowel sound he calls *u* short, and the Edinburgh reviewer commenting on his work assimilates it to that of the French diphthong *eu*.' The classification of this sound is undoubtedly a point of extreme nicety, nor are we certain, after making the most careful experiments, that any English ear will recognize, or mouth execute more than a close approximation of it, to the 'radical tone' belonging to *o* in *robe*. Mr Walker however has coupled them thus. 'The short sound of *o* in *tone* is nearly that of the same letter in *ton* (a weight) and corresponding with what is generally called the short sound of *u* in *tun*, *gun*,' &c. and again, 'The fourth sound of the vowel *o* is that which is found in *love*, *dove*, &c. and the long sound, which seems the nearest relation to it, is the first sound of *o* in *note*, *tone*, *rove*,' &c. Whatever merit, therefore, there may be in Mr. D——'s classification, it appears that Walker has preceded him. It will be seen hereafter that Walker has also gone before him in classing every other vocal sound in our language, except those which, being either unaccented or under the corrupting influence of the letter *r*, he justly considered to be undefinable.

These indistinct sounds now claim our attention.

'There is nothing,' says Mr. Duponceau, 'so difficult for the ear to take hold of, and correctly to discriminate, as the short sounds of the English unaccented vowels. The principal characteristics of our language are strength and rapidity. The voice does not act by pressure on accented syllables as it does in the Italian and Spanish, resting upon them a while, so as to fall gently on those that are unaccented and give them their correct articulation, but strikes with a sudden force on the accented vowel, and impelled by the momentum which it gives to itself, rolls on rapidly through the unaccented syllables to where it is obliged to renew its stroke. Hence our accented vowels are in general short, and those unaccented are passed over with so much quickness that the

vocal organ does not dwell upon them long enough to enable a common ear to catch their precise sound, and perceives only an indistinct vibration, a small vacant space as it were, between the consonants, like the *Sheva* of the Hebrews and the French *e* feminine.

‘ This vacant space, this *Sheva*, the English phonologists (if I may be allowed to use the name), have almost uniformly represented by *u* short, from some predilection for this character, for which I cannot, nor do I think it necessary to account. Thus *altar*, *cancer*, *honor*, *martyr*, when their pronunciation is to be explained, will be spelled for demonstration sake, *altur*, *cansur*, *honur*, *martur*, as if the vowel sound of the last syllable in all of them were the same. But this similarity is nothing in my opinion, but a deception produced on the ear by the rapidity of the voice passing over the unaccented vowel. If the powers of the auditory sense could be increased by some acoustic instrument, as those of the organs of vision are by a microscope, I have no doubt that the sounds of the vowels, thus obscurely, but correctly pronounced, would be distinctly heard, but they escape our ear, as minute objects do our eyes, when the sight glances over them with rapidity. A confusion is produced, not unlike that of slurred notes, by an unskilful or inattentive performer on a musical instrument. But the correct speaker, as well as the skilful musician, will avoid this disagreeable confusion, and give to every passing sound as much as possible, its clear and distinct utterance: in common colloquial speech, so much nicety is not required; but neither is it there that the rules of pronunciation are to be sought for, and its licenses should not be converted into principles. This is, however, the fault which modern grammarians have committed. They have *laboured*, it would seem *to vulgarize* our language. They have mistaken the indistinct pronunciation of unaccented vowels in colloquial speech, for their true and genuine sound.’

This long quotation, a fair specimen of Mr. D——’s ingenious theories, suggests to our recollection some of the speculations of *father Castel*, who being, certainly a musician and a member of a philosophical society, a phonologist for aught we know, and certainly a micrologist, invented for his own and the world’s temporary amusement, an *ocular harpsichord*, intended to exhibit clearly the sounds of colours, and the colours of sounds. Our author attempts, in our opinion, equal impossibilities. Having, on several occasions, adduced the conflicting opinions of our lexicographers, in order to prove that none of them ‘ had certain ground to rest upon,’ he cannot deem it unfair on our part, if we now take the liberty of bringing to his recollection, his own opinion, expressed a few years ago, when commenting on this subject, in the article *Alphabet*, in Brewster’s *Encyclopædia*.

‘ Indeed,’ says he, ‘ there is an immense number of unaccented syllables in the English idiom, in which any one of the six vowels may be substituted for another, without *any perceptible change* in the sound. Take for instance the word *labour*: the last syllable of it may be written with any one vowel between the two consonants *b* and *r*, thus, *labar*, *laber*, *labir*, *labor*, *labur*, *labyr*, and the pronunciation *will not be varied by the change*. The same may be done with *a* in *inadvertence*, *e* in *aperture*, &c.’ ‘ A nice ear may perhaps discern some small shade of difference between the proper sound of *a* in *respectable*, and that of *i* in *contemptible*, &c.’

We must remark, *en passant*, to guard against any misconceptions on the part of our readers, that our ear differs materially from Mr. D's, except in those instances where the effect of the letter *r*, and that of the absence of accent are combined.

Now we may ask, has the standard of our language changed, or has our author's ear become more discriminating? During the interval between his *two opinions*, so entire a metamorphosis of speech could hardly have occurred, even if the genius of dandyism had presided over our tongues; and it is equally improbable that Mr. D's auricular faculties, which were sufficiently delicate, when he analysed the alphabet, to discover semi-tone, and even quarter-tone vowels, have lately acquired superior susceptibilities. May we not with more reason conjecture, that he has been misled by his present desire to establish a system, co-operating with his early impressions concerning *the nature of accent*, so different in the English from what it is in other languages, and particularly from what it is in the French, where it can scarcely be said to have existence. 'Plus un auteur est ingenieux, et plus il obscurcit la matière qu'il n'entend pas.' Does it not occur to him that he has changed places with our orthoepists, whom he accuses of studying only their letters? They, intent upon existing sounds, can discover no differences, where he *now* believes that 'the sounds of the vowels may be distinctly heard.' We admit that the definite sounds of some of the unaccented vowels in certain predicaments ought to be, as they are by well bred speakers, carefully attended to, and that such words as *gloruffy*, *magnuffy*, *justuffy*, &c. which, though not the native productions of our own city, occasionally disgrace its pulpit orators, should no where be tolerated: but the study of Walker alone on this subject will, we believe, reinstate in its legitimate rights, every unaccented vowel that can be rendered distinct, until the magic powers of phonology shall effect a complete revolution in the English language. We must, however, be contented to appeal to the decision of our readers, submitting to their ear a few instances only.

'Cannot we show,' says Walker, 'that *cellar*, a vault, and *seller*, one who sells, have exactly the same sound. The *a* in *able*, being under the accent, has its definite and distinct sound; but the same letter in *tolerable* goes into an obscure indefinite sound, approaching the short *u*, nor can any solemnity or deliberation give it the long open sound it has in the first word. The *e* in the penultimate syllable of *incarcerate*, *reverberate*, &c. seems, in solemn speaking, to admit of a small degree of length and distinctness, it ends a syllable; but as no solemnity of pronunciation seems to admit of the same length and openness of the *e* in *tolerate*, *deliberate*, &c. it is united with *r*, and sounded in the notation by short *u*. It ought, however, to be carefully observed, that though the *e* in this situation is sometimes separated from the *r*, there is no speaking, however deliberate and solemn, that will not admit of uniting it to *r*, and pronouncing it like short *u*, without offending the nicest and most critical ear.'

The supposed predilection of our orthoepists for the short *u*, is sufficiently accounted for by Mr. Mitford, 'that acute and discriminating philosopher,' who says that this 'vowel is uttered with less effort to the organs than any other;' that it wants nothing of the protrusion of the lips, necessary for sounding *oo*; and as to the degree of aperture of the

mouth, appears to hold a middle position between the open and the close vowel sounds. Now the powerful stress, which the genius of our language causes us to lay upon certain syllables, renders some remission in the efforts of the organs necessary, and they naturally fall in uttering other syllables, into the easiest positions. 'Facility of enunciation,' says Mr. Mitford, 'appears to have recommended the short *u* as a substitute, occasionally, for all the other vocal sounds, so that in syllables less strongly offered to the ear, every vowel character may be found representing it. Before the rough consonant *r*, even in syllables the most forcibly uttered, *e* and *i* are in a manner its regular indicants.'

'But accented syllables in general,' as Walker remarks, 'have their vowels as clearly and distinctly sounded as any given note in music;' and before the difference between accented and unaccented sounds can cease to exist, our ears must not only be converted into *hearing trumpets*, but our mouths into *musical instruments*.

Our author endeavours to make good against our orthoepists, his imputation of vulgarizing the language, by noticing the pronunciation which the words *nature* and *fortune* have obtained, and expresses his astonishment that 'we have orators among us, who not only do, but on the authority of Sheridan and Walker, *affect* to pronounce them *na-tshure* and *for-tshune*.' He does not favour us with his own pronunciation of these and similar words. We do not suppose it to be *nater*, *for-ten*, *fe-ter* or *fu-ter*, which, except in a small district of our country, would, for the most part, bespeak vulgarity; but from the general tenor of his remarks, and particularly those on *Russian* and *Prussian*, which he says should be sounded *Rush-yan*, *Prush-yan*, we take for granted it must be *nate-your*, *fort-yune*, *feet-your*, *fute-your*, &c. and if so, we cannot better retort the charge of affectation than by the following quotation from Quintilian, in book 8, chap. I.

'We meet with many who are not deficient in good language, but rather speak more *curiously* than in taste. So an Athenian old woman having remarked in Theophrastus, though otherwise a person of elegant language, the *affected* pronunciation of a certain word, called him a stranger, and being asked why she thought him so, answered, because his accent was rather *too Attic*. Therefore, if possible, every word, and the very tone of voice, should bespeak the natural born citizen of Rome, that the language may be purely Roman, and not so by a right different from birth and education.' But whatever may be the practice of our modern *Lesbians*, we are persuaded that if their pronunciation of this class of words does not agree with, or fall in between Sheridan's and Walker's, it must differ considerably from the polite usage which has prevailed for the greater part of a century, both in England and the United States. Mr. D. in the earnestness of argument, dwells too much, we think, on some of the acknowledged errors of Sheridan, while he passes over, as unimportant, or scarcely worthy of notice, the happier discoveries of Walker. The latter lexicographer does not even insinuate that the sound of the letter *t*, when followed by *u*, is always changed into *ch* or *tsh*: on the contrary, he says 'it must be carefully remarked, that the hissing sound contracted by the letter *t*, before certain diphthongs, is never heard *but after the accent*.' We require nothing more to prove the general tendency of our language, than Mr. D's own assertion, that *can't you* and *don't you*, in common conversation, frequently resemble *cant-chew* and *dont-chew*; nor could we have desired any

more striking examples, than these familiar phrases furnish, of the powerful influence of the accent in preserving the true sounds of the letters subjected to it. The corruption described, can never happen but when the emphasis is upon the verb: if the emphasis be transferred to *you*, whose sound is identical with that of the diphthong *u*, the pronoun itself, as well as the *t* which precedes it, will be kept in their primitive purity, exactly as the same sounds are preserved in the adjective *ma-tûre'*, where the accent follows, but not in the noun *na'tûre*, where the accent goes before the letter *t*. We do not maintain that it is either impracticable or improper to avoid blending the final letter of one word with the initial letter of another: but custom, the *jus et norma loquendi*, appears never to have authorized the *efforts* of purists to separate, in all cases, the conterminous letters of 'consecutive syllables,' which, if effected, would only prevent that easy coalescence and flow of sound, which contribute greatly, as Walker justly observes, 'to the smoothness, volubility, and real beauty of pronunciation.'

We are inclined to believe, that inactivity of the organs of speech, is almost as characteristic of Englishmen, as the quiescence of their gestures. 'We Englishmen,' says Milton, in his *Treatise on Education*, 'being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inwards, so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as law-French.' The English do not bring sounds, like some of their northern neighbours, from the depths of their throat; hence their gutturals have been more appropriately denominated palatals. Their nasals do not, like those of the French, cost the organs any effort. Their habits are averse to any considerable protrusion of the lips; hence they can neither whistle the French *u* with Mr. D. nor the *w* with the Delaware Indians: in short, their articulate sounds in general, appear to proceed from the middle region of the mouth, and require for their enunciation, so moderate an aperture, that long passages from their books may be read with tolerable distinctness without separating the teeth—an attempt which could scarcely succeed in any other idiom. The sound of the long *u* after the greater number of our consonants, is undoubtedly that of the pronoun *you*, or *ee* and *oo*, 'slurred in a particular manner:' but this diphthongal sound, even when accented or preceding the accent, is, after certain letters, difficult to English organs, chiefly on account of the excessive protrusion of the lips, required to execute it. After *r* it is impracticable: hence *brute* is always pronounced *broot*: after *l*, which has many striking resemblances to *r*, it is frequently avoided, and particularly in this country, even by respectable speakers, thus *flute*, *lute*, *lunar*, are sounded *flood*, *lood*, *loonar*. After *s* and *z*, *t* and *d*, which are articulated in nearly the same part of the mouth, it is by no means easy, even for delicate and well practised organs, to preserve this diphthong in its purity. After *s* and *z*, the first part of the diphthong is apt to be lost, or to be converted into the aspirate. In *sugar*, *sure*, and their compounds, the aspirate is irrevocably fixed, as *shoogar*, *shoore*, and from common mouths, we hear either *soopreme*, *prezoom*, or *shoopreme*, *prezhoom*. After *t* and *d*, the first part of the diphthong is liable to be lost, or to be converted into *sh* or *zh*, thus *tûbe* and *dûty* are frequently heard as *tshoobe*, and *dzhooty*. One lady speaks of her *too-lips* impearled with the *doo*, and another, of her *jewy chew-lips*.

If then the genuine sound of the diphthong *u*, which Mr. D. calls an abortive imitation of the French *u*, be really not easy for English mouths to execute, after certain letters, with all the aid of the accent superadded, is it at all wonderful, that during the necessary repose of the organs (after the accent), the final syllables of *censure*, *pressure*, *azure*, *feature*, *creature*, *verdure*, *nature*, *fortune*, &c. should have assumed those sounds which Walker has assigned to them? Every page of his principles proves, that so far from promoting corruption and vulgarity, he has reluctantly followed the torrent of custom; and, where not too strong to be resisted, has with almost uniform success, interposed the natural barriers of accent and analogy. In his *tsh* and *dz*, following the accent, more of the method than of the madness of language may be discovered. We cannot deny, that in some few instances, he may have mistaken the custom or overstrained the analogy, but as far as relates to the objections of our author, we confidently assert, appealing to the majority of the well educated and polite, the ‘consensus eruditorum,’ the *common law* of language, recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, that it would now be as impracticable to get rid of the hiss and aspirate in *nature*, as to change the established pronunciation of *nations*. Mr. D. must at least controvert line by line, the admirable reasoning on this subject, contained in Walker’s principles, before he can induce us to play upon his French flute.—The Roman orator was, we believe, named by his cotemporaries, *Kikkero*, by ourselves he is properly called *Sissero*; by the Spaniards, *Thithero*, and by the Italians *Tshitshero*. May not we then be sometimes permitted to use our *tsh*, which, in the pronunciation of certain words, has had the sanction of polite usage for a century past, without being stigmatized as barbarous or vulgar, the former of which epithets, our author confesses ‘is much too soon and too easily applied, when we speak of sounds and of languages that we do not know.’ But why should he now become a stickler for the powers of particular letters? Has he forgotten his own assertion, ‘that the sounds of our language can never be analysed unless they are as much as possible abstracted from the signs which represent them? The ear alone,’ says he, ‘should be listened to, nor suffer itself to be misled by the delusions of another sense, which was given us for quite a different purpose from that of conveying ideas of *sound* to the mind.’ Our orthoepists have indeed taken the ear for their guide; but have been led to the conclusion, that the pretended *unlimited* power of certain letters does not belong to them either by right or by custom.

If, according to Quintilian, ‘*fuerit penè ridiculum malle sermonem quo locuti sunt homines quàm quo loquantur*,’ what shall we say of Mr. D’s standard, which, as far as we can refer to it, by collating his own statements, has never been sanctioned either by the opinion of a single respectable English critic. or by the practice of any admired speaker at the bar, on the stage, in the pulpit, or in the senate chamber.—‘The standard,’ says he, ‘exists *only* in the language of solemn recitation, in which every sound is distinctly uttered. I have sought in that slow and distinct form of language in which a great number of hearers are to be addressed at the same time, and which *necessitates* the full articulation of every word and *syllable*.’ We must indeed confess that great licenses are taken and allowed in familiar discourse, but the *best* language of polite and serious conversation, is so perfect a model of English speech, that the orator who deserts its tones, or the poet who renounces its

measures, justly incurs the imputation of ignorance or affectation. The artificial and monotonous grandiloquence of the French in solemn declamation or poetic recitation, into which are introduced sounds that have no existence in their colloquial medium, is perfectly disgusting to English ears and habits. Factitious quantities and accents are no more requisite to grace or give effect to the elocution of our players and poets, lawyers and judges, than are buskins, bays, gowns, or wigs, to maintain the dignity of their several professions. 'The genius of the language,' says Blair, in his Lectures on Eloquence, 'requires the voice to mark the accented syllables by a stronger percussion, and to pass more slightly over the rest. Now after we have learned the proper seat of these accents, it is an important rule to give every word *just the same accent* in public speaking as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they speak in public, and with solemnity, they pronounce the syllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them and protract them. They multiply accents on the same word, from a mistaken notion that it gives gravity and force to their discourse, and adds to the pomp of public declamation. This is one of the greatest faults that can be committed in pronunciation.' That almost equal stress upon all syllables which would enable an audience to distinguish between the last of *cellar*, and *seller*, and *sailor*, *martyr* and *barter*, and *doctor*, we confess we have nowhere heard, except, perhaps, in a foreigner's first lessons in reading; and if our advocate has ever attempted it in pleading, we cannot help thinking his elocution must have disturbed the gravity of the bench. He objects to Walker's monosyllabic denotement of *raven*, *heaven*, &c. by *ravn*, and *hevvn*, and unquestionably there is a very short vocal sound, distinguishable between the last two consonants; Mr. D. however, although undertaking to give 'a clear idea of the value of all the sounds existing in the English language,' has left us at a loss to discover to what class this vocal sound belongs. Walker was satisfied to fix its power in the organs, by directing the consonants to be nearly amalgamated; but our author would fix it in the 'mental ear.' With equal success might he attempt to employ his *acoustic* instrument in ascertaining the *exact* value of the involuntary whisper heard after the words *rob*, *neck*, *bad*, *big*, *look*, and *sup*; which, as Mr. Mitford observes, no voice can make perfect monosyllables. 'The more we subtilize,' says an ancient sage, 'the nearer we get to nothing'—and if the 'important object' of Mr. D's essay, 'to save our language from corruption and barbarism,' can be effected only by such minute decompositions of airy nothings, small hopes, indeed, can be entertained of success.

'The correct pronunciation of a language,' says he, 'cannot be preserved, unless it is *precisely* fixed and ascertained, and that cannot be done unless *all* its component *sounds* are accurately known and clearly distinguished from each other. I have, therefore, endeavoured to analyse and distinguish by the ear only, *all the various sounds* which enter into the composition of the English oral language, to discriminate between those which habit and the *opinions of masters*, and above all, the errors produced by an imperfect alphabet, have taught us to consider as similar, although in fact different, and on the other hand to couple again together, those which differ only from each other in point of quantity or duration of utterance, but have been hitherto supposed to differ more essentially.'

We are really impatient to exhibit, without trespassing further on the reader's attention, some of the discoveries which our author has made, after expatiating in the boundless regions of ethereal sound: but the means he has adopted of 'conveying his results to the mental ear through the organs of sight,' must first be explained; and here the powers of our poor and despised alphabet are found to be indispensable.

'Although I have not found it an easy task,' says Mr. D. 'to complete this analysis, a much greater difficulty still remained, which was to convey the result. I had no other instrument but the English alphabet, which is not only inadequate, but deceptive. How could I convey the idea of a particular sound but by means of the letter or letters which have been used to represent it? and how, when a particular sound (as is often the case), has no particular character or characters affixed to it? There was no possible way of getting over this difficulty but by devising a new instrument in lieu of alphabetical signs; but what instrument could I find that was not at least composed of those treacherous and insufficient elements. After much reflection and deliberation, I have at last determined upon the following mode, of the imperfection of which, I am fully sensible, but it is not in my power to devise a better.

'Instead of representing sounds in the first instance by alphabetical characters, I have affixed to them proper names, each of which contains the particular sound which it is intended to designate. Thus, "*Aulif*" is the name of the vowel sound of its first syllable; *Bee* is that of the consonant with which it begins, &c. That the application of each name may be clearly understood, I subjoin to it the various letters and combinations of letters, by which each sound is expressed in the English language, exemplified by words in which they are found, and the pronunciation of which is, as much as possible, fixed and determined; and lastly, I distinguish between the different modes of expressing vocal sounds, according to their quantity, showing the various characters by which they are represented to the eye when long and when short.

'Thus I have, as much as possible, abstracted the idea of each sound from that of any particular character or set of characters, by fixing it, in the first instance, upon a proper name, and explaining it afterwards, by a variety of alphabetical signs, so as not necessarily to connect it with one more than another. If I succeed in my endeavour, which is to give a clear idea of the value of all the sounds existing in the English language, *nothing will be so easy* afterwards, as to affix signs to them, and an auxiliary table of characters, to be used only as an instrument by which to compare, fix, and ascertain the pronunciation of words, and as a key to pronouncing dictionaries, in lieu of the insufficient letters and figures that have hitherto been used.'—To our unphilosophical comprehension, this appears a very circuitous mode of conveyance. If the sounds to be learned, exist in certain words, why must we invent new ones, which, had they, perchance, already formed a part of our language, must have been rejected by the phonologist, as being composed of treacherous and delusive materials?

'Such solemn trifling,' to use an expression of our author, applied to certain grammarians, 'is of no use whatever for the advancement of science. Let the names of things remain as they are, and let rather our studies be applied to the things themselves.'

Omitting a chapter of details, relating principally to the construction of a phonological alphabet, which may be more interesting to our author's proselytes than it is to ourselves, who believe that the formation of between thirty and forty new signs, to be known by as many new names, and applied to our written language, without having recourse to any of the usual arts of English notation, will be a work of much greater difficulty and complexity than the ingenious projector imagines, we proceed to lay before our readers a brief sketch of Mr. D's analysis.

'I have not been able,' says he, 'to discover in the English language, more than *twenty-nine* pure, elementary sounds, of which *seven* are vocal, *twenty-one* organic, or consonant, and *two* are aspirations or spirits. I reckon seven pure, simple, elementary vocal sounds, to which I have given the arbitrary names *Aulif*, *Arpeth*, *Airish*, *Azim*, *Elim*, *Oreb*, *Oomin*, each name designating the vowel sound of its first syllable—I have thought proper to distinguish the quantity, and to separate the long pronunciation of each sound from the short one.

'The first vocal sound, *Aulif*, is variously represented in the orthography of the English language, according to its quantity. When long, it is represented by the following letters and combinations of letters.

1. By *a* in all, altar, alter.
2. By *al* in walk, talk, chalk.
3. By *au* in author, autumn.
4. By *augh* in aught, naughty.
5. By *aul* in baulk, caulk.
6. By *aw* in raw, saw, awkward, awful.
7. By *awe* in awe.
8. By *o* in fortune, mortal, orchard.
9. By *ough* in ought, thought.

'When short it is represented

1. By *a* in qualify, quality, equality.
2. By *au* in authority, autumnal, austere.
3. By *o* in God, pot, not, olive, rosin, osler.
4. By *oa* in broad, groat.
5. By *ou* in cough, trough.'

This is certainly a striking exemplification of the acknowledged irregularity of our written language; but let us ask our readers, whether, after having carefully articulated the first list of words, they are able to form any more precise idea of the long vocal sound, which is to be fixed in their ear and organs, than Walker gives them by referring to the sound of *â* in fall, and its equivalent, the sound of *ô* in nor, which Mr. Nares explains still more comprehensively, as the sound of *a* followed by *ll*, in every monosyllable in our language, except *shall*:—or whether the second list, expressive of the short sound of *Aulif*, be more satisfactory than Walker's *ô* in not? If Mr. Duponceau 'confines himself,' as he assures us he does (except, perhaps, in a few instances), 'to words and syllables, the quantity of which does not admit of doubt, but is generally admitted to be long or short,' one example of each, must be as good as a thousand, and infinitely preferable to the numerous instances given by him, unless he be *better prepared*, '*monstrare viam erranti*,' than the following note, upon his example *not*, would indicate.

'Mr. Walker,' he says, 'distinguishes between the pronunciation of the vowel *o* in *nor*, and in *not*; the first he represents by *ô*, and the last by *ò*. I acknowledge I cannot find any difference between these two

sounds: to my ear they appear *exactly alike*.' To our ear there is the same difference between *nor* and *not*, as between *naughty* and *knotty*; and our American readers will, we imagine, be no less astonished than ourselves, to find the *o* in *fortune*, admitted among Mr. D's long sounds of Aulif, while *o* in *nor* is excluded. The *ô* of Walker seems to have been a stumbling-block to our author, from the beginning of his discussion; and we cannot help thinking, that he still labours, in some degree, under the same disability to sound it properly, as he informs us his countryman generally do, to sounding *â*. 'The English alphabet,' says he, 'has no powers to express the French sound of the vowel *a* in *car* and *far*, nor can the French alphabet represent the short sound of the English *a* in *hat*, *fat*, a sound which, however to us it may appear simple, a Frenchman cannot utter without difficulty.'

Among the exemplifications of Aulif, we notice only three *unaccented* or *unemphasized* syllables. The term *accent* implying a comparison between the sounds of syllables, uttered with different degrees of force, cannot, with strict propriety, apply to monosyllables; but as every monosyllable emphatically pronounced by itself, has the same sound which it would have if forming the accented part of a polysyllable, we must consider every monosyllabic example of our author as accented, unless otherwise explained by him, namely, the first in authority, autumnal and austere, and why *au* in these words should appear among the *short* sounds, particularly when tried by Mr. D's standard of solemn recitation, we cannot conceive. In laurel, laudanum, and cauliflower, the English orthoepists have recognized the short sound corresponding with *o* in *not*. But our author's instances, if deliberately pronounced, should be among the *long* sounds; if rapidly, among the indistinct ones. The second vocal sound called Arpeth, corresponds, when long, with Walker's long sound *a* in *far*, and when short, with his short sound *a* in *fat*. The former coincidence appears in every instance, the latter in two only, *man* and *carry*—between which and their associates, *herd*, *learn*, *fir*, *sir*, *third* and *bird*, *merchant* and *terrible*, we can discover no resemblance, nor can we do it between the first syllables of *merchant* and *terrible*; in the last of which words, the reduplication of the *r*, causes *ter* to rhyme with the first syllable in *merry*, which the reader will find among Mr. D's exemplifications of the third sound.

In his explanatory notes, Mr. D. asserts, that Walker's *mer-tshant*, and Sheridan's antiquated *mar-tshant*, contain the same sounds, differing only in quantity, and that the *a* in *bard*, and *i* in *bird*, have a like affinity. 'To bring this to a sure test,' says he, 'let the word *bard* be articulated, let its vowel sound *a* be prolonged, and then suddenly shortened, it will end with the sound of *i* in *bird*, thus, *bā-ā-ū-īrd*.' Credimus quia impossibile est. We reluctantly confess we can discover nothing of utility in this *infallible* test, so different from that by which our author directed us to try the likeness between *āll* and *hōllow*. By lengthening the *o* in *hōllow*, our organs produced *hall-ow*, or by shortening the *a* in *āll*, produced *oll*. But to lengthen a sound already long, in order to arrive at a short one, is a refinement in phonological acoustics, which, with all our admiration for Mr. D's ingenuity, we cannot adopt. By the same rule, both the *o* in *lord*, or the *oa* in *board*, might end in *ird*, and so prove to be, likewise, the long sound of *i* in *bird*. In pronouncing *rd*, our author encounters again the dense atmosphere of the letter *r*, which, as we

have before observed, corrupts, in a greater or less degree, almost every vocal sound that comes into contact with it. This consonant, when following the short *e* or *i*, and not reduplicated, converts those vowels into *u* short exactly, or into a sound nearly resembling it. These two modifications, which Walker found existing in our language, he has chosen to denote by *ê* and *û*; not because he considered the sound of *e* in *met* the same with *i* in *fir* (a tree), but because this notation enabled him to point out and to effect, by means of the organs themselves, some very nice distinctions, such as that between *fir* (a tree), and *fur* (a skin). The proper sound of the latter word is produced by leaving the lips in that quiescent position, which, according to Mr. Mitford, they usually retain in the pronunciation of *u* short; while the proper sound of the former word, can be attained only by drawing the under lip inwards, under the upper teeth, and endeavouring by close pressure, to attain as nearly the sound of *e* in *met*, as the imperfect nature of the consonant *r* will permit. *ê* has also been chosen as the representative of short *e* and *i*, between *v* and *r*, and in every other instance where *ê* has, in the notation, been preferred to *û*, the lips will be found to be contracted or forced out of that natural, easy position, which they generally have in expressing short *u*. On such niceties, however, in 'the anatomy of sounds,' we do not wish to dwell. We appeal to the unsophisticated ear of the reader to confirm our own conviction, that there is presented to one sense, less resemblance between Mr. Duponceau's *man* and *bird*, than Diogenes exhibited to another, between Plato's human being, and his own featherless biped. Under Arpeth, we find but three accented short sounds, the *a* in *art* (the verb, as in thou' *ä*rt, with the emphasis on thou), *mortar*, and *partition*. In the two first instances, the *a* is necessarily corrupted into *u*, and in the last, if the word be deliberately pronounced, *a* has the long sound which belongs to it in *far*, and not the short sound in *fat* or *man*. Between *man* and *tar* we perceive a resemblance, and also between *woman* and *mortar*, but *man* and *mortar* are as different from each other as *woman* and *tar*.

The third vocal sound is Airish, which Walker would have called, when long, the sound of *a* in *fare*, and when short, that of *e* in *ferry*, had he not deemed it hypercritical to distinguish between these sounds and those of *a* in *fate*, and *e* in *met*. If *a* in *fare*, he with propriety exhibited as a separate element from *a* in *fate*, and denominated Airish; the vocal sound in *mere*, ought to be called Earish; in *door*, Oarish; in *boor*, Oorish; in *fire*, Irish, &c. to denote their respective differences from the sounds heard in *mete*, *dote*, *boot*, and *fight*—distinctions with which Mr. Duponceau, anxious as he is to exhibit every variety of sound, has not ventured to overload and confound his vocal scale.

'If our language,' says a learned and ingenious inquirer, 'be critically examined, in order to discover the effect which each letter has upon the voice in singing, it will be found that peculiar letters as well as combinations of letters, have peculiar vices and tendencies to impede or corrupt musical sounds, both in their formation and passage.' Certainly, the phonologist cannot question our right to apply the same remark to the voice in speaking, or giving utterance to articulate sounds, but he must at the same time, excuse our orthoepists for not having exactly defined a certain class of atoms, the greater part of which, seem to have escaped his own microscopic glass.

If our author's exemplifications of the short sounds of Airish, now adduced, be correct, they differ unaccountably from his results, as given under the article Alphabet, above quoted, where he says, 'it will appear that *ai* in *fair*, and *a* in *hat*, are sounded alike, though the former is long, and the latter short. Mr. Sheridan's classification cannot, therefore, be considered sufficiently analytical and correct.' Now can any ear discover the resemblance between *hat* and *merry*? which last word is now said to include, as it certainly does, the short sound of *ai* in *fair*, or Airish, while the first, as unquestionably includes the short sound of *a* in *far*, or Arpeth. 'A Frenchman,' says Mr. D. 'can hardly be persuaded that *Arpeth* and *Airish* are different sounds.' Can we then repose upon the decisions of an ear, which gives himself no better 'ground to rest upon.' *Where* and *there*, which are perfect rhymes to *fair*, are also inexplicably placed among Mr. Duponceau's short sounds of Airish. Does it not then appear, that whenever he wanders from Walker's straight path, error and inconsistency become his associates?

Azim, the fourth vocal sound, corresponds, when long and accented, with Walker's sound of *a* in *fate*; when short and accented, with that of *e* in *met*. In the unaccented last syllable of *desperate*, *surface*, *foreign*, and *captain*, we fruitlessly endeavour to recognize any affinity to the sound of *e* in *met*; and unless these syllables be respelt with *e*, and then accented, in which case they would cease to be English, either an indefinite sound between short *u* and *a*, or a more distinct one, like the short *i*, will necessarily belong to them—as unlike to *e* in *met*, as Mr. D's *u* in *busy*. We do not object to the place which he has assigned to *u* in *burial*, which is sufficiently analogous to *e* in *met*; but why *busy* should appear by the side of *bury*, or why *bury* should not be ranked with *very* and *merry*, is more than we can comprehend; nor can our author's mysterious classifications be unravelled, but by supposing him to have deduced his sounds from some hypothetical standard in his own 'mental ear.'

Fifth.—Elim long, <i>e</i> in scene,	is Walker's	<i>e</i> in <i>me</i> .
—— short, <i>i</i> in it,	- - - - -	<i>i</i> in <i>fin</i> .

Sixth.—Oreb, long, <i>o</i> in robe,	- - - - -	<i>o</i> in <i>no</i> .
—— short, <i>u</i> in sun,	- - - - -	<i>u</i> in <i>tub</i> .

Seventh.—Oomin long, <i>o</i> in prove,	- - - - -	<i>o</i> in <i>move</i> .
—— short, <i>u</i> in pull,	- - - - -	<i>u</i> in <i>bull</i> .

Walker, indeed, in his paginal key, adheres to a simple and well understood alphabetical arrangement of the vowels, as commonly denominated long and short; but in various parts of his principles, classifies and explains for his philosophical readers, all the *accented* elementary vocal sounds, in the same manner with Mr. Duponceau:—but holding the same opinion with regard to *tones*, which our author avows respecting quantity, to wit, 'that after the most elaborate investigation, a great deal would, perhaps, remain doubtful,' the orthoepist has been contented with nice approximations between the *accented* and *unaccented* sounds, which, in many instances, are no more reducible to the same law, than the sounds produced by the chords of a harp, when *braced* or *unbraced*. Our author's project of fixing in the 'mental ear,' a precise idea of *all* the modifications of vocal sound existing in our language, by means of the seven notes of his scale, is not less visionary, than the attempt would be, to make us acquainted with every modification of light, by placing before the eye the seven prismatic colours.

Our prescribed limits do not permit us to extract further details, either from the Essay, or from the Dictionary before us. Enough, however, has, we flatter ourselves, been said to convince every reader who may have honoured the foregoing remarks with an attentive perusal, that our author has misconceived the nature and extent of the investigations of his predecessors—that he cannot justly lay claim to any important discoveries—that six out of seven, of his simple vocal sounds, with their requisite distinctions of long and short, already exist, in at least one English dictionary, in common use—that in adopting a seventh, as a distinct element, he has departed from practical simplicity of arrangement, without fulfilling his own extensive pledges—that his results, wherever the corrupting influence of the consonant *r* extends to the accented or unaccented vowels under examination, are utterly fallacious, and that from his analysis of the unaccented vowels, the only part of the inquiry really new, much more was to be expected than has been satisfactorily performed,—that, even from the few instances, ‘*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,’ which he has thought proper to exhibit, of unaccented syllables, an unfavourable opinion must be deduced, either of the correctness of his standard—in short, that ‘clouds and darkness’ cover the whole region which his fancy has presented to him, beyond the luminous and well defined verge of Walker’s horizon.

These our own decided impressions, whether well or ill founded, we have not been able, under a sense of gratitude to our respected English instructor, to withhold, and we are persuaded they will be confirmed, by a closer examination of the whole essay, the remainder of which, we can now only glance at.

One of Mr. Duponceau’s aspirates, exists in the power of the letter *h*, before any of our vowels; the other, the *gh*, in the Irish pronunciation of Drogheda, belongs properly to foreign phonology.

What our author says of nasal sounds, would be as well understood by pronouncing at once, *song*, *sing*, *sang*, *sung*, as by any reference to Aulif, Elim, Arpeth, and Oreb. No English orthoepist could, we believe, have been so astonishingly deluded by the eye, as to agree with Mr. D. in placing *among*, a perfect rhyme to *clung*, by the side of *song* and *long*, and we ourselves, though little advanced in phonology, have already discovered, in contradiction to our Palinurus, that *Azim* does receive a nasal sound in the common English words *length* and *strength*. Walker’s four diphthongal sounds, coinciding essentially with those in the Essay, are as satisfactorily exemplified by *oil*, *pound*, *pine*, and *tube*, and as accurately explained in his principles, as if he had enjoyed the singular advantage we possess, of ringing all the changes of Mr. Duponceau’s instrument.

In order to complete his system, our author favours the world with a new nomenclature of the consonants, which we have no objection to call organic sounds. Their denominations, however, possess no other value, direct or indirect, than we recognize in the consonants employed by Walker’s intermediate notation, or in Murray’s analysis, before noticed. If, indeed, our author’s ‘analysis should be approved of,’ and ‘his plan thought worthy of being pursued,’ we discover, accidentally, one merit in the names proposed. They naturally fall, with a single transposition, into barbarous verse, which, like Grey’s *Rompinsa, Rommi-dub Romput*, &c. may technically aid the memory of the learner.

‘Bee, pen, mem, vel, fesh, go,
Coss, zhim, shall, zed, sin, rô,
Lamed nim delta tar,
Thick, thence, yes and war.’

We may, perhaps, be excused for indulging in a little pleasantry, at the close of this grave discussion, if *our memorial lines* should bring to the recollection of the reader, Hortensio’s musical lesson to Bianca, where Shakspeare so happily expresses in a few words, the opinion we entertain of Mr. Duponceau’s *whole system*.

HON. Madam, before you touch the instrument
To learn the order of my finger’ing,
I must begin with rudiments of art
To teach you *gammul*, in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual
Than hath been taught by any of my trade,
And here it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN. Call you this *gammul*? tut, I like it not,
Old fashions please me best; I’m not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

R.

ART. V.—*American Manufactures.*

[The public attention is at present very much attracted by the question, every where discussed, whether heavy imposts, amounting to a prohibition, ought not to be laid on foreign manufactures, for the purpose of giving effectual encouragement to our own. The subject requires very careful and impartial investigation, and supplies perhaps the only question of national policy that now divides the opinions of our citizens.

That the manufacturing establishments of our country may be successful is, or ought to be, the wish of every American, but by what means their prosperity is to be secured without injury to the agricultural and commercial classes, it is not very easy to determine. Communications on both sides have been offered for insertion in this journal, and as the first desideratum is to have the matter well discussed, we shall, maintaining a perfect neutrality, give insertion to both. And we commence with the essay which follows, because it was the first received, and also because the opposite argument having been lately given very fully to the public in the addresses of the ‘Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of National Industry;’ our readers may be disposed to see what can be said in support of the system hitherto in favour.]

THE papers in Philadelphia, are crowded with essays in support of the system of encouraging our manufactures at home, and prohibiting by high duties the importation of manufactures from abroad; and we are gravely referred to the examples of Russia, Portugal, and other European nations, to persuade us to adopt a measure, which if it be adopted at all, ought to be adopted on motives and reasons exclusively of domestic manufacture—arising from the existing circumstances of our own nation.

I have no objection to concede many advantages as arising from the system recommended: for instance

It will furnish employment for many idle people in our seaport towns; and for many women and children in our cities who appear to want such a resource.

It will answer the purpose of an increased population, by substituting the force of machinery for the force of men.

It will increase greatly all the motives to acquire useful knowledge among us; a knowledge of mathematics and mechanics for the construction of machinery; and a knowledge of chemistry for devising and conducting the innumerable chemical processes upon which the great manufactures depend. Such as those of gold, silver, and platina, for plating, gilding, silvering, platinating—those of copper, brass, tin, antimony, cobalt—the almost innumerable processes connected with iron and steel manufactures from the ore to the finished article—the bleaching, dyeing, and printing of woollen and cotton goods—the manufacture of paper hangings, chemical drugs, pottery ware, glass ware, &c. &c. all of which will create such a demand for the knowledge necessary to the pursuit and improvement of all these branches of manufacture, that a man must wilfully shut his eyes to these advantages, who can venture to deny them. The time will come ere many years shall have passed away, in which the low value and great abundance of raw material, the increased capital and population of the country, the high price of land, and the low profit of agricultural employments, will gradually tempt capital into manufactures, and place them on a permanent basis. But in my opinion that state of things is yet at a distance; and a manufacturing system is as yet, premature. To be permanent, it must be brought on gradually by the natural and permanent influence of causes that do not yet exist in sufficient force.

Let us look on the other side of the question; and examine with what *justice* congress can accede to the clamours of the manufacturing interest: whether it is *expedient* to gratify their wishes at this time: whether it is not now, and for many years will be, *necessary* to permit the introduction of foreign manufactures at a tariff not exceeding the present: and whether the *protection already afforded* to the home manufacturer be not sufficient for all reasonable purposes.

And **FIRST**, as to the *justice* of prohibitory duties, beyond the present tariff. Our population reaches eight millions: the manufacturers in woollen, cottons, metals, dyes, &c. will be rated high at thirty-two thousand. I mean those whose labour and capital are embarked exclusively in one or other of these branches of manufacture; for the manufactures carried on to employ the leisure hours of the members of a family at home, are out of the question; they neither ask nor need more than has been already granted.

Divide eight millions by thirty-two thousand, and the quotient is two hundred and fifty. Hence it follows that one man asks of

the representatives of the people, to permit him to charge two hundred and fifty of his fellow citizens half a dollar a yard more for his broad cloth than they pay at present, in order to encourage this one man's manufacture of broad cloth. Truly this is a very modest request! it puts me in mind of a noted passage, containing a petition equally reasonable in one of Dryden's plays,

Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy!

Again, I should be glad to know whether congress meeting for the good of the nation, and having no power to lay unequal burthens on the people, have a *right*, thus to foster the projects of one man at the expense of two hundred and fifty?

But it is not one man who is concerned in this attempt to tax two hundred and fifty of his fellow citizens: it is not the manufacturer of broad cloth alone: the cotton spinner, the muslin manufacturer, the fabricator of jeans, jeanets, velvets, velveteens, kerseys, kerseynets, calicoes, shirtings, nankeens, &c. &c. &c. apply for the same privilege. They are followed by the dyer, the bleacher, the calicoe printer, the iron founder, the copper smelter, the brass manufacturer, the tin plate maker, and a hundred others whose names I cannot recollect or enumerate, all of whom look upon the unfortunate two hundred and fifty agriculturists and persons living on salaries, as their proper prey; just as a flock of geese is eyed by a fox, so that the asked-for tariff of prohibition, operates as a tax on the two hundred and fifty planters, not in one way, but a hundred ways. Have not the two hundred and fifty farmers a right to say to their representatives in congress, gentlemen, if you compel us to buy our clothing of Mr. A. at a higher rate than we now give for it, you tax us, not for a national benefit, but for his benefit.

Again. I presume the persons concerned in commerce, have as much claim to be protected as the manufacturers; and to do them justice they are not a whit behind hand with their rivals, in clamours for protection. I run no hazard in asserting, that *every war this nation has actually been engaged in, has been incited by the mercantile interest, and every war she is likely to be engaged in for the future, will probably be excited by the clamours of the merchants, or the clamours of the manufacturers.* Both the one class and the other consist of an organized restless, noisy, complaining, remonstrating, begging, petitioning, demanding, ever-craving set of men, who from their gregarious and associating habits have a decided advantage over the quiet, and scattered population of planters. With the merchant and the manufacturer, the interest of the body, is always paramount to the interest of the nation: the merchants however are satisfied if you create a navy and enter into wars for their protection: the manufactures call for a code of taxation and penal laws. Those who will not consult, or will not credit experience on this point, may credit Puffendorf if they will, who has said it before me. Or they may look at the wars in Europe for

the last century. Even the wars of Great Britain with Bonaparte, consisted chiefly in a struggle, on one side for the maintenance, on another for the suppression of a commercial and manufacturing monopoly.

However, be this as it may, the merchants have as strong a right to demand that their interests should be protected, as the manufacturers. Especially, as the amount of property and population engaged at present in commerce, is at least tenfold in our country to that employed in manufacture. But if a system of home manufacture is to be established, imports and exports, that is COMMERCE, must be diminished in proportion. Is it reasonable for the manufacturers to demand, that the mercantile interest shall be sacrificed to theirs? Employ your capital as you think best, says the merchant; but do not make a losing concern, a profitable one, by taxing the community and depressing us.

I do not dwell on the entire change, on the tenfold strictness, on the very great difficulties, such an alteration would introduce into the whole of our system of taxation and finance—and into our system of custom-house regulations—nor on the army of custom-house officers that will be required—or the navy of custom-house schooners, and swift sailing vessels of all descriptions that must be commissioned—on the utter impossibility after all endeavours of preventing smuggling, from the eastern shore of Vermont to the western shore of lake Erie, and from St. Mary's to the district of Maine—nor on the hazard, that the necessities of government from diminished duties on imports, may gradually point at the introduction of direct taxes and ultimately of excise. It is sufficient to suggest these circumstances to the intelligent reader; they are difficulties of fearful magnitude, and will be felt by reflecting men.

Again. All commerce is essentially founded on reciprocity, or supposed reciprocity of advantage. To encourage our home manufacture, it is proposed to tax high the manufactures of Europe. In return, or in revenge if you please, they throw discouragements on our raw materials of cotton, rice, tobacco. What right has congress then to tax indirectly the staples of the southern states, for the sake of a handful of manufacturing speculators? For it is exactly the same whether we tax the export, or Great Britain taxes the import.

I say then, that to increase the amount of the present tariff of duties, would operate as a multifold tax on a prodigious majority of our fellow citizens, in favour of a small body of men comparatively, who may and can employ their time and their money beneficially in other pursuits: and that congress ought not to be cajoled into this unfair proceeding, on the authority of any autocrat of Russia, or king of Portugal, past, present, or to come. The measure would in the present circumstances of the country, be *unjust*.

But setting aside the justice or injustice of the measure, let us inquire, whether it would be *expedient* at this time.

Gentlemen manufacturers, can you supply the United States with the innumerable articles of manufacture they require, if all importation of manufactured articles were prohibited? Take the favourite articles of woollen and cotton. Is it in your power for these ten years to come, to supply at any price, the demand for the necessary articles of woollen and cotton clothing? Or are we, in order to foster your schemes of manufacturing monopoly, to go half naked, till you are pleased to furnish us with the coverings that climate and decency require? You know, you cannot supply the demand. You are not prepared for it. Until you can, we must of necessity be supplied from other quarters. Manufactures must be introduced moderately and gradually in order to be permanent: their proper foundation, is excess of population and inability to dispose abroad of raw material. These two circumstances have not yet visited us: nor will manufactures be necessary to the cotton planter till the price of the raw material arrives at the eighth of a dollar per lb.; and it is even doubted if that price will not afford a reasonable profit to the cotton planter. It is not so reduced as yet.

Again, on the score of expedience. Although our sea port towns teem with idlers who want not merely employment but inclination to be employed, no man in his senses can pretend that this is the case in the country, where the great obstacle to cultivation is the high price of labour, and the great difficulty of procuring it at any price. Indeed, with all the outcry about people who want work in our sea ports, the evil really consists in this, that they who seek for work will not work at a reasonable price. Is there a coloured man in the streets of Philadelphia, who will hire himself under a dollar a day? Is there not a superabundance of employment for decent and industrious white women at high wages, who will condescend to be cooks, chamber-maids, or nursery-maids? It is a farce to talk about want of employment for the poor here: the fact is not so, and my readers know it. It is want of will to work, not want of work to do. Do you not (the Philadelphians) at present pay 150,000 dollars annually, under that absurd and demoralizing system called the Poor laws, to maintain the alms-house full of idlers, who ought to starve or to work?

But your sea-port towns do not constitute more than a make weight, in the scale of argument. Is there a redundant population starving for want of employment in any part of the country from Maine to the Arkansas? Is not the outcry every where, labourers are not to be procured; and if procured, the price of their labour eats up the profits of the farmer?

A system of manufactures then, will greatly increase an evil of prodigious magnitude among us. It will increase the difficulty of procuring farming servants in the country, and domestic servants in our sea-port towns: for it must draw its labourers from situations, where labourers are actually wanted at the present moment.

That high wages given to manufacturers, will probably procure manufacturing labour, and tempt others to work who would proba-

bly live idle, I can readily allow; but the great supply must be drawn by means of high wages, from places and sources that can ill spare the labour wanted: and upon the whole it is likely as yet to operate as a national evil in this respect rather than a benefit. Manufactures would be useful if we were over populated, but who can say that the United States are so now?

Hence it appears to me inexpedient in a high degree, to raise the price of labour upon the farming interest, by raising up the competition of manufactures: this will tend to discourage agriculture; to enhance the price of all the products of agriculture; and tax every member of the community, for the wise purpose of enabling him to buy home manufactured articles, ten per cent worse in quality, and fifty per cent higher in price, than they now are. For that this will be the case in general, I can appeal to past experience.

Again. The price of agricultural products is already too high, owing to the great deficiency of capital employed on farms. For want of capital, our farms are ill cleared, ill fenced, half tilled, and not half manured. No man can farm to reasonable profit, or even tolerably well, who does not appropriate a capital of at least five and twenty dollars an acre to the cultivation of his cleared land: and those who live near Philadelphia well know, that the most wealthy farmers, farm to the most profit. Is it expedient then, to divert or withdraw from agriculture into manufactures, the so-much needed capital?

But the manufacturers say, 'we will furnish you with a market at your own doors, without seeking a foreign market or sending your grain and flour abroad.' This is an argument of little weight; for at present, we do not export as much grain and flour altogether from the United States as would feed Great Britain for a fortnight: and that quantity is not increasing, for unluckily, consumers increase faster than producers.

Until, therefore, the redundant population, and redundant capital of our country shall call for additional means of absorbing and employing it, manufactures cannot be expedient, and still less can they be necessary to us. When that time shall come, they will establish themselves of course, and grow with the growth of the causes that established them. But if they are to depend on a system of taxation laid for their support, this may fail them; owing to the conduct that may be adopted by foreign powers—to the changing views of the subject taken at home, and to the misconduct of the manufacturers themselves.

We can only reason from past experience. During the late war many manufactures were set up: and they were conducted with so much imprudence, and involved in their establishment so many certain causes of failure, that it is no wonder they almost all failed.

I. The undertakers merged usually the greatest proportion of their capital in buildings needlessly expensive,

II. They were set on foot and managed by joint-stock companies, a sure prognostic of ill success.

III. They were too often committed to the care of pretenders, who imposed on their ignorant employers, the capitalists.

IV. The wanton, careless, extravagant waste in many of them, amounted to more than a reasonable profit.

V. Every master manufacturer expected to live in opulence, upon the high profits of a small capital: while his competitor in Europe, lived frugally on small profits from a large capital.

VI. The high prices demanded, affording an enormous profit, disgusted with great reason the consumers. I believe when congress about two sessions ago, laid a duty on imported iron, the iron masters took the opportunity of laying an additional price on their article about equal to the amount of the tax.

It may be taken for a sure and certain event, that whenever the laws put the public in the power of the manufacturer, by creating a monopoly in his favour, he will lay additions on the price of the article to the utmost extent that the patience of the public will bear. It has been so in time past, and will ever be so in time to come. Reasonable prices and good work can only be insured by constant competition; but the aim of all manufacturers is to exclude competitors, and ensure monopoly.

VII. A great source of inferiority among our manufacturers here, is, the neglecting and despising European improvements. Thus, the English can export bar-iron to Philadelphia or Baltimore, at about half the price, which the American iron masters charge for the same article delivered at the same places. I mean, independent of duty on importations here. Now, why we should be compelled to pay 100 per cent as a premium to the ignorance or the obstinacy of our iron masters at home, I know not. The great expense of making iron consists in the capital employed in woodland, and the high cost of wood-charcoal. The English undersell us at this enormous rate, in consequence of using the charcoal of stone-coal; which being a cheaper fuel, and requiring no capital, diffuses the manufacture among small capitalists. I fear it may generally be said of our manufacturers of domestic articles, that they are too negligent to acquire or to employ the necessary kind and degree of knowledge to enable them to compete with those, who are compelled from home competition themselves, to spare no pains in acquiring all the knowledge connected with their business.

VIII. The high price of labour, will for a long time form a great barrier against the success of our home manufactures; and this obstacle will be greatly increased by the establishment of a general system of manufactures among us, creating a new demand for labour, so extensive, as greatly to increase an evil already complained of.

IX. Manufactures to succeed require the *steady* employment of large capitals. But from the habit of associations among our workmen to enhance the price of labour, and the temptation our wild

lands afford to every man who can, by saving a few hundred dollars, acquire and enjoy the independent situation of land owner and cultivator, our manufacturing capitalists, are incessantly in jeopardy. In Europe, the redundant population, and great difficulty of procuring employment, renders the capitalist beyond comparison more secure there, than he can be here for half a century to come.

X. After all, if it be right that manufactures should be encouraged, let us at least inquire whether they are not in the actual state of things, sufficiently encouraged.

The duties on importation of foreign articles, extend from 25 to 33 1-3 per cent. That is, there is already a bounty in favour of the home manufacturer, from this source, of about 30 per cent. Add to this, the freight which the importer pays, equal on an average to five per cent: add to this the importer's profit, who sells to the same class of people who are the customers of the manufacturer at home, 15 per cent at the very least. That is, there is actually in the present circumstances, an average bounty of 50 per cent, in favour of the domestic manufacturer of every imported article. If this be not a tax on the consumer high enough in all conscience, I know not where the legislature is to stop, short of absolute prohibition. What a contrast between commerce and manufactures! The first, except when a war is wanted, says 'let us alone:' the constant outcry of the other, is, additional duties, additional prohibitions, pains and penalties on our competitors, and monopoly under the name of protection, for us!

Those who have attended to the history of the wool trade in Great Britain, know, that the profits of the woollen manufacturers have chiefly arisen from their having worried and teased the government of that country into a continued system of fraud upon the farmers. Not content with saying to the credulous people, 'it is your interest to buy your goods from us, and to drive away all foreign articles,' they have had the address to persuade parliament to prohibit the farmer from selling his sheep and his wool to foreigners at a high price, in order that these jugglers may buy it at a low price—or rather at their own price.

By and by, we shall have petitions to congress, founded on the example of Great Britain, to prevent us from selling our wool at a foreign market, in order to protect domestic manufacture!

So the callicoe-printers of Great Britain, persuade parliament that it is wise to make the home consumer pay a penny a yard more upon his printed muslins than the foreign consumer, in order to create a foreign market for his goods. In like manner, high duties are laid upon white as well as upon printed callicoes and muslins from India; thus taxing the consumers at home for the benefit of the manufacturers, who enjoy the laugh as well as the profit, at the expense of the people who patiently submit to these impositions. Mr. Pitt very properly resisted the clamours of the same class of men, on the subject of the Irish propositions; still the manufactures of

that country were long depressed for the sake of their English competitors.

I do not dwell, on the productive source of foreign war which the manufacturing system has been, to the most manufacturing of all European nations, wars that have consumed ten times the profit of the system—on the premature decrepitude of a manufacturing population—on the demoralizing effect of large manufactories—on the abject slavery of the men, women, and children, who in a crowded population can find no employment in agriculture, or who from habit have accustomed themselves to the unhealthy occupations of manufacture—on the great inferiority of such a population, to an agricultural yeomanry—or on many other topics fruitful in remark, that this discussion naturally suggests. I leave the reader to reflect for the present, on the view of the subject just given, and of need be, I shall resume it. INDAGATOR.

ART. VI.—*The Scottish Bar.*

(From 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.')

BY the unanimous consent of his brethren, Mr. JOHN CLERK is the present Choryphæus of the bar—'*Juris consultorum sui seculi facile princeps.*' Others there are that surpass him in a few particular points, both of learning and of practice, but on the whole, his superiority is entirely unrivalled and undisputed. Those who approach the nearest to him are, indeed, so much his juniors, that he cannot fail to have an immense ascendancy over them, both from the actual advantages of his longer study and experience, and without offence to him or them, be it added, from the effects of their early admiration of him, while he was as yet far above their sphere. Do not suppose, however, that I mean to represent any part of the respect with which these gentlemen treat their senior, as the result of empty prejudice. Never was any man less of a quack than Mr. Clerk; the very essence of his character is scorn of ornament, and utter loathing of affectation. He is the plainest, the shrewdest, and the most sarcastic of men; his sceptre owes the whole of its power to its weight—nothing to glitter.

It is impossible to imagine a physiognomy more expressive of the character of a great lawyer and barrister. The features are in themselves good—at least a painter would call them so; and the upper part of the profile has as fine lines as could be wished. But then, how the habits of the mind have stamped their traces on every part of the face! What sharpness, what razor-like sharpness has indented itself about the wrinkles of his eyelids; the eyes themselves, so quick, so gray, such bafflers of scrutiny, such exquisite scrutinizers, how they change their expression—it seems almost how they change their colour—shifting from contracted, concentrated blackness, through every shade of brown, blue, green, and hazel, back into their own open, gleaming gray again. How they gladden into a smile of disdain!—Aristotle says, that all laughter springs

from emotions of conscious superiority. I never saw the Stagyrite so well illustrated as in the smile of this gentleman. He seems to be affected with the most delightful and balmy feelings, by the contemplation of some soft-headed prosing driveller, racking his poor brain, or bellowing his lungs out—all about something which he, the smiler, sees through so thoroughly, so distinctly. Blunder follows blunder; the mist thickens about the brain of the bewildered hammerer; and every plunge of the bogtrotter—every deepening shade of his confusion—is attested by some more copious infusion of Sardonic suavity into the horrible, ghastly, grinning smile of the happy Mr. Clerk. How he chuckles over the solemn *spoon* whom he hath fairly got into his power. When he rises at the conclusion of his display, he seems to collect himself like a kite above a covey of partridges; he is no hurry to come down, but holds his victims ‘with his glittering eye,’ and smiles, sweetly, and yet more sweetly, the bitter assurance of their coming fate; then out he stretches his arm, as the kite may his wing, and changing the smile by degrees into a frown, and drawing down his eyebrows from their altitude among the wrinkles of his forehead, and making them to hang like fringes quite over his diminishing and brightening eyes, and mingling a tincture of deeper scorn in the wave of his lips, and projecting his chin, and suffusing his whole face with the very livery of wrath, how he pounces with a scream upon his prey—and may the Lord have mercy upon their unhappy souls.

He is so sure of himself, and he has the happy knack of seeming to be so sure of his case, that the least appearance of labour, or concern, or nicety of arrangement, or accuracy of expression, would take away from the imposing effect of his cool, careless, scornful, and determined negligence. Even the greatest of his opponents sit, as it were, rebuked before his gaze of intolerable derision. But careless and scornful as he is, what a display of skilfulness in the way of putting his statements; what command of intellect in the strength with which he deals the irresistible blows of his arguments—blows of all kinds, *fibbers*, *cross-buttochers*, but most often and most delightedly sheer *facers choppers*. ‘*Ars est celare artem*,’ is his motto; or rather, ‘*Usus ipse natura est*,’ for where was there ever such an instance of the certain sway of tact and experience? It is truly a delightful thing, to be a witness of this mighty intellectual gladiator, scattering every thing before him like a king upon his old accustomed arena; with an eye swift as lightning to discover the unguarded point of his adversary, and a hand steady as iron to direct his weapon, and a mask of impenetrable stuff that throws back like a rock the prying gaze that would dare to retaliate upon his own lynx-like penetration—what a champion is here! It is no wonder that every litigant in this covenanting land should have learned to look on it as a mere tempting of Providence to omit retaining John Clerk.

As might be expected from a man of his standing, in years and in talent, this great advocate disdains to speak any other than the

language of his own country. I am not sure, indeed, but there may be some little tinge of affectation in his pertinacious adherence to both the words and the music of his Doric dialect. However, as he has perfectly the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and even, every now and then (*when it so likes him*), something of the air of the courtier about him,—there is an impression quite the reverse of vulgarity, produced by the mode of his speaking; and, in this respect, he is certainly quite in a different situation from some of his younger brethren, who have not the excuse of age for the breadth of their utterance, nor, what is perhaps of greater importance still, the same truly antique style in its breadth. Of this, indeed, I could not pretend to be a judge; but some of my friends assured me that nothing could be more marked than the difference between the Scotch of one who learned it sixty years ago, and that of the younger generation. These last, they observed, have had few opportunities of having Scotch spoken, but among servants, &c, so that there clings to all their own expressions, when they make use of the neglected dialect, a rich flavour of the hall or the stable. Now, Mr. Clerk, who is a man of excellent family and fashion, spent all his early years among ladies and gentlemen, who spoke nothing whatever but Scotch; and even I could observe (or so, at least, I persuaded myself), that his language had a certain cast of elegance even in its utmost breadth. But the truth is, that the matter of his orations is far too good to allow of much attention being made to its manner; and after a little time I scarcely remarked that he was speaking a dialect different from my own, excepting when, screwing his features into their utmost bitterness, or else relaxing them into their broadest glee, he lunched forth some mysterious vernacularism of wrath or merriment, to the tenfold confusion or tenfold delight of those for whose use it was intended.

I had almost forgot to mention that this old barrister, who at the bar has so much the air of having never thought of any thing but his profession, is, in fact, quite the reverse of a mere lawyer. Like old Voet, who used to be so much laughed at by the Leyden Jurisconsults for his frequenting the town-hall in that city (where there is, it seems, a very curious collection of paintings), Mr. Clerk is a great connoisseur in pictures, and devotes to them a very considerable portion of his time. He is not a mere connoisseur however, and indeed, I suspect, carries as much true knowledge of the art in his little finger, as the whole reporting committee of the Dilettanti society do in their heads. The truth is, that he is himself a capital artist, and had he given himself entirely to the art he loves so well, would have been, I have little doubt, by far the greatest master Scotland ever has produced. I went one day, by mere accident, into my friend John Ballantyne's sale-room, at the moment when that most cunning of all tempters had in his hand a little pen and ink sketch by Mr. Clerk—drawn upon the outer page of 'a reclaiming petition'—probably while some stupid oppo-

ment supposed himself to be uttering things highly worthy of Clerk's undivided attention. I bought the scrap for a mere trifle; but, I assure you, I value it very highly. It hangs, at this moment, over my chimney-piece, just under your old favourite, the blister-piece, by Jack. I have shown it to Mrs. — and Tom —, and several others of my friends, and they all agree it is quite a *Bijou*. The subject is Bathsheba, with her foot in the water. The David is inimitable.—Mr. Clerk is a mighty patron of artists, and has a splendid gallery of pictures in his own possession.—Vol. i. pp. 502—510.

MR. CRANSTOUN.

There cannot be a greater contrast between any two individuals, of eminent acquirements, than there is between Mr. Clerk and the gentleman who ranks next to him at the Scottish bar—Mr. Cranstoun. They mutually set off each other to great advantage; they are rivals in nothing; notwithstanding their total dissimilitude in almost every respect, they are well nigh equally admired by every one. I am much mistaken if any thing could furnish a more unequivocal testimony to the talents of them both.

It was my fortune to see Mr. Cranstoun for the first time, as he rose to make his reply to a fervid, masculine, homely harangue of my old favourite; and I was never less predisposed to receive favourably the claims of a stranger upon my admiration. There was something, however, about the new speaker which would not permit me to refuse him my attention, although I confess I could scarcely bring myself to listen to him with much *gusto* for several minutes. I felt, to use a simile in Mr. Clerk's own way, like a person whose eyes have been dazzled with some strong, rich, luxuriant piece of the Dutch or Flemish school, and who cannot taste, in immediate transition, the more pale, calm, correct gracefulness of an Italian Fresco; nevertheless, the eyes become cool as they gaze, and the mind is gradually yielded up to a less stimulant, but in the end a yet more captivating and soothing species of seduction. The pensive and pallid countenance, every delicate line of which seemed to breathe the very spirit of compact thoughtfulness—the mild contemplative blue eyes, with now and then a flash of irresistible fire in them—the lips, so full of precision and tastefulness, not perhaps without a dash of fastidiousness in the compression of their curves—the gentle, easy, but firm and dignified air and attitude—every thing about him had its magic, and the charm was not long in winning me effectually into its circle. The stream of his discourse flowed on calmly and clearly; the voice itself was mellow yet commanding; the pronunciation exact, but not pedantically so; the ideas rose gradually out of each other, and seemed to clothe themselves in the best and most accurate of phraseology, without the exertion of a single thought in its selection. The fascination was ere long complete; and, when he closed his speech, it seemed to me as if I had never before witnessed any specimen of the true ‘*Melliflua Majestas*’ of Quintilian.

The only defect in his manner of speaking (and it is, after all, by no means a constant defect), is a certain appearance of coldness, which, I suspect, is nearly inseparable from so much accuracy. Mr. Cranstoun is a man of high birth and refined habits, and he has profited abundantly by all the means of education which either his own or the sister country can afford. His success in his profession was not early (although never was any success so rapid after it once had a beginning); and he spent, therefore, many years of his manhood in the exquisite intellectual enjoyments of an elegant scholar, before he had either inclination or occasion to devote himself entirely to the more repulsive studies of the law. It is no wonder, that in spite of his continual practice, and of his great natural eloquence, the impression of these delightful years should have become too deep ever to be concealed from view; and that, even in the midst of the most brilliant displays of his forensic exertion, there should mingle something in his air, which reminds us that there is still another sphere wherein his spirit would be yet more perfectly at home. To me, I must confess, although I am aware that you will laugh at me for doing so, there was always present, while I listened to this accomplished speaker, a certain feeling of pain. I could scarcely help regretting that he should have become a barrister at all. The lucid power of investigation; the depth of argument; the richness of illustration—all set forth and embalmed in such a strain of beautiful and unaffected language, appeared to me to be almost too precious for the purposes to which they were devoted—even although, in this their devotion, they were also ministering to my own delight. I could not help saying to myself,—what a pity, that he who might have added a new name to the most splendid triumphs of his country—who might perhaps have been equal to any one as a historian, philosopher, or statesman, should have been induced, in the early and unconscious diffidence of his genius, to give himself to a profession which can never afford any adequate remuneration, either for the talents which he has devoted to its service, or the honour which he has conferred upon its name.

Having this feeling, I of course could not join in the regret which I heard expressed by all my friends in Edinburgh, in consequence of a prevailing rumour, that Mr. Cranstoun intends ere long to withdraw himself from the practice of his profession; and yet I most perfectly sympathise in the feelings of those, who, themselves compelled to adhere to those toils from which he is enabled to shake himself free, are sorry to witness the removal of one, who was sufficient of himself alone to shed an air of grace and dignity over the whole profession—and almost, as it were, over all that belong to it. Well indeed may they be excused for wishing to defer as long as possible the loss of such a brother. To use the old Greek proverb, which Pericles has applied on a more tragical, but not on a more fitting occasion—it is indeed ‘taking away the spring from their year.’

In the retreat of Mr. Cranstoun, however, (should it really take place) even these gentlemen, when they have leisure for a little more reflection, will probably see any thing rather than a cause of regret. The mind which possesses within itself so many sources of delightful exertion, can never be likely to sink into the wretchedness of indolence; and, in whatever way its energies may be employed, there can be no question that good fruit, and lasting, will be the issue. Whether he return to those early pursuits in which he once promised to do so much, and of which, in the midst of his severer occupations, so many beautiful glimpses have from time to time escaped him; or whether he seek, in the retirement of his honourable ease, to reduce into an enduring form the product of his long assiduity in the studies of his profession—whether he may prefer to take a very high place in the literature, or the very highest in the jurisprudence of his country—all will acknowledge that he has ‘chosen a better part’ than he could have ever obtained, by remaining in the dust and fever of a profession which must be almost as fatiguing to the body as it is to the mind. *Ibid.* pp. 516—522.

MR. JEFFREY.

I have heard many persons say, that the first sight of Mr. Jeffrey disappointed them, and jarred with all the ideas they had previously formed of his genius and character. Perhaps the very first glance of this celebrated person produced something of the same effect upon my own mind; but a minute or two of contemplation sufficed to restore me to the whole of my faith in physiognomy. People may dispute as much as they please about particular features, and their effect, but I have been all my life a student of ‘the human face divine,’ and I have never yet met with any countenance which did not perfectly harmonize, so far as I could have opportunity of ascertaining, with the intellectual conformation and habits of the man that bore it.—But I must not allow myself to be seduced into a disquisition.

Mr. Jeffrey is a short and active looking man, with a great appearance of vivacity in all his motions. His face is one which cannot be understood at a single look—perhaps it requires, as it certainly invites, a long and anxious scrutiny before it lays itself open to the gazer. The features are neither handsome, nor even very defined in their outlines; and yet the effect of the whole is as striking as any arrangement either of more noble or more marked features, which ever came under my view. The forehead is very singularly shaped, describing in its bend from side to side a larger segment of a circle than is at all common; compressed below the temples almost as much as Sterne’s; and throwing out sinuses above the eyes of an extremely bold and compact structure. The mouth is the most expressive part of his face, as I believe it is of every face. The lips are very firm, but they tremble and vibrate, even when brought close together, in such a way as to give the idea of an intense, never-ceasing play of mind. There is a delicate

kind of sneer almost always upon them, which has not the least appearance of ill-temper about it, but seems to belong entirely to the speculative understanding of the man. I have said, that the mouth is the most expressive part of his face—and, in one sense, this is the truth, for it is certainly the seat of all its rapid and transitory expression. But what speaking things are his eyes! They disdain to be agitated with those lesser emotions which pass over the lips; they reserve their fierce and dark energies for matters of more moment; once kindled with the heat of any passion, how they beam, flash upon flash! The scintillation of a star is not more fervid. Perhaps, notwithstanding of this, their repose is even more worthy of attention. With the capacity of emitting such a flood of radiance, they seem to take a pleasure in banishing every ray from their black, inscrutable, glazed, tarn-like circles. I think their prevailing language is, after all, rather a melancholy than a merry one—it is at least very full of reflection. Such is a faint outline of this countenance, the features of which (to say nothing at all of their expression), have, as yet, baffled every attempt of the portrait-painters; and which, indeed, bids very fair, in my opinion, to leave no image behind it, either on canvass or on copper.

Mr. Jeffrey's voice is neither a musical nor a noble one; but it has such a sharp, acute, thrilling power, that even its whisper can be heard distinctly at a very great distance, and that too in the midst of a multitude of voices, of more apparent power and compass. There is something about it which at once convinces you that it proceeds from no insignificant person—a decided, nervous tone, which cuts deep into the ear. His pronunciation is wretched—a mixture of provincial English, with undignified Scotch, altogether snappish and offensive; and which would be quite sufficient to render the elocution of a more ordinary man utterly disgusting; but the flow of his eloquence is so overpoweringly rapid, so unweariedly energetic, so entirely unlike every other man's mode of speaking, that the pronunciation of the particular words is quite lost to one's view in the midst of that continual effort which is required, in order to make the understanding, even the ear of the listener, keep pace with the glowing velocity of the declamation. His words come more profusely than words ever came before, and yet it seems as if they were quite unable to follow, *passibus æquis*, the still more amazing speed of his thoughts. You sit, while minute follows minute unaccounted and unheeded, in a state of painful excitation, as if you were in a room overlighted with gas, or close under the crash of a whole pealing orchestra.

This astonishing fluency and vivacity, if possessed by a person of very inferior talents, might for a little be sufficient to create an illusion in his favour; and I have heard that such things have been. But the more you can overcome the effect of Jeffrey's dazzling rapidity, and concentrate your attention on the ideas embodied with such supernatural facility, the greater will be your admira-

tion. It is impossible to conceive the existence of a more fertile, teeming intellect. The flood of his illustration seems to be at all times rioting up to the very brim—yet he commands and restrains it with equal strength and skill; or, if it does escape him for a moment, it spreads such a richness all around, that it is impossible to find fault with its extravagance. Surely never was such a luxuriant ‘*copia fandi*,’ united with so much terseness of thought, and brilliancy of imagination, and managed with so much unconscious, almost instinctive ease. If he be not the most delightful, he is certainly by far the most wonderful of speakers.

Like Cranstoun, this splendid rhetorician was many years at the bar, before his success was at all proportioned to his talents. The reputation enjoyed by his Review was both a friendly and a hostile thing to him as a barrister; for it excited universal attention to him whenever he made any appearance at the bar, and yet it prevented many people from soliciting him to undertake the conduct of their cases, by inspiring a sort of fear, that his other, and more delightful, and better-rewarded pursuits, might perhaps prevent him from doing full justice to matters of every-day character—the paltry disputes of traders, and the mean tricks of attornies. All this, however, has been long since got over, and Jeffrey is now higher than almost any of his brethren in his general character of an advocate, and decidedly above them all in more than one particular department of practice. The same powers which have enabled him to seize with so firm a grasp the opinion of the public, in regard to matters of taste and literature, give him, above all, sway unrivalled over the minds of a jury. There cannot be a finer display of ingenuity than his mode of addressing a set of plain conscientious men, whom it is his business to bamboozle. He does not, indeed, call up, as some have dared to do, the majesty of sleeping passions, to overawe the trembling indecision of judgment. The magic he wields is not of that high cast which makes the subject of its working the conscious yet willing slave of the sorcerer. His is a more cunning, but quite as effectual a species of tempting. He flatters the vanity of men, by making them believe, that the best proof of their own superiority will be their coming to the conclusion which he has proposed; and they submit with servile stupidity at the very moment that they are pluming themselves on displaying the boldness and independence of adventurous intellect.—In criminal trials, and in the newly-established jury court for civil cases, Mr. Jeffrey is now completely lord of the ascendant.—*Ibid.* pp. 526—30.

ART. VII.—*The Pariah of Bombay, a Tale.*

[From the European Magazine.]

TOWARDS the brilliant hour of sunset, in a spring evening, one of the noblest brachmins in this island appeared on a parapet of rocks extending into the bay, and began the ceremonies of the cocoa-nut feast by throwing a gilded shell into the sea. In a few

moments the waves swarmed with more than a thousand shells lunched as a tribute to the bountiful element, while the shore resounded with the joyous clamours of tom-toms, pipes, trumpets, and the double flutes played by rough boys, resembling the young satyrs in antique bas-reliefs. Booths, gayly festooned with dyed cotton or splendid chintzes, and heaped with toys and sweetmeats, gave amusement to groups composed of every nation, class, and cast, in their best attire. But even the brachmin who presided at this harmless superstition was not more disposed to good humour than Ibrahim Ahmed, a dustoor or high-priest of the sect called Guebres or Parsees,* in India. He was still in the prime of life; his eminently graceful figure derived every possible advantage from the folds of his long white muslin Jamma, and the gay colours of the shawl which twined round his cap of crimson velvet, suited the laughing character of his face, while they contrasted the clear olive of his complexion. Accustomed to the festivities of the best Europeans in Bombay, and to the frank amenity of their opinions, he looked with more curiosity than contempt on the pageant of Hindoo bigotry. While tame snakes, and jugglers from Madras, amused his companions, his eyes were attracted by a female pariah, one of the most reprobated class of outcasts. She held in her hand a lamp of fireflies, and was wading into the tide in quest of the cocoa-shells that swam near the shore; hoping, perhaps, to collect a few whose fibres might be used for cordage. Though her person was bowed by the constant drudgery of her unhappy class, and defiled by squalid habits, there was something in the arrangement of the Shalie† contrived to answer the purpose of a petticoat and mantle, which revealed modesty and natural grace. And when she threw back the corner of this shalie, whose ragged ends had been gathered over her head as a veil, the beautiful black eyes beneath it made the dustoor Ibrahim half regret the dignity of his own station. He thought with more than usual bitterness of the superstition that consigns the pariahs to utter ignominy, and perhaps these thoughts occupied him so long that he forgot the *Atshbaharam*, or holy fire, which he ought to have kept alive. Those who recollect the objects of a Guebre's superstition, know that a fire-temple contains two fires, one of which the vulgar may behold, but the other is preserved in the most holy recess, unvisited by the light of the sun, and approached only by the chief dustoor or high-priest. It was necessary to remedy its extinction by fire brought from a funeral pile, and at this period Ibrahim knew not where to seek one, as his sect no longer burned their dead, holding it more advisable to return the body to *air*, by exposing it, than to earth, water, or fire. But as the Hindoos of Bombay burned human relics on the shore at low water, he folded himself in his shawl, and

* Both the sun and the sea are worshipped by these idolaters. Their burial-place is a square open repository.

† The Shalie, among the common class of native females, is a long piece of coloured silk or cotton wrapped round the waist, leaving half one leg bare.

went forth to seek the materials from whence he might lawfully rekindle the consecrated fire so precious to a Guebre.

It was midnight when Ibrahim began his walk towards a cemetery on the shore, seldom visited at this hour, except by wild dogs; but the superstition of his sect had made these animals holy in his imagination, and he saw them with the feelings of friendliness, excited by his belief, that a dog would preserve his soul from evil spirits if present when he closed his eyes for ever. Ibrahim never started till he saw a skeleton-hand stretched to snatch one of the baskets of provisions which had been scattered as usual, by his orders, for the wandering dogs.* Presently, from beneath the cocoa-nut tree which over-shadowed the entrance of the cemetery, he saw a meagre woman creep towards a little mound of leaves, on which a child was lying. She offered some of the boiled rice she had found in the baskets to its lips, but they could not open. The miserable mother held it to her breast an instant and dropped it on the earth again, as if then conscious of its death. She heard the howlings of the famished dogs, and throwing them the rest of the food, more anxious to preserve her infant's remains than herself, the pariah laid a few of the freshest leaves together, and seemed preparing a grave among the urns and obelisks that adorn the burying place, when she saw Ibrahim standing near her. Aware how horribly the profanation of such holy ground might be avenged on a wretched outcast, she fled with a dismal shriek among the entangled cocoa-trees, and the good Guebre took up the body, determining to give it the most sacred funeral rites in consecrated fire. Covered in his robe, he brought his prize to the chamber of his priestly office, and looking on it more stedfastly, perceived that it still lived. He had, according to the custom of his sect, only one wife, and she was childless. This infant boy justified the eastern proverb, which compares what is most lovely, to the loveliness of a child. An eastern poet would have compared its beauty as it lay in seeming death, to the Indian Cupid slain by Seeva. Ibrahim was skilled in medicinal science, and the weakness caused by famine was soon remedied. His wife consented to adopt the foundling, whose shape and features gave no indication of that coarseness usually found in the offspring of pariahs; and the foster-father was careful to conceal whatever might raise a suspicion of its abhorred origin. His mansion was one of the most splendid in Bombay, and its gardens were now made delightful to him by the gambols of his new favourite. These gardens were watered, as is customary in the east, by means of a cistern, whose wheel was kept in constant motion by a buffalo. Ibrahim walked one day under his canopy of plantain-trees, wreathed with yellow roses, and inhabited by crouds of singing-birds, and admired the freshness of his shrubs, till he perceived the cistern which supplied them was worked, not

* Perhaps this veneration for dogs is peculiar to Indian Guebres, because they have a tradition of their escape from shipwreck, caused by the barking of dogs, when they emigrated to India.

by a beast of burden, but by a female pariah. The human particles even in the Guebre's heart, were touched by this cruel spectacle; but his disgust was changed to surprise, when he heard that she had solicited the employment. He directed his superior servants to remove her to a detached apartment of his mansion, where several of her cast were busied in grinding rice, and performing the lower culinary offices. Chandela, as she was called, distinguished herself by the neatness of her labours; and it was soon remarked, that the rice-cakes she prepared for Ibrahim's adopted son, were her favourite tasks. The boy loved honey, and as no hives were near, his foster-father was surprised to see his breakfast-table regularly furnished with a small quantity. The poor outcast had traced a bee, and lodged its nest among the moonflowers in his delicious garden, to supply an addition to his luxuries. She brought the delicate winged creature which most resembles the humming-bird, to build its house on the fan-leaf of the palmyra-tree for his adopted son's amusement, and spent hours in chasing away the tree-snake and cobra-nanilla from among the jasmine and scarlet mulberries, where he loved to play. Ibrahim was a learned and sincere Guebre, but he knew very little of human nature. He believed the fixed and deep contempt which his religion taught him for an outcast, was too strong to need defence; and had never guessed that men always begin to love whatever beautifies and enriches their felicity. As a parsee, he was privileged to take another wife, having no hope of progeny by the first; but the infamy attached to a pariah, the utter ruin of his adopted son if his origin should be discovered, and his own high station, determined him either to resist, or banish the tempter. He made a thousand wise resolutions, and kept them all till he heard Chandela's voice again. Ibrahim's wife, married in her seventh year, and deprived of any motive to improve, was as indolently insipid as the ladies of a Bombay harem are usually found. Plaiting coloured threads, embroidering, making pastry, and chewing betel, had composed the history of her whole life, except when she awakened herself sufficiently to paint her eyebrows, and load the hems of her ears with jewels. When the roots of her hair, the palms of her hands, the soles of her feet, and the tips of her nails, were tinged with red, and her nose had its appropriate jewel, she was considered a parsee-beauty of the first class, and by none more undoubtingly than herself. Therefore she looked with very contemptuous eyes on Chandela; but in the dulness of a life, which like Mahomet's angels was composed only of sweetmeats, it was really some amusement to be jealous. Little Ahmed, as the adopted boy was called, had so much love for the poor pariah, that no rebuke could prevent him from stealing among the remote shrubberies, or into the hut where she ground rice, to teach her all he learnt from the handmaids of the haram. She was soon able to play on his guitar, to thread beads, and above all to read the beautiful maxims ascribed to Chee, the Confucius of the parsees. Ibrahim's wife saw her new talents with

affected pleasure, and asked her to sing for her amusement. Chandela complied with a voice of such sweetness, that she might have been mistaken for one of the female deities of music worshipped in the east, and was recompensed by a present of flowers and *paung*. The latter, consisting of chunam and betel-nut, wrapped in the leaf of an aromatic plant, is a compliment implying distinguished kindness, and cannot be refused without the highest affront. Chandela placed it on her forehead, and had opened her lips to receive its contents, when the playful boy snatched and attempted to taste them. The outcast uttered a scream of terror, and seizing the poisoned gift from her son's hand, swallowed the whole. —Ibrahim saw and understood this touching scene, He had read the purpose of his wife's malignant jealousy in her large stag eyes; and well aware that the sweetmeat she had poisoned had been exchanged by his own hand for a harmless mixture of ghee, poppy-seeds, and sugar, left his house immediately to execute his own project. In the nearest bazaar lived a barber, whose gup or news-shop was famous for good story-tellers and audacious buffoons. At that hour of night which brings the greatest troop of listeners to such shops, a new assistant appeared in this noted barber's, and the first customer who presented his head to be shaven was a plump merchant of great weight in the panchait or village council of parsees. The new operator bowed with profound reverence three times, and made a long pause before he began his functions with a gravity so strange as to provoke a question. 'Sir,' said the buffoon-barber, 'I was thinking of Chreeshna's cream-pot and butter-ball;* and also I am trying to recollect how many ton may pass through the cleft of the penitent's rock.' 'Thou art but a lean fellow,' returned the merchant rather angrily, 'but if thou wert measured by the weight of thy sins, I reckon nothing less than a Jagger-naut's bridge would let thee pass.' 'Truly,' said the barber sighing, 'my neighbour, the rich merchant Ibrahim, is no fatter than I, yet he has marvellous need of a wide hole to creep through, if his sins are to be counted by inches and packed round him.' The honest merchant opened his eyes and ears with the avarice of curiosity at this hint, and sat with his new shaven head bare more than an hour, while the barber arrived, after a prodigious preamble, at the best part of his story. 'If your worshipful excellence will promise not to call me as a witness before the parsee council, you shall hear a most strange secret. Ibrahim has corrupted his conscience with running among the English rajahs, who wear scarlet bajeas and black fans; and making mockery of our brachmins, has taken a pariah into his garden-house to be his second wife.' The president of the parsee council uplifted his eyes, and a tailor dropped the scissors he was exercising with his toes, to attend more precisely. 'Not content with this,' continued the barber, 'which

* A large cistern and round fragment of rock are celebrated by these names at Mahaballipooram, near Arjoon. In Bombay there is a cloven rock through which penitents of all sizes endeavour to pass as a purgatory.

we Hindoos should think deserving a thousand bastinadoes, he has taken his first poor wife by force from the muslin-chamber, and compelled her to wear the old garments of the pariah, to draw water and carry pitchers, while the outcast wears pearls over her forehead, dips her hair in rose water, and calls herself Ibrahim's first wife.'—'Friend,' said the merchant, 'when your prophet Veeshnu churned the sea, he brought forth seven things; a sun, a moon, an elephant, a physician, a horse, a cup of good liquor, and a woman; and in my secret opinion, two of these seven might have been spared.' 'Not the elephant,' returned the barber with imposing gravity, 'for he resembles a most honourable gentleman; but there is no need of a physician with a cup of good wine; and the woman and the moon together are enough to make any man mad.' The large counsellor smiled with exquisite complacency, and departed to tell all he had heard of his neighbour.

Before the next eve, as he expected, Ibrahim was summoned by the council of his sect to answer for his offences, and surprised them by making no defence. As chief dustoor of the parsees, no heavy penance was required of him, except a fine of six thousand rupees, especially as he consented to re-establish justice in his household. Proper messengers accompanied him home* to enforce it; and his wife, notwithstanding her shrieks and resistance, was compelled to assume the garments of a pariah. It was in vain she reproached him with his infidelities and treasons; the good parsees assured her the whole truth of her real station was now confessed by Ibrahim himself; and Chandela's meek amazement when desired to put on her rival's rich attire, was ascribed to the stupefying effects of some malignant drug. The poisoned betel-nut which had been prepared for her, and which was found by Ibrahim's contrivance in his jealous lady's chamber, seemed to confirm this supposition; and the influence of magic is still so firmly believed by modern parsees, that no one would have doubted even a transfer of shapes and features. At least, none presumed to contradict the high dustoor; and he had the pleasure of elevating the pariah to his side, while his angry and revengeful wife suffered due punishment in the drudgery and degradation of an outcast. But she suffered them only a few days: her kinsmen lived in the island of Ceylon, and she fled in the night, as it was supposed, to seek their protection.

This lady's flight, as Ibrahim had sufficient sense to seek no second addition to his harem, placed him in perfect peace with his new wife. She was, indeed, one of those gentle creatures to whom the Hindoo scripture has assigned the first place in Heaven, and her husband's affections remained constant to her without aid from the emerald, the ruby, or any of the amulets to which the poetic

* The Guebres make no scruple at admitting men into the apartments of their women, who enjoy more liberty than other sects, though very little more education.

superstition of India has given power. Their adopted boy grew in loveliness; and at his eighth year was betrothed, according to the custom of the parsees, to a little bride some months younger. This festival, always sumptuous in Bombay, was celebrated with the pomp proportioned to Ibrahim's wealth and rank. The palanquin of these young sacrifices to the deity of marriage, shone with gold brocade and wreaths of jewels, as it passed through streets carpeted and canopied with embroidered cloth, towards gardens, whose superb trees resembled pyramids of light. But though the sagest astrologers had been consulted, and the happiest aspect of the stars observed, a fatal interruption awaited them. At the entrance of a bazaar richly illuminated by Ibrahim's order, where crouds of all ranks were feasted with sherbet and confectionary, among booths filled with musicians and tumblers, a squalid woman suddenly sprung into the street, exclaiming, 'My son!—give me my son!'—The procession stopped in consternation, more caused by the pollution of the outcast's touch, than by her incredible claim; and Ibrahim, startled by the shrill tones of a voice he remembered too well, perceived his discarded wife in the dress of a pariah. He instantly conceived the extent of her revengeful purpose, but it was too late to defeat her. Availing herself of his own stratagem, Bomanjee uttered dismal lamentations, and tearing asunder the rich curtains behind which the boy sat loaded with chains of pearl, attempted to grasp him in her arms. The father of the infant bride, thunder-struck at this base blot on the bridegroom's origin, demanded a pause in the nuptial rites, till the truth could be made manifest. Seeing Ibrahim pale, trembling, and unable to answer, he snatched his adopted son from the palanquin, and advanced to throw him into the embrace of his pretended mother, when Chandela, leaping from her husband's, caught her son from his arms, repeating, 'I am the outcast—he is mine.'

Notwithstanding the horror of Hindoos at that execrated name, the spectators were silenced by the sacred agony of a mother, and by their eager curiosity to see the rival claims decided. Ibrahim entangled in his own devices, could not recant what he had confessed before his brother counsellors; he could not deny that he had called Bomanjee an outcast, and that young Ahmed was a stranger's son. All that seemed doubtful now was, to which of these unhappy women the disputed boy should be assigned; and the noblest parsees agreed it should be left to his decision. Bomanjee's eyes glared with malignant joy; for in the days of her splendor she had often loaded him with fruits and garlands of flowers; but he had not forgot the patient cares, the secret caresses, and constant love of his true mother, as he sprang into her arms. She hid her face on his; and dropping the rich mantle she had worn as Ibrahim's wife, stole one sorrowful glance at her husband, and departed among the darkest trees. No one presumed to arrest or follow her steps. A kind of surprise, such as results from some unexpected gleam of brilliant light, had been excited even among

the most vulgar, by the nobleness of this unhappy mother. Ibrahim, though he felt that she had willingly sacrificed splendor and honour to save her son, also felt that she had sacrificed him; and had proved her affection as a wife, inferior to her fondness as a parent; and his consternation was not unmingled with resentment. But while he paused, the kindred of his revengeful Bomanjee completed the measures they had prepared for his misery. Instigated by their eloquence and their bribes, the most zealous brachmins had placed themselves in readiness to seize their victim. Abandoned to their ferocious power by all the creeds and all the customs of the Hindoos, the miserable outcast was brought back to suffer the ordeal by which their superstition pretends to discover those who are really pariahs, or outcasts from the gods. Conscious of his own indiscreet duplicity, fearful of the disgrace which vehement interference might draw on his own head, and unnerved by the habitual indolence of a selfish life, Ibrahim satisfied himself with silent regret while the brachmins conveyed their victim to Carli, intending to exhibit her fate as a terrible evidence of their power, and an atoning sacrifice to their goddess Kali.* Ibrahim heard Kali named with a frightful and remorseful consciousness of the death designed for Chandela and her son. The languor of his temperament, which, like his personal beauty, possessed more elasticity than strength, gave way to human passions; and he embarked secretly in his boat at midnight to overtake the brachmins in their journey to their temple. He reached it safely a few hours after their arrival, and pitched his tent at the foot of its tremendous seat. With no attendants he ascended the piles of rock sheltered by wild groves of mango trees on the road to Carli. All was dark when he reached the mouth of its giant cave, and hid himself among the arched niches which form its portico. The spectacle within would have awed a stronger spirit. Hewn in the solid rock, three aisles formed by twenty-one enormous pillars supported a coved roof resting on ribs of teak-wood undecayed by six hundred years. A few torches gleaming in the corridors, showed him the gloomy extent of this mountain temple, in which no image of any deity interrupted its magnificent simplicity. The shadow of a single priest emerging from his cell behind the pillars, seemed to represent the littleness of man in the chambers of his Creator: but Ibrahim thought only of his purpose, and questioned the stranger in a faltering voice concerning Chandela and her son. The priest replied, 'We are *Jines*, and this cavern is dedicated to a purer and more ancient religion than the brachmins. We believe our God all wise, all seeing, all-productive, and all-happy—without name, without shape, without tribe, love, or weakness. The man who can attain these perfections will soon behold God, is already in his presence, and will be united to him. Thy Chandela would have nothing to fear from us.

* This tremendous deity (the wife of Seeva) receives many victims still between the shores of Calcutta and the isle of Sangor, where her ruined temple stands. Her votaries are deemed happy if seized by the sharks which wait round it.

We believe the world eternal, therefore we hold it sinful to attempt destruction; we believe all things governed by necessity, therefore we blame nothing except adultery and theft, which never can be needful. Go in peace.' He offered Ibrahim food, but of a very simple kind, for their creed excludes animal-meats, milk, and honey: informing him that the Hindoo priests had probably named the cave of Carli to mislead his search, while they performed their rites on the shore. Dreading to find them completed, Ibrahim descended into a deep and dismal valley, opening by a narrow pass into the sea, which encompassed a small island near its mouth, as low and dark as the abhorred isle of Sangor, famous for human sacrifices. Two brachmins answered his inquiries by intelligence that they had already disposed of Chandela according to her doom; but the next hour would decide whether her son should belong to them, or to the miserable *cast* of his mother. Breathless and aghast with fear of this decision, Ibrahim stood among the crowd, while the votaries of Hindoo superstition approached in garlands of flowers and scarlet robes, bringing in a magnificent litter the unfortunate boy designed for an offering to Kali. Beautiful and rosy in the sleep procured by opium, they placed him in the centre of the road, strewing Cusa-grass, oil, and milk, upon his garments. Citarrs and trumpets mingled with the heavy sound of a triumphal car containing the idol Kali, represented by a gorgeous mass of ebony studded with rubies, drawn by an elephant of rare beauty. Certain that the infant's death would be decided if the wheels of this vehicle pursued their way, Ibrahim saw only one desperate expedient in his power to save it. He had seen this elephant in Ceylon when driven by its hunters into the trap* prepared for it, and had given it liberty by drawing out the stakes which prevented its escape. Trusting to the grateful sagacity of this noble animal, he threw himself with his face upwards before the sleeping boy in the road of the idol's chariot, an action which the brachmins saw without displeasure or surprise, as believers expect honour on earth and immortality in heaven from its touch. Not a breath was heard among the spectators, and the music sunk into the softest sound of the flutes used to charm the rock-serpent and cobra-capella, lest it should disturb the sleeper: but when the wheels had rolled within a foot pace, the elephant suddenly paused, fixed his mild eyes on his former benefactor, and raising the nearest wheel with his trunk, passed him and his slumbering boy in safety. A long and deep cry escaped the crowd, the lamps were suddenly extinguished, and Ibrahim felt himself raised from the earth, muffled in his shawl, and

* A modern traveller says, the elephant-craal, or trap, resembles a funnel, several hundred feet in length, and divided into three chambers, the last and smallest of which is guarded by strong posts or stakes driven into the ground, and men holding bundles of lighted straw. Two tame elephants are usually employed to lead the captive out, oppressing him with all their weight, and sometimes beating him with their trunks, while his groans and resistance express his indignation.

conveyed away in a kind of litter. He began to fear that his rashness had only changed the child's fate and his own into a more lingering misery, as the brachmins profess to believe that those over whom their divinity passes without a touch, are reprobated for ever. Many hours and many changes in his conveyance passed before the veil was taken from his eyes. They beheld a stupendous chamber resting on columns of rock illuminated by a thousand lamps. The flat roof, the turbaned capitals of the pillars, and the threeformed god, whose face sparkled with jewels amongst a crowd of inferior images, informed him that he stood in the cavern-temple of Elephanta: and the linen scarfs and zenaars* worn by those who surrounded him, announced the highest order of brachmin priests. One of superior stature and aspect held the hand of a woman covered with a silver veil, and addressed Ibrahim in these words:—

‘No part of nature displays its creative power to every eye, nor do we expose the vital principle of our religion to the vulgar. We reserve it for those who merit our care, and are capable of receiving its fruits. Thyself and this woman Chandela are among the chosen number:—she was once a portion of the vilest class, but thy bounty has made her worthy to convert thee, as the clay that has become fragrant by dwelling near the rose, may form a vase to preserve it. Why should a being capable of such glorious self-sacrifice, bow to the deity of one element, when he might behold the author and governor of all?—He who is moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, breath in the winds, and the invisible soul of all men!—such is the divinity we worship—such the principle of a religion which the perverse ignorance of the multitude compels us to dress in awful and fantastic mysteries.—Receive this woman as thy wife, and her son shall be as thine own. We devote them to our God in winning thee from thy darkness, and our offerings to his altar are generous and faithful hearts.’

ART. VIII.—*Some account of the late John Sackeouse, the Esquimaux.*

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

JOHAN SACKEOUSE was born in 1797, on the west coast of Greenland, in latitude about 70° north. In 1816, when the whale ships of the season were about to return home, he contrived to get on board the *Thomas and Ann*, captain Newton, of the port of Leith. Having made friends of all the sailors, he found no difficulty in concealing himself, and in stowing away his canoe: when the ship was well clear of the land, he made himself known to the captain, who, supposing that he had been carried away by accident, very kindly offered to return and put him on shore. But

* The zenaar, or brahminical thread, is composed of three cotton threads, each forty-eight yards long, twisted together, folded, and thrown over the left shoulder.

John entreated that this might not be done, declaring that he wished to go to England with the ship, and to abandon his own country. He was accordingly permitted to remain. During the voyage he learned a little English, and made himself a tolerably expert seaman. At Leith, during the winter of 1816-17, he frequently exhibited in his canoe in the docks, and excited, in this neighbourhood, a good deal of notice by his extraordinary dexterity.

He went to Davis' Straits again in the *Thomas and Ann*, in 1817, upon which occasion, captain Newton was strictly enjoined by his owners, Messrs. P. Wood, Weddell, & Co. of Leith, to treat the Esquimaux with the greatest kindness; to give him an opportunity of rejoining his friends; and not, on any account, to bring him away from his own country again, unless at his own particular request.

It is due to these gentlemen, as well as to captain Newton and his son, to state, that, from the earliest period of John's acquaintance with them, till his last moments, he was treated by them with a kindness and a liberality, which do them the more honour, from being bestowed at a time when he was unknown, and had no claims to their notice but his being far from home, and without friends; claims which, however, to such generous minds, are the most powerful of all.

On reaching Greenland, in the season of 1817, John found that his only remaining relation, his sister, had died in his absence. Upon receiving this afflicting news, he said that he would revisit his country no more. What his objects were in making this resolution, it is difficult to say. Probably he did not distinctly know himself; though, perhaps, having acquired a taste for enjoyments which he knew were not to be found at home, and having no ties of kindred to bind him to the place of his birth, he would easily resolve, for a time at least, to follow the new line of life which accident had thrown in his way.

About the beginning of 1818, Mr. Nasmyth, the eminent artist of this city, accidentally met John Sackhouse in the streets of Leith, and having some years before been engaged to execute a set of drawings of the Esquimaux costume, he was naturally attracted by his appearance, although his dress was a good deal modified by his European habits. Mr. Nasmyth brought him up to Edinburgh, and finding that he had not only a taste for drawing, but considerable readiness of execution, very kindly offered to give him instructions. It soon occurred to Mr. Nasmyth, that the Esquimaux might be useful to the expedition then about to sail under captain Ross, and this idea being communicated to sir James Hall, president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and John's merits being found, upon examination, to promise very well, a letter was written to Mr. Barrow, secretary of the admiralty, who instantly desired that the Esquimaux, if he were willing to join the expedition, should be sent to town. Very liberal offers from the admiralty board, accompanied this invitation, and he at once

agreed to go; appearing, however, to care very little about the proffered compensation, and only bargaining very explicitly, that he was not to be left in his own country.

We must look to captain Ross's account of the voyage for the details of John's proceedings. It may suffice here to say, that he behaved not only with great address, but with much courage and presence of mind, on some trying occasions; and, throughout, gave entire satisfaction to the officers employed on that service.

On the return of the expedition, the Esquimaux, became an object of great interest in London, and was so much noticed, that there was reason to apprehend either that the poor fellow's head would be turned, or that he might get into company, which would give him dissipated habits, and render him unfit for further service on the next expedition. Soon tiring of London, however, he was sent, at his own request, to Edinburgh, and placed under the charge of some of his old friends.

The admiralty board being fully sensible of the importance which it might prove to the expedition to have a good interpreter, gave directions for John's being educated in as liberal a manner as possible. He concurred in these views, and engaged in a number of pursuits with an ardour and a steadiness truly astonishing. His friend, Mr. Nasmyth, resumed his drawing lessons, in a more methodical manner, however, than at first; and was of still greater service to him by teaching him English, and by introducing him to his family, all of whom took the warmest interest in his improvement.—As John wished to learn writing, Mr. Steven, of this town, was engaged to teach him; and Mr. Cameron, a learned student of divinity, who was desirous of acquiring the Esquimaux language, undertook to give him regular lessons in English. He was fond of modelling and of carving canoes; and he took much pleasure in walking about and paying visits. He had great delight also in society: and being himself very entertaining, his circle of acquaintance soon extended itself, so that his evenings passed cheerfully, and profitably.

But in the midst of all this, he was seized with an inflammatory complaint, from which, in a few days, he in a great measure recovered, but relapsed, and died on Sunday evening, the 14th of February. He was attended with the utmost assiduity by Mr. George Bell, and several other eminent medical gentleman. He had many friends too, who attended him during his illness, with the most anxious care.

John Sackeouse was about five feet eight inches high, broad in the chest, and well set, with a very wide face, and a great quantity of coarse black straight hair. The expression of his countenance, however, was remarkably pleasing and good-humoured, and not in the least degree savage. There was at all times great simplicity and absence of pretension in his manners. His modesty was great: when asked his opinion of the elephant he had seen in London, he said, with great naivete, and with a look of deep humility, 'Ele-

phant more sense me.' His disposition was gentle and obliging; he was grateful for the least kindness shown to him, and, upon several occasions, exhibited a goodness of heart, and a consideration for the wishes and the feelings of others, which would have done honour to any country. His fondness for and kindness to children was very striking. In a snowy day, last winter, he met two children at some distance from Leith, and observing them to be suffering from the cold, he took off his jacket, and having carefully wrapped them in it, brought them safely home: he would take no reward, and seemed to be quite unconscious that he had been doing any thing remarkable. He was temperate in all his habits; he was docile, and was always open to conviction; showing, however, the greatest desire to be treated with confidence, and of this he never proved himself unworthy.

He had a quick sense of insult, and one evening being attacked in a most ungenerous and cowardly way in the streets, he resented the indignities put upon him in a very summary manner, by fairly knocking several of the party down: but though the insult was thus resented, so nice were his feelings, that many days elapsed, before he subsided into his wonted quiet state of mind. It is due to poor John to state, that upon this occasion, he behaved for a long time with great forbearance; but upon being struck, he was roused to exert his strength, which was prodigious. The whole party were carried to the watch-house—a measure which the Esquimaux could never be made to comprehend.

Nothing could exceed his industry and his desire to learn; yet he made but slow advances. He certainly did improve, however, in all that he undertook, particularly in drawing. He was easily pleased, and took great delight in relating his adventures with the Northmen, as he called the people recently discovered in Baffin's bay. Speaking of the barbarism of these people, he once adverted, with great good humour, to his own ignorance on first landing in this country. He imagined the first cow which he saw to be a wild and dangerous animal, and instantly retreated to the boat for his harpoon, that he might defend himself and his companions from this ferocious looking beast!—His curiosity was lively, and he sought for information with great perseverance. But he never expressed any of that idiotic surprise which savages sometimes evince, on seeing any thing very different from what they have been accustomed to. When he was placed, for the first time, before a large mirror, he gazed at it for several minutes with evident satisfaction, and then turning round, exclaimed, 'fine, fine! two pair rooms!' He played on the flute, and danced very well, so that wherever he went he was a most welcome guest. He looked forward with the utmost keenness and anxiety to the sailing of the expedition, now fitting out; being perfectly aware, at the same time, of his own value upon the occasion.

During the height of his first illness, he was very obedient; but when he was freed from pain, and began to gain strength, he by



House in the background

no means liked the discipline to which he was subjected, but more than all the rest the prescribed regimen displeased him. One day when the surgeon called, John's door was found locked. No intreaties could prevail upon him to open it. 'No, no,' said he, 'no want more physic—no want doctor—not sick now.' After a time, finding him resolute, the doctor took John at his word, and went away. One of his friends called to remonstrate with him on this proceeding; when it came out that he had no objection to seeing the doctor;—'but,' added he, 'doctor say—John, you no eat fish (Yakees* man no like, no eat fish)—I go out buy little fish—doctor come—I make fry fish on fire—no like doctor see fish—lock door!'

His dying moments were soothed by the anxious attendance of his friends. He felt and acknowledged this attention, but said it was of no use, for his sister had appeared to him and called to him to come away. It must not be supposed, however, that this arose from superstition, or was any thing more than the effect of the fever under which he was then suffering; for he was unaffectedly pious; and having been early instructed in the christian faith, continued to derive support and consolation from this source, to the last hour of his life. He held in his hand an Icelandic catechism,† till his strength and sight failed him, when the book dropped from his grasp, and he shortly afterwards expired.

He was followed to the grave by a numerous company, among whom were not only his old friends and patrons from Leith, but many gentlemen of high respectability in this city.

It is pleasing, in every point of view, to see such attentions, and honours, paid to so humble and insulated an individual as John Sackeouse. It is also worthy of remark, as affording a striking example of the distinction between a civilized, and a savage state of society. To the rude tribe to which this man belonged, all this might appear very insignificant;—but with what satisfaction should we not hear (what, alas, we can never hope to hear!) that our unfortunate countryman, the enterprising—the philosophical Park, had been cheered in his last moments, or honoured after his death, with half the attention which was here so freely bestowed upon a poor Esquimaux Indian.

ART. IX.—*Lithography.*

IN this number, we present our readers with a specimen of *American Lithography*: the design and the execution from beginning to end—from the drawing to the impression inclusive—is by Mr. B. Otis; who, following the suggestions of judge Cooper, and Dr. Brown, of Alabama, has by means of their hints, and his own more successful improvements, produced the specimen now submitted. The drawing was made on a stone from Munich, presented to the American Philosophical Society, by Mr. Thomas Dobson of this

* His name for the Esquimaux nation.

† Copenhagen, 1777.

city. But the art has been successfully tried on specimens of stone from Frankfort, in Kentucky, procured by judge Cooper, Dr. Brown, and Mr. Clifford—from Doe run in Kentucky, furnished by Dr. Blight—from a quarry about two miles from Maytown, Lancaster county—and also on some pieces of white marble from White Marsh, commonly found at the stone-cutters in this city. Dr. Brown in particular has felt great interest in the progress of this trial, and has written to various places in the western country for pieces of stone as similar as may be, to the stone of Munich; which are now on the road: so that the next print will probably be from a limestone of our own country. M. le Sieur also, whose exquisite designs are well known to men of science and artists here, has procured some stones, such as are used at Paris by M. de Lestayrie, and is proceeding with the experiment, we hope successfully; for in truth, it is an experiment in which the whole circle of science and of literature, is very greatly interested.

That our readers may have a tolerably correct idea of the process, of which the impression at the head of this number is a specimen, we shall give the best account we have yet been able to procure, of the art of *lithography*, or drawing and engraving on stone: being very desirous, that other artists may succeed in their attempts, as well as Mr. Otis; who deserves great credit for the patience, perseverance, and ingenuity, which has enabled him hitherto to succeed so well.

The original inventor of this art, is a musician of the name of Alois Senefelder, a native of Prague in Bohemia, who, after a sufficient number of trials to insure success, obtained from the elector of Bavaria, in 1801, an exclusive privilege for the exercise of it in Bavaria; and in 1803, a like privilege from the emperor of Austria. Senefelder, in consequence, established stone-printing houses at Munich, and at Vienna; and under his direction, similar establishments have been made at Paris and in Italy.

The prints from stone that have reached us here, are chiefly by M. Engelman of Germany, and by M. de Lestayrie at Paris. They are beautiful imitations of black crayon and Indian ink drawings. Those who wish to see one of the best specimens, may inquire for a stone-impression of two wrens, by M. de Lestayrie, now exhibiting at the Academy of Arts in this city.

It is only within this twelve-month, that any thing has been successfully done in this way in England. Messrs. Carey have some tolerable lithographic designs in outline, published by Mr. Ackerman, and the last number that has appeared here, of the *Journal of Science and the Arts*, by Thomas Brande, Esq. of the royal institute, also contains two specimens of lithography, with which, the design furnished by Mr. B. Otis, may be compared without any loss of credit to the American artist.

We shall proceed to treat 1, of the kind of stone fit for the purpose: 2, of the ink, and the composition of crayons: 3, of the various modes of drawing, etching, &c. on the stone: 4, of the

method of taking off impressions: 5, of the uses to which this art may be put.

First then of the stone. The properties required, are, that the stone employed shall bear a tolerably smooth, and perfectly uniform surface; free from any heterogeneous veins or specks, when it has been rubbed down with sand, and then with emery, to the fineness of the surface of glass, roughed for shades or moonlights; or a little finer. It must have just roughness enough and no more, to catch hold of the crayon, and take the mark of the drawing: hence, although smooth, it must not be polished. Another property is, that when dry, it shall imbibe on its surface a sufficient quantity of water, to become so moist that a greasy or oily substance, will not adhere to the moist part of the stone: but it is not necessary that it should contain any argillaceous matter; the stone from whence Mr. B. Otis took the impression in question, is purely calcareous, dissolving without residuum in marine or muriatic acid. The stone should be at least two inches, or rather two and a half inches thick, to bear the force of repeated pressure in taking off the impressions. The stone used at Munich and at Paris, is a secondary or floetz limestone; probably a member of the lias limestone, being the white calcareous flagstone that covers the blue lias; there is hardly any difference in appearance, in quality, or in properties, between the Munich and Parisian stones, and the limestone of Kentucky; as was first suggested by Mr. Clifford of Kentucky, at judge Cooper's mineralogical lectures, and as has been proved by the experiments of Mr. Otis.

The Parisians make two imitations of, or rather substitutes for the genuine stone; one, by means of finely sifted, well burnt, white plaister of Paris or alabaster, mixed up with water, in which some alum has been dissolved—and another, when they wish to transfer writing to the stone. In the latter case, they proceed thus: thick smooth paper is prepared with gum arabic, and a little finely powdered and sifted chalk or whiting. This is written upon with the crayon, and immediately before it is dry, transferred to the stone, which then furnishes an impression in the natural order of the writing. Whether plaister of Paris itself would answer the purpose, has not yet been tried. The limestone near Maystown, is a yellowish white stone of the transition formation.

The stone being thus prepared, smooth but not polished, the proposed design is traced upon it, either by liquid ink, or solid crayon.

Secondly, of the ink and the crayon. The German receipt for the ink is as follows:—Take white soap of the best kind, one part by weight; mastic in drops one part: melt them slowly and carefully together, in a glazed earthen vessel; then add, shell lac by weight five parts, and continue to stir the mixture over the fire. Then add, by degrees, to prevent boiling over, one part of pure or caustic soda (or potash deprived of its carbonic acid), dissolved in six parts of pure water; stirring the mixture at each addition, to

prevent its boiling over. Let the heat be moderate, and add gradually of lampblack, burnt over again in a covered crucible, enough to colour the mixture. Draw your design, with a common or crow-quill pen, or a fine pencil, as it may require, and let it remain for at least 24 or 30 hours, to dry.

There are various receipts for the composition of the crayon: the common German receipt is this—

Take of fine white soap three parts; purified tallow two parts; white or yellow wax, one part: melt them together, and add sufficient of burnt lampblack to give the necessary colour and consistence. Run it while hot and fluid, into moulds the size of a common crayon. If too soft, so that you cannot cut it down to a sufficiently fine point, lessen the quantity of soap and tallow, or add a little black pitch, or mastic.

With the ink, or the crayon so made, trace your design on the stone. Let it remain for 24 or 30 hours, till it be dry. Then cover the surface of the stone with water, which will be imbibed sufficiently in all the parts of the stone untouched by the drawing, to prevent its being affected by the engraver's ink, used to take the impression: engraver's ink seems better for the purpose than printer's ink; the lampblack collected from the burning of wax or good oil, and afterwards burnt in a close crucible for half an hour, is best.

The engraver's ink is then dabbed on the stone with printer's balls, and adheres only to the greasy marks of the drawing; for the moist part of the stone does not receive any impression.

The Germans take the impression on paper, by means of a wooden roller, wrapped round with buff leather, and attached to the end of a long stick, of which the other end is attached to a beam in the ceiling; a motion backward and forward, suffices to take the impression, which is not good till about a dozen are taken. Ten or twenty thousand may be taken from one drawing.

If the impression is meant to be strong, you let the drawing remain for a day or two till dry; and then, putting a border of wax round the stone, pour on it a mixture of one part of nitric acid, mixed with fifty parts by measure, of water; or, one part of muriatic acid to forty parts of water, and let it remain for about 6 or 8 minutes. This liquid acts on the calcareous stone, without touching the greasy drawing, which is thus slightly raised above the surface, and furnishes a more marked and decided outline.

In some cases, the surface of the stone is covered with a varnish of gum-water and lampblack; the design is etched through this varnish, and then the surface is smeared with the ink above described. This ink adheres to the stone in the traces thus etched, and the varnish being washed off in a day or two, the impression remains on the stone, ready to be transferred to paper.

In some such analagous manner, imitations of mezzotinto are produced, as soft as any engraving.

The varnish so used for etching, is harder than the common engraver's varnish: it may be procured of the required softness, by mixing some treacle or molasses with the gum-water. When you wish to displace the varnish, dip the stone edgeways in warm water, till the varnish is loosened. The water must not be too hot, else the greasy trace of the lines will spread and run into each other.

In moistening the stone with water, previous to taking an impression, the surface will be cleaner, if in every case, and in the first instance, about one part of nitric or muriatic acid is added to one hundred parts of water.

If imitations of wood-engravings are wanting, cover the whole stone with the composition ink above described, and when quite dry, scrape away the ink from the parts meant to be white.

The method of taking off the impressions as practised by M. Engelman is as follows. The press consists of a hollow table, terminated at one end by an upright frame, supporting a roller, which by means of a winch may be made to traverse along the table from one extremity to the other. The stone is laid perfectly horizontal in the hollow of the table, and is secured in its place by means of wedges. It is then moistened by means of a sponge, dipped in pure water, till it refuses to imbibe any more. (The first water, as before observed, should be slightly acidulated, in order to clean more perfectly the surface of the stone, then gently soaked up with the sponge, thrown away, and pure water used). A wooden roller covered with leather, and charged with very fine engraver's ink, is then passed two or three times over the surface of the stone; the ink adheres to all the lines of the drawing, because, like the ink itself, they are greasy; but it does not adhere to the part of the stone which is moist with water. A sheet of paper, not quite so damp as is required in copper-plate printing, is next laid carefully on the stone; a smooth board is placed above it, and by means of the winch, a pressure is given of about a thousand pounds weight: this is passed slowly over the surface of the board, and the process is finished by removing the board and taking off the impression thus produced on the paper. It is necessary to take a dozen impressions before the work is at its full perfection. Each passing of the roller thus charged with ink, tends to renew the traces on the stone, so that the last print is as good as the first. After a number of impressions have been taken, the stone may begin to be a little blurred. When this is perceived, remove the stone from the press, and pass over it a sponge moistened with oil of turpentine; then wash it with pure water. By this treatment, the whole design will be apparently discharged; but it is not so, for on passing the roller charged with ink, over the surface of the stone, every line, even the most delicate, will again become visible, and the printing may be proceeded in, as at first. For the drawing is left not merely on the surface of the stone, but the ink and the crayon leave a trace that penetrates to a certain depth. Hence the great

use of the lampblack is to enable the artist to see his drawing as he proceeds. It also give consistence to the crayon.

I have said that there are several methods of composing the crayons. M. Laugier, having analysed a crayon, such as are commonly used at Paris, found the following substances in the following proportions in it. Wax, 15 parts in 100: wax intimately mixed with grease or suet, 21: suet, 25: mastic or resin, 26: black colouring matter, 6: loss by adhering to filters, 7: in all, 100 parts.

The ink commonly used, is the engraver's ink, made of *nut-oil*. The best methods of gathering the walnuts, and making the oil in this country, will be found in Michaux's *North American Sylva*, p. 146. The method of making with it, ink for copper-plate printing, is to be found in page 148. For light colours, this oil is reduced to two thirds of its bulk; for dark colours, to one fifth, which leaves it a thick semifluid substance. To facilitate the process, one tenth part of linseed oil is added, and it is then placed in an iron or copper vessel, over an active, clear, charcoal fire. When it begins to boil rapidly, the vessel is uncovered, and the oil takes fire, or is set on fire, and permitted to burn to the required consistency. Sometimes it is not allowed to kindle, but when ebullition commences, crusts of bread are thrown in, which collect, and absorb a part of the mucilage of the oil. Linseed oil can be greatly cleared from mucilage, by boiling (which coagulates the mucilage), and cooling; when the mucilage subsides, the oil can be drawn off clear. The *nut-oil*, thus prepared, preserves its tints longer than linseed oil, and the back of the copper-plate prints do not become brown. Instead of lampblack (which when meant to be used, should be burnt in a red heat for half an hour, in a covered crucible), Frankfort black is commonly employed. This black is made by burning the lees of wine in vessels closely covered.

M. de Lestayrie sells very fine impressions, such as that at the Academy of Arts in Chesnut street, at about 20 francs for twenty-five prints, in Paris.

As to the uses to which this art can be employed, we may observe

1st. It is a perfect fac simile: there can be no mistake or mis-copy.

2d. It supersedes all kinds of engraving: when the drawing is finished, it is now sent to the engravers, and no impression can be taken till the engraving is finished: in lithography, impressions can be taken the instant the drawing is dry, more perfect than any engraving can possibly produce.

3d. It can imitate not only drawings in crayon and Indian ink, but etching, mezzotinto, and aqua tinta.

4th. The plate is never worn out as in copper-plate engraving. In France, 70,000 impressions of a circular letter were taken, before the engraving was finished of a similar letter written on paper.

5th. Maps, large prints, calico printing, &c. can be executed in this way on rollers of stone, turned, and the design drawn, etched,

or aqua tinted, on the stone roller itself. For roller work in calico-printing, it would be inestimable.

6th. All works of science, may now be freed from the prodigious expense attending numerous engravings.

7th. Any man who can draw, can take off any number of impressions of his own designs, without trusting to any other artist.

8th. The advantage of expedition in the process now recommended, is beyond all calculation. C.

ART. X.—*Sketch of the Life and Literary Character of the late President Cooper.*

IN the sketch of the literary and scientific institutions of the city of New York, published in the last number of this Magazine, some mention was made of the important services of Dr. Cooper, to the college of New York, and of the active and unfortunate part which he took in the revolutionary contest. As the history and character of this very accomplished scholar are now but little known, out of the city of New York, some further account of him may not be without interest to the readers of the *Analectic Magazine*.

Myles Cooper, the second president of King's (now Columbia) college, was born in England, in 1735. He was educated at one of the great public schools, and afterwards went to Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. in 1760, and was soon after chosen to a fellowship in Queen's college. In this course of education, he imbibed all the habits, opinions, and tastes of an old fashioned Oxford man, in politics, religion, and literature. In 1761, he published at Oxford, an octavo volume of miscellaneous poetry, which, however, appears to have been written several years before the time of its publication; as he observes in his preface, that the 'greater part of the volume was not only written, but actually printed off before the author had seen the age of twenty-four.' This collection consists of occasional poems, grave and gay pastorals, imitations and translations from the classics, and versifications of select passages of Ossian. It does not appear to me to bear any very strong marks of original poetic genius. It contains no deep views of sentiment or character, nor any strong paintings of external nature. The author, like many other young scholars, seems to have mistaken taste for talent, and a lively perception of the graces of classical composition for the warmth of a poetical fancy. He was by no means blind to the wild and artless beauties of uncultivated nature, yet he recognized them more from comparison with those poetical images with which he had stored his memory, than from the quick sensibility of his own mind. Hence it is, that his poems are filled with traditionary images, and common-place mythological allusions; his wit is too often borrowed from Martial, and his pastorals are faint reflections of the rural scenes of Virgil, Spenser, and Pope—'the shadow of a shade.' As a pastoral and

descriptive poet, he must accordingly be classed among the bards whom Crabbe has so happily described, as those who

The flattering dream prolong
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song,
From truth and nature, still content to stray,
Where Virgil not, where fancy leads the way.

Yet his taste is correct, his versification pleasing, his command of language extensive, and his expression select and choice. His preface is written with ease and sprightliness, and the whole collection denotes a mind capable of much higher things, in a different application of its powers. These poems, after enjoying their little day of popularity, while they 'circulated in manuscript,' or were praised on their first appearance, by the author's friends, now rest undisturbed and almost forgotten.

His reputation as a scholar, stood so high in the university, that in 1762, when Dr. Johnson, the first president of the college of New York, applied to his friend archbishop Secker, to select from one of the English universities, a person qualified to assist him in the course of instruction, and shortly to succeed him as president, that excellent and learned prelate, after much inquiry, was induced to recommend Mr. Cooper, as in every point fully qualified for that important station.

Mr. Cooper, after receiving priest's orders in the church of England, came over to this country about the close of the year 1762. He was welcomed with great affection by Dr. Johnson, and the trustees of his college, and was immediately appointed professor of moral philosophy. The duties of this office he discharged with so much ability, that the president, who had for some time wished to retire from active life, and had only been restrained from it by his zeal for the interests of the college, now considered himself at liberty to follow the bent of his inclination, and resigned his office with the fullest confidence to Mr. Cooper, who was elected president in May, 1763, being then only in the twenty-eighth year of his age. The faculty of arts then consisted of the president, Dr. Samuel Clossy,* an Irish physician of very respectable attainments, who was appointed professor of natural philosophy, Mr. Harper, the professor of mathematics, and Mr. Cushing, the classical instructor. These gentlemen were looked upon as forming the ablest body of instructors at that time in the colonies, and it was under their care that Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and Gouverneur Morris, received their collegiate education.

President Cooper soon after received from England, the degree of LL.D. and the college continued to prosper under his direc-

* Dr. Clossy had, previous to his emigration to America, attained a high degree of eminence in his profession, by the publication of a valuable volume on morbid anatomy, entitled, 'Observations on some of the Diseases of the Human Body, chiefly taken from the Dissections of Morbid Bodies.' London, 1763. Upon the organization of the first medical school in New York, in 1768, he was chosen professor of anatomy; and in conjunction with Drs. Bard, Middleton, Jones, and Tennent, taught with much reputation in that institution.

tion, until the commencement of those provincial contests which preceded the revolution. In 1772, and the succeeding years, till 1776, Dr. Cooper took the side of the British government, and distinguished himself as a writer in the political controversies of the day, against Smith, Livingston, and the other literary champions of the whig party. In one of these skirmishes, he is said to have been met and worsted by an anonymous antagonist, whom he soon after discovered in the person of one of his own pupils, Alexander Hamilton, then a student in one of the younger classes. It would be injustice to the memory of Dr. Cooper, not to add, that far from betraying any thing like mortification or resentment, he uniformly treated his youthful antagonist with good humour, and even respect.

His writings, and bold language in conversation, soon attracted popular indignation, and he was obliged to fly from the college to escape the fury of a mob. It is another honourable testimony to his private worth, that, although most of his students were in political hostility towards him, they unanimously volunteered to protect him from insult or danger, and to favour his escape.

In 1776 he returned to England, and resided for some time at Oxford, where, in 1777, he preached a sermon before the university, 'On the Origin of Civil Government,' which was, of course, in strict unison with the high toned doctrines of that ancient seat of learning and toryism. Its publication gave rise to much controversy on some of the theoretical points in dispute between the whig and tory parties of that day. On a candid review of the opinions held by the two great parties in England, on the question of the origin and obligation of civil government, I am inclined to think that it will appear that the truth is on both sides, or rather on neither,—that the tory writers were right in their foundations, and altogether erroneous in the application and consequences of their principles, while the followers of Locke, from arbitrarily assumed principles, were led by their zeal for rational liberty to sounder conclusions, or rather, that they perceived what was right in civil government, and then adopted an incorrect, or at least an imperfect theory to support correct practical doctrines.

Dr. Cooper afterwards became minister of the first episcopal chapel in Edinburgh (the same, we believe, which is now under the charge of Messrs. Alison and Morehead), where he continued to officiate to a very respectable congregation, until his death, which took place in 1785. He died suddenly, and is interred in the episcopal or English burying ground. His epitaph, written by himself, is characteristic of the man, though it is too liable to Dr. Johnson's just censure of all endeavours at liveliness and humour in this kind of composition, as being 'attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things which make wise men serious.'

'Here lies a priest of English blood,
Who living, liked whate'er was good;

Good company, good wine, good name,
 Yet never hunted after fame;
 But as the first, he still prefer'd,
 So here he chose to be inter'd;
 And, unobserved from crowds withdrew
 To rest among a chosen few,
 In humble hopes, that sovereign love
 Will raise him to be bless'd above.'

Dr. Cooper was, as has already been remarked, a true Oxford man, and in all probability fully agreed in his opinions, prejudices, and tastes, with Dr. Samuel Johnson. His political pieces are distinguished for great strength and elegance of style, as well as for a boldness of satire and severity of sarcasm, which have seldom been surpassed. His moral character was without any serious reproach, although grave men were occasionally offended by the freedom and conviviality of his social habits. The memory of one of the peculiarities of his conversation, has been preserved by a sarcasm of a rival wit of the opposite party.

'And lo! a cardinal's hat is spread
 O'er punster Cooper's reverend head.'

Trumbull's Mac Fingal.

There is a good portrait of him in one of the rooms of the New York Historical Society, which has often been remarked for its striking resemblance to the common engravings of the poet Dryden.

V.

ART. XI.—*On the Notes of the Bank of England.*

[From *La Minerve Francaise*.]

BAVARIA already enjoys the meeting of her first constitutional assembly. The liberty of that people will be the elder sister of the liberty of France. The king appears to unite himself intimately with his people; but there, as elsewhere, the oligarchy seeks to place itself between the people and the king, not as a link in the chain, but as an obstacle. If the aristocracy strives to augment its privileges, the nation will unite itself in opposition; she will, like France, pass through an apprenticeship of liberty, and her political renovation will not be the fruit of a convention, but of a victory. For, between rights on one side, and privileges on the other, treaties can have no sincerity, peace no duration.

The session of the English parliament, offers so far, little of interest. We observed in the opening speech, two singular assertions; the lords commissioners have discovered a great augmentation of the revenue, although the bank is not able to renew its cash payments. They invite the deliberation of parliament on the means of drawing profit *to England*, from the European peace, which Divine Providence has given to the world, though Providence has not, probably, worked solely for the profit of England.

In another discourse, lord Castlereagh has considered it a public duty to declare, that in the claims upon the French government,

held by British subjects, the ministry would not in future interfere, and that the lenders would have no other guaranty than the public credit, the solvency and honesty of the state to which they lend their capital. This declaration caused some alarm. Some thought the ministers expected a new rupture, others said that France was going to have in her cabinet, the men who, in 1814 and 1815, had proposed a bankruptcy as to all national creditors, and thought they ought not to keep their promises to the foreign creditors, except when the justice of their claims was supported by 150,000 bayonets.

The two houses are occupied with these two important propositions. The city of London has demanded a reform of the penal code. Lord Holland has given a gloomy picture of the crimes committed in England, in spite of the frightful severity of the punishments. Cruel laws are never executed, precisely because they are cruel; the excessive severity of the punishment produces impunity, and the law falls short of its aim by attempting to exceed it.

In the house of commons, the public credit and bank paper, produce the most animated debates. Britain has hoped to find her credit a source of everlasting prosperity, forgetting that every present loan is a future tax. They have multiplied fictitious signs of capital, the bank has its bills, and the exchequer has its own also. The use of means has been succeeded by their abuse, an alarming debt has been contracted, the payment of its interest is sufficient to overwhelm the state. What will become of England if ever she is obliged to reimburse the principal?

For a long time the counterfeiters have been alarming to the capitalists. The number of forged notes is now enormous. When a man receives a payment in bank notes, it is usual to go before a magistrate, who verifies and stamps them. From 1798, to the first of January, 1819, 30,466 persons have been brought before the courts of justice, for the crimes of forging or passing counterfeit notes. An officer of the bank declared, before a jury of Middlesex, that he had seen them so perfectly well counterfeited, that even the *inspectors* could not distinguish them. One of these inspectors having prosecuted an individual before the court of king's bench, for passing a false note, the most experienced declared they could perceive no sign of its being forged, and the inspector was condemned to pay 100*l.* sterling damages.

The ministers, not finding a remedy, have sought a palliative; they are procuring new engravings from the artists of the United States. Cobbet, who resides in America, has redoubled their apprehensions; 'poor creatures,' he says, 'who suppose I could not procure imitations of every plate which they can have engraved; who think I could not obtain their admission into England as easily as a pair of contraband gloves; who think I could not disturb the security of all their bargains, if I were not restrained by the interest I feel for the widows and orphans!'

We do not believe that Cobbet could ever execute such a project, but we are astonished that he could conceive the idea of it.

In England, it is believed possible to stop all foreign emission of forged notes, by invoking the *law of nations*. But some people, whose memory is sometimes too retentive, recollect that the soldiers of the duke of York's army, spread about, during the siege of Dunkirk, an immense quantity of false *assignats*; that lord Kenyon declared *he did not know any rule which pronounced such an act contrary to the law of nations*; and that lord Erskine said, *that a minister or a general was clearly justifiable in adopting such a plan*. It may be feared that the enemies of England will avail themselves, at some day, against her of these great political principles, which she herself invented to use against her enemies.

What ought the bank to do? Will it give up the restriction act? Will it return to specie payments? *Can* it return? or would not such a measure produce a fall in the price of all merchandize, and drive the silver into the strong boxes of individuals? Will not the revenues diminish? Will not bankruptcies be more numerous, although already following each other with terrible rapidity?

It must be acknowledged that the financial situation of England is by no means prosperous. She cannot pay the capital of her debt, and the payment of the interest devours her. The bank cannot return to payments in money, and cannot continue to pay in notes.

What will be the end of it who knows, or who dares to predict?

ART. XII.—*The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* No. I.
New York. 8vo. 1819.

WE believe that the public law of literature has entirely exempted periodical publications from the jurisdiction of the ordinary critical tribunals; and we therefore notice the first number of this work, without any intention of formal criticism, but simply for the purpose of announcing its appearance, and of congratulating the American public that one of their choicest favourites has, after a long interval, again resumed the pen. It will be needless to inform any who have read the book, that it is from the pen of Mr. Irving. His rich, and sometimes extravagant humour, his gay and graceful fancy, his peculiar choice and felicity of original expression, as well as the pure and fine moral feelings which imperceptibly pervades every thought and image, without being anywhere ostentatious or dogmatic, betray the author in every page; even without the aid of those minor peculiarities of style, taste, and local allusions, which at once identify the travelled Geoffrey Crayon with the venerable Knickerbocker.

The plan of the work is that of a series of extracts from the common-place book of an American, residing or travelling in Europe, sometimes describing the scenes and manners around him, and the various emotions and reflections which they call forth, and sometimes wandering back to the recollections of his native country and filling up the vivid pictures of its grand and beautiful scene-

ry, which are still fresh in his memory, by imaginary creations of humour or of fancy. These he proposes to communicate to his countrymen in a series of numbers from time to time as leisure, health, and other circumstances may admit.

We are exceedingly tempted to enrich our pages with such extracts as might convey some idea of the manner in which this plan is executed, but we fear that we cannot do it without committing an act of injustice towards the author as well as to our readers. We must therefore content ourselves with a short notice of the several articles it contains. A brief and unpretending prospectus is followed by the 'author's account of himself,' not written in the common plan of describing a fictitious assumed character, but vividly painting his own youthful feelings and that stirring instinct of curiosity which forced him to become a traveller. 'The voyage' to Europe, and the mental employments of the traveller during his passage, are then described with admirable truth and deep feeling, generally in a tone of pensive morality, but occasionally rising into highly poetical feeling and expression.

The third article is headed Roscoe, and is devoted to the eulogy of that elegant writer and most liberal, benevolent, and learned merchant, the chief benefactor and ornament of Liverpool. The writer enters into the praises of his favourite with that warmth and cordiality which indicate the strong sympathies of a congenial and kindred mind.

The next piece is a tale, 'the Wife;' it is peculiarly appropriate to the present state of the commercial world, and though drawn from domestic life, is full of very elevated—we may almost say—of sublime, moral sentiment. Its object is to paint the fortitude with which women of well constituted minds and strong affections can sustain the most overwhelming calamities and reverses of fortune, and to show how those disasters which humble the spirit of the lords of creation to the very dust, serve only to call forth the energies of the weaker sex, and give to their character a self-concentrated intrepidity which bears them buoyant through the storm.

The last article is 'Rips Van Winkle,' 'a tale found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker,' in which the writer seems to have aspired to unite the Dutch painting of Crabbe and Smollet with the wild frolic and fancy of an Arabian tale.

We have now we think said enough on the subject to stimulate the curiosity of our readers, and we will not take off from this effect by any heavy and common-place criticism.

V.

Account of the number of persons tried, and the offences they were convicted of, at the Old Bailey sessions (London), in the year 1818.

Murder	3	Capital Offences.
Burglary	25	
Housebreaking	7	
Highway robbery	25	
Stealing in a dwelling house	68	
Stealing privately in a shop	16	
Stealing on the river Thames	2	
Horse stealing	11	
Sheep stealing	9	
Cattle stealing	1	
Cutting down trees	1	
Returning from transportation	1	
Forgery	2	
Uttering forged bank notes.	25	
<hr/> 196		
Having possession of forged bank notes without lawful excuse	98	
Receiving stolen goods	10	
Manslaughter	6	
Embezzlement	2	
Fraud	6	
Grand larceny	1,093	
Misdemeanors	6	
Uttering counterfeit coin	13	
<hr/> 1,430		
Between the age of 10 and 14	38	
14 and 18	195	
18 and 21	391	
<hr/>		
Total under 21	624	

Account of the total amount of bank notes, and bank post bills, in circulation from the 30th of December 1817, to the 25th of January 1819.

Bank notes of 5 <i>l.</i> and upwards	L. 18,668,660
— post bills	1,701,610
— notes under 5 <i>l.</i>	7,613,610
<hr/>	
L. 27,983,880	

The highest aggregate number of bank notes in circulation at any one time, from the first of January 1818, to January 25, 1819, was 30,945,880*l.*, and the lowest, 24,610,830*l.*

In 1817, above 1200 persons charged with offences under the game laws, were committed to the different jails of England and Wales.

Tanner, Vallance, Kearny & Co. have issued No. 2, of an American

Atlas, containing maps of New-York, Ohio, Indiana, America, and Asia, being a continuation of a series of maps, intended to exhibit a complete topographical view of the United States, on a scale of 15 geographical miles to the inch, together with general maps of the other portions of the world: constructed from the most authentic documents, by H. S. Tanner.

LINES ON THE APPEARANCE OF THE LOCUSTS, IN THE SUMMER OF 1817.

[Communicated by a youthful correspondent.]

SINCE the last time appear'd these rude offspring of earth

What numbers have perish'd! what numbers had birth!

And many gay bosoms shall moulder away

Ere the trees shall renew their monotonous lay.

Oh tell me, gay miners, by what dreary road

Have ye thus persever'd in your dismal abode,

What pleasures detain'd you, what wishes or fears,

To complete your dim circle of slow-rolling years?

To you it is Eden the Sun to behold
In his palace of azure, of em'rald and gold;

Your young gauzy wings for new life to prepare,

And fly to carouse in the regions of air.
That enlivening planet return'd to our lands

With brisker delight all Creation expands.

You also his pow'r and his tenderness prove,

And it fills your weak bosoms with rapture and love.

With what feelings does man your appearance behold,

Who from history learns your companions of old?

He sees the blest angel of health on your wing,

And hears Plenty rejoice in the woods as you sing.

Like you from the hardships of Winter set free

My heart would expand with the leaves on the tree.

But though Spring, Health, and Plenty with you I recall,

You remind me of thoughts that are dearer than all. MARCUS.

THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1819.

ART. I.—*Original Letters*, from an American gentleman at Calcutta, to a friend in Pennsylvania.

LETTER VII.

Calcutta, April 30th.

MY DEAR H.

AMONG the objects of note, in this city, you will naturally expect me to speak of the celebrated *Black Hole*,—where a number of Englishmen were so cruelly confined, in the year 1756. The fact is, I had postponed visiting it from day to day, until very lately; when, after some preliminary trouble, I gained admittance. The black hole, or *kaullah godaum*, as the natives call it, is a kind of dungeon above ground, situated in one corner of the custom house buildings. It was formerly part of the old fort; and this apartment, with some others adjoining it, was used as a prison. At the time the British were confined there, the only door opening into it was from an adjoining cell; so that it was even more dismal than it is now. The East India company's officers have had two doors opened through the outer wall; and this, and the contiguous chambers, are occasionally used as *godautms*, or ware-houses, for salt petre, &c. The walls of this hideous place are of brick, and are beginning to moulder away. The external appearance is very ancient, and the surface is partly grown over with weeds,—but the walls are so immensely thick that they would stand a great while yet. They are about six feet thick at the ground, and gradually decrease to about four feet at top. The part properly denominated *black hole*, consists of two contiguous oblong cells, with an arched opening between them. It is dismally dark; and the air so confined and oppressive, even with the door open, that it was almost suffocating. My impressions were quite solemn when I reflected that I was standing in the very place where so many unfortunate men had been permitted to perish.* Near the black hole is a

* Of 146 persons who were crowded into the black hole, in the evening, it is stated that only 23 came out alive, next morning.

monumental obelisk, erected in commemoration of the cruel deed, on the pedestal of which, it is inscribed, that

‘ This horrid act of violence
was as amply as deservedly revenged
on Surajud Dowla,
by his majesty’s arms under
the direction of vice admiral Watson,
and colonel Clive, anno. 1757.’

Very few of the natives now living, know any thing about the transaction; and those have mostly gathered what they do know from strangers who have visited the place. I inquired of some of our sirkars, touching the affair of the black hole, and found that they had never even heard of it.

A treat more agreeable than the view of this dungeon, awaited me in a visit which I recently paid to the company’s botanic garden, situated on the right bank of the river, a few miles below the city. This is indeed a most superb establishment; and reflects great credit upon the taste and munificence of the East India company. Much of its excellence is also justly ascribable to the zeal of that worthy and indefatigable botanist, Dr. William Roxburgh, who personally superintended it for a considerable time. The garden embraces 300 acres of ground; of which, 100 are laid out and planted. There is a fine serpentine canal running through the middle of it, which is supplied from the Hooghly by a sluice, and can be filled or emptied at pleasure, by taking advantage of the proper time of tide. The most elegant walks, made with brick broken to the size of gravel, and skirted with shrubbery, pervade the grounds; and amid the groves of mangoes and other trees, are tanks for the collection and preservation of rain water. There are about 3000 species of plants, mostly tropical, assembled in this garden; and additions are constantly making. Such an elysian field, for a lover of botany, is seldom to be met with. Among the more rare and interesting plants, which attracted my attention, were the bread-fruit tree, *artocarpus incisa*; the nutmeg, *myristica moschata*; clove, *caryophyllus aromaticus*; cinnamon, *laurus cinnamomum*; the delicious litchi, of China, *scytalia litchi*, Roxb.; the *adansonia*; the famous banyan tree, *ficus indica*, whose long horizontal branches are supported by limbs which droop to the ground, and there take root,—thus forming, from a single tree, a continuous and curiously arched grove; the sissoo, *dahlbergia sissoo*, Roxb. so much used here by cabinet makers, &c. &c. There were also considerable quantities of the teak wood, *tectona grandis*; introduced from Pegu, which is so highly prized as ship-timber,—and has, from its lasting qualities, received the appellation of the ‘ever-during teak of India.’—It would be vain to attempt giving you an adequate idea of the pleasures of a stroll through this delightful garden, where the most gorgeous flowers are perpetually unfolding to the view, and the most fragrant odours are wafted on every passing breeze. The mansion of the superintendant corresponds,

in elegance and comfort, with the rest of the establishment; and the hospitable entertainment I received, while there, was such as might be anticipated from an amiable and accomplished cultivator of natural science. Having spent the day in a continued banquet of sweets, comprising the alternate enjoyment of fruits and flowers, I took my leave of this enchanting spot, as the sun approached the western horizon; and *you* can readily believe me, when I add, that as our boat receded from the scene, I cast many a 'longing lingering look behind.' One consideration alone, gave pleasure to my departure: and that was, a knowledge that our ship was nearly ready, and was speedily to sail for Philadelphia. The thoughts of *home*, and absent friends—so distant and so dear—flit ever and anon across my mind, in the midst of all my engagements; and as the moment approaches when we shall embark, excite the most irrepressible and anxious impatience.

Our cargo is now all on board, and to-morrow the pilot will haul the ship into the stream, and commence beating down the river. The monsoon has shifted to the S.W. since our arrival here, and we shall have the same difficulty in getting to sea, that we had in approaching this place. I have been busied these two days in stowing away my baggage, and taking leave of my Asiatic acquaintances. Last evening I crossed over to *Sualky point*, nearly opposite the city, to take a last farewell of Mr. C——, an English gentleman, and his interesting family,—in whose society I have passed many happy hours, since my arrival here. The lady of the family is what is called a *Chee-chee*: that is to say, her mother was a native Hindoostanee, and her father a British officer. She was sent to England at an early age to be educated, and is an elegant and accomplished woman. Her engaging *naiveté*, vivacity, and good sense, have often reminded me of the fascinating *Eliza*, of *Anjenga*, with whom the abbe Raynal, and the sensitive Yorick, were so much enraptured. The graceful and delicate attentions of a fine woman are at all times captivating; but they are doubly so to the wanderer in a strange land, whose sensibilities are all awakened by a consciousness that he is far from the friends whose kind offices he might justly claim. Mrs. C. having heard me incidentally express my fondness for the cocoa nut and banana, during this last visit, I found, on returning to my boat, that her servant had, by her orders, nearly filled it with those favourite fruits. The time, and manner, of this engaging civility, abated nothing of those emotions which affected me at parting with friends whom I could never again expect to behold. You may possibly think it trifling to notice those little traits of benevolence; but should you ever take it in your head to roam in distant climes, you will find that even those little attentions, from a stranger, are admirably calculated to awaken your gratitude, and seize upon the finest feelings of the heart.

I will now, my dear H. bring to a close the last letter which I shall probably ever address to you from this romantic region. I

send it by captain N. whose vessel dropt down the river a day or two ago, and who is just proceeding after it. As we shall follow so soon, I flatter myself, if we have reasonably good fortune, that my letter will scarcely precede me at your social circle:—but, if it should be our fate to be engulfed by the countless billows, which roll between us and our homes, it may serve to bring you the proof, that the latest opportunity of evincing his affectionate remembrance, was embraced by your sincere and devoted friend.

ART. II.—*Thoughts on the various departments of the National Industry of the United States.*

THE true picture of our country exhibits an extent of land, free from the interference of forests, or cleared for cultivation, of an extent double the whole arable soil of any maritime country in Europe, if we include our *prairies*, and lands on which the forests have been burned. Our entire territory, after its limitation by the Louisiana and Florida treaties, is about twelve times that quantity of land, being about fifteen hundred millions of acres. This is a landed interest, which never can be outweighed by all our other interests conjoined.

The part of our *population* employed in the various landed operations of planting, farming, gardening, mines, quarries, and procuring wood and timber, &c. &c. constitute a great and commanding majority, even in the most commercial, manufacturing, and fishing of our states—*Rhode Island*. The increase of interior townships, counties, and states, will always maintain that immense preponderance of the landed *population*, which now exists, as will be admitted by every man who compares the population of all the counties from *the St. Croix river to the Sabine*, with the population of our hundred trading sea-ports and manufacturing towns.

The prosperity of the United States principally depends on a landed interest, *well and cheaply supplied* with all things necessary to cultivate the cleared lands, and to clear two thirds of those which are yet covered with woods—and on a landed interest, *the prices of whose productions shall be surely and well supported* by all the other departments of the national industry: or in other words, by *commerce and manufactures*.

It is submitted to the nation as a *general* rule (subject like all general rules to exceptions) that it is the right and duty of the landed interest, the merchants, the mechanics, the professions, and the other citizens *to make out the public prosperity, by buying their manufactured supplies, with due attention to quality, upon the cheapest terms*. This being an actual operation of a vast majority (the cultivators, merchants, mechanics, professions, &c.) with the minority (the manufacturers) is not *avaricious*; nor does it appear in any wise injudicious or absurd, in such a state of society, where the voice and moral interests of a real and very respectable majority of polls, talents, property, and industry present a just and

constitutional influence. The members from the planting and farming *counties* of the United States, in the senates and houses of representatives of *the union*, the *states*, and the *territories*, have, in all past times, constituted, and do now, and always will, constitute, a very great and very commanding majority, giving laws to our country. Moderate addresses, composed of sober and real facts and reason, will be found the most successful representations to them and the other members, who are not manufacturers in practice, or theorists in that interesting *branch* of the political economy.

It has been observed, that the general rule for our whole population *to buy cheap*, must be liable, like all other general rules, to various exceptions. It should be our study to ascertain and submit these to the legislatures, the executive governments, and the nation. We shall present one, of the most interesting character, as an important example.

It is conceived, that all the instruments and materials for *defence*, or in other words for *war*, are of this character; and the president and congress, and the state governments have, therefore, fostered and forced the manufacture of the instruments of defence in various ways, during twenty-five years or more. In 1794, they could have imported cannon, as they imported copper bolts and sheets for the frigates; but they preferred to contract, in this country, for one thousand tons of cannon in that year. They built, at their own expense, a water-mill for boring, out of the solid cannon-form piece in which they were cast, securing for ever, by means of foreign skill, a working model. They have purchased home-made gunpowder for many years past, rather than import, as did the old congress for, and in the revolution. They discontinued the importation of muskets, rifles, pistols, and swords, and made contracts for their manufacture, lending to the manufacturers, *capital in money*, to improve and extend their works, and buy their machinery, tools, fuel, and materials. By these operations of the union, and of several of the states, not only were the army, navy, and fortifications supplied with cannon and muskets, but the volunteers and militia bristled with bayonets, so as to preserve, with the regular public force, *all* our seaports from invasion in the late war. By these forced manufactures, we were enabled to win the glorious honours of peace in a third of the period of the revolutionary war. The planter *Washington*, approved this exception to the rule, from his long experience as *Washington* the general in chief.

In the same spirit, the government of the United States makes the noblest of all manufactures, *ships of war* at home, rather than purchase them like Spain, abroad.

In the same spirit, the low-priced, and principal of the *cotton* goods of India, have been so heavily dutied, as greatly to interfere with their importation, *because they are made entirely of cotton wool of foreign production*, rival to our cotton. Manufactures

of foreign distilled spirits, and of beer, ale, and porter, have been subjected to duties, equal in some cases to the value here, of our home-made liquors, to encourage our landed interest in the cultivation of grain, fruit, and the cane, and our merchants in the importation of molasses and dates for the distillery. Sixty foreign articles on our tariff have been dutied, by name, at thirty per cent. making, with the addition of ten per cent. on the duty, nearly one third of their original value, besides the costs and charges of shipment and transportation, which are great, from the bulk of some, and the perishable nature of other goods. To encourage the growth of the leaf, foreign manufactured tobacco and snuff are very heavily dutied. The non-importation law, proposed in December 1808, though later in its adoption, gave a spring to several manufactures. The double duties were proposed on the suggestion of the manufacturers of Philadelphia, in letters of a correspondent of the treasury, in 1811, and remained on file there, to prevent the injuries to the manufacturers, which the influx of foreign goods, on the repeal of the British and French non-intercourse, then expected, seemed likely to produce. These duties did not much exceed, on a medium, the present duties, including those on the great bulk of the common and useful East India cotton manufactures.

It is true, that the duty on *woollens* is at present only 27 1-2 per cent; but wool is more abundant here than in 1810; improved by superior judgment, and superior breeds of sheep, aided by much more machinery and great improvements in fulling, scouring, and dying, overstocked with skilful hands, and aided more than ever by children and females. It is known too, that foreign woollens, lying on hand, often suffer by the moth and in the colours. But it is an all-important fact, that so great and steady has been, for years, and is now, our woollen manufacture, that we make up all the wool we can procure from our own farmers, and all our merchants can import, exporting none. Lands are cheap, and redundant to raise sheep, yet we keep more than up to the effectual manufacture of all our own wool; for we import much, and often aid it with cotton to eke out our defective stock of sheep's wool. Besides these facts, we make many cotton blankets, velvets, and corduroys as substitutes for woollen goods. The high price of cotton has alone prevented a great extension of these substitutes, which will become an important object to our planters and manufacturers, if we shall realize the apprehended interference of East India cotton with the sales of our cotton wool in Europe.

So effectual have been the intentional and incidental encouragements of manufactures in the United States, that there is no considerable landed production, (of all which are classed as raw materials) cotton-wool and leaf tobacco excepted, of which we do not constantly manufacture more than our country produces. These raw materials are, iron, lead, and all the other metals; sheep's wool, flax, hemp, silk, hair, horns, hides, skins, leather tanned, turned and coloured, and parchment or vellum; hatters' furs; molasses for

distilling, hops, indigo, madder, dye woods and stuffs, tallow, spermaceti, whale-bone, milk (as the raw material of the two great manufactures of the dairy, *butter* and *cheese*), the cabinet-maker's woods, marble, burr, and various other valuable and precious stones, salt petre, and sulphur. To these may be added rags, and other materials for paper and pasteboards, paper for the manufacture of books and hangings; wire of all metals, for weaving and working. Of all these raw materials, we import more than we export, and of course we manufacture a quantity of each, greater than our own landed interest and total population can produce; rapidly as it has increased from two millions and a half, in 1775, to nine or ten millions of persons, in 1819. Though we duty wool, flax, hemp, silk, iron, lead, copper, hides and skins, hair, leather, whale-bone, tallow, spermaceti, hops, marbles, stones, molasses, indigo, &c. we do not, and cannot produce more. The contents of this paragraph are substantially true, and materially relative to the subject of American manufactures, as connected with our whole diversified domestic industry, of which manufacturers form a minor part, and agriculture and the landed interest form an absolute and unalterable major part, exclusively of the commercial, monied, mechanical, and professional interests, and of our ecclesiastical, didactic, and benevolent institutions, and their accumulated property. It is true, that manufactures, though less than agriculture, and only a part of this domestic industry of our country, are a very important, and absolutely necessary part.

It is incorrect to consider manufactures as destroyed, annihilated, and neglected, when they are on a medium of the four years, or according to their value the last year, far greater than the whole amount of our exports. Though they have suffered, so has the ship owner, the exporter, the importer, and the interior merchant. So, indeed, has the grower of *cotton-wool*, our only redundant proper raw material. If the momentary price of farms be considered, the state of things is no better. Loans have been too easy to obtain. If we look abroad, the condition of Great Britain (whose *English* system of forcing *English* commerce and manufactures, at the expense of the rights and interests of Ireland, Scotland, the vast colonies and dependant territories, is offered for our *impracticable* and inexpedient imitation), is far worse than ours. If specie payments, abandoned there for twenty-two years, had been resumed on the 5th of April, the vaults of the banks of England, which have lost forty millions of dollars *in gold only*, in eighteen months,* would have been drained of the precious metals. Yet we maintain to the present time, specie payments, and propose to adhere to them. It is represented, that if specie payments by the bank of England had not been suspended by the parliament in April, the subversion of merchants, or manufacturers, money-loaners, &c. &c. would have become most extensive and alarming, notwithstanding

* See lord Castlereagh's speech.

the admired British statutory system of internal trade, manufactures, fisheries, navigation and commerce. Let us then be sober-minded, but not alarmed; cautious, but not frightened out of the field of exertion and business; moderate and frugal, but not mean or avaricious. We have at home, landed interest, *all in the temperate zone*, larger than Great Britain and Ireland, with all their colonies, which are capable of cultivation and production. We have more than double the cleared land of their three united kingdoms. From that landed capital, power, and substance of our country, a great foreign and internal commerce, and a valuable body of manufactures does, will, and must result. The annual production of all the branches of the *domestic* industry of our country, landed, manufacturing, commercial, professional, &c. is such as clearly to prove we possess a capital of seven thousand millions of dollars in real and personal property, producing an income of much more than four hundred and twenty millions of dollars per annum; the full interest of that capital at six per centum.

Another exception to the general rule of purchasing the cheapest supplies, is believed to exist in the case of manufactures, of agricultural and landed productions, which are of a perishable nature, such as fruit and vegetables, (canes, apples, peaches, grapes, potatoes, &c.) or which are redundant or depressed in price; such as cotton, tobacco, wood, and timber, &c. We may continue the disquisition of these subjects, but in the mean, we venture to affirm, that the United States, as confidently as any country upon earth, may trust that '*nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*,' or in other words, that we have only to practise, as a people, the great civil and moral duties and virtues, and we must continue, amidst the present agitations of the busy world, among the number of the most prosperous and stable nations. Z.

ART. III.—*Remarks on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language*, occasioned by a late Essay on the same subject by John Pickering, A.A.S. By N. F. Moore, A.M. New York. 8vo. pp. 48.

THIS is an ingenious and scholar-like essay, upon a controversy which has recently arisen among the literary men of our own country, on the true pronunciation of the Greek language. A purely literary and philosophical discussion, which has no bearing whatever upon any point of politics or religion, is almost a novelty among us, and we hail it with pleasure. Not, indeed, that the subject is of high importance, or that the controversy is likely to lead to any immediate interesting results; but the interest taken in the question, and the manner in which it has been discussed, 'denote a forgone conclusion,' and give evidence of no small degree of literary taste, zeal, and curiosity. The received doctrine of the political economists, that to raise a superfluity, is the only certain means of always having enough, is as true of elegant learning, as it is of the productions of agriculture and the useful arts. Literary curiosity and learned labour, must be sometimes suffered to expend

their strength; or, to speak more correctly, to exercise and discipline their powers on points of no very direct and obvious utility; for it is by such means only, that we may hope to see them carried to their highest perfection, and to secure their services for the ordinary purposes of society and education. Perhaps, too, this question is not to be regarded as one of mere curiosity. If the accurately ascertaining, or even approaching to the true pronunciation of an ancient and highly cultivated language, adds to the intellectual pleasures of the scholar, this is of itself, no slight inducement to pursue the inquiry, while it must necessarily afford much assistance in all general philological or etymological discussions,—pursuits, which, since the labour of Horne Tooke (justly as he may be thought to have strained them beyond their true use), are now very generally acknowledged to lead to the most useful and profound results in the knowledge of our own nature, and the history of the human mind.

The literary history of the controversy is briefly this. When, upon the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, which was contemporaneous with the arrival of letters in western Europe, Grecian literature was diffused over the continent by those learned Greeks, who fled from the Mahometan dominion, the language of Homer and Plato was taught by them in their own modern pronunciation. This pronunciation was introduced in company with the Greek language and literature, into the north of Europe, by John Reuchlin, a very learned German; and hence this mode acquired the name of the Reuchlinian pronunciation. Soon after, Erasmus, proposed a new, or '*reformed*' system, approximating, as he conceived, more nearly to the ancient pronunciation. This was founded partly on the presumed analogy of the Greek to the Latin, and to the modern languages of the continent, but chiefly on such explanations, criticisms, and comparisons of the sounds of the letters, as are to be found in the various ancient critics, grammarians, and commentators, and incidentally in other classical authors. This soon prevailed, and it is that which, varied only by some slight tinges of national peculiarities, now obtains generally in the learned world.

In the year 1814, Mr. John Pickering was induced, by the arrival of a Greek ship at Boston, to turn his attention to the subject of the modern Greek pronunciation; and the result of his inquiries was, a conviction that the general pronunciation of the modern Greeks, does not very materially differ from that of the bright and glorious periods of Grecian literature. He communicated his views of this subject to the public, in a very elaborate and most ingeniously argued memoir read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and published in their transactions for 1818. This has very recently called forth an essay in reply, by Mr. Moore of New York, who rejects in mass, the whole theory of Mr. Pickering, and strenuously supports the system of Erasmus, as being a highly probable approximation to the ancient common dialect of

Greece; that is to say, to the Attic, stripped of some of its very marked peculiarities.

Finally, a writer in the *North American Review*, for June 1819, (who, however, could not have seen Mr. Moore's tract), after discussing the subject at some length, and certainly with much learning and candour, assumes a middle ground, and seems to consider every attempt to ascertain the spoken language of a people which has ceased to exist, for eighteen centuries, as entirely hopeless.

It would be difficult to present an analysis of the arguments on each side, without devoting more room to it than would well comport with the miscellaneous plan of this journal, especially as it is entirely a question of detail; and as Mr. Moore's pamphlet is written with so much condensation, as not easily to admit of abridgment. The two schools, agree entirely in the sounds of ϵ , ζ , θ , ι , κ , λ , μ , ξ , σ , π , ρ , τ , ϕ , χ , and ψ . Their chief controversy is about the true sounds of β , η , \omicron , υ , and all the diphthongs. The most plausible argument in favour of the Romaic or Reuchlinian pronunciation, is the resemblance, in other respects, of the modern Greek language, to the ancient, and the high probability of a traditionary pronunciation preserved, as well by the weekly, and even daily services of the Greek church, as by the similar, though corrupted common dialect.

The strongest, and in our view almost insuperable objection to it is, that it gives the same sound to η , ψ , $\epsilon\iota$, $\omicron\iota$, and ι , and to $\alpha\iota$ as to ϵ . It is true that there are some similar instances of vowel sounds thus confounded in all modern languages; these, however, are never general rules, but always exceptions. In the French language particularly, they have been regarded as so anomalous, that innovations have been introduced into the established orthography of the language, in order to extirpate them; and in spite of the early opposition of the academy, the orthography of Voltaire has been daily gaining ground, and we doubt not will completely triumph.

We extract Mr. Moore's discussion on the sound of B, which the modern Greeks pronounce as our V, as a specimen of the manner in which he has managed his argument.

'As to the pronunciation of β , the argument drawn by the Erasmians from the acknowledged similarity in sound of the Latin B and the Greek β , is answered in Mr. P's Essay,* by resorting to the supposition that both letters were sounded rather like the letter V, than the B of modern languages; and such a pronunciation of the letter B in Spain, and the frequent interchange of B and V in Latin inscriptions, "especially since the fourth century," are urged in support of this conjecture. That the true ancient sound of the Latin V consonant has been preserved by the inhabitants of a particular district only, in a remote province† of the empire, is

* 'Essay,' p. 29.

† 'I do not understand what Mr. P. means by calling "the Spaniards and Portuguese a Roman colony." These countries were, it is true, reduced to the form

not to be believed without any proof whatever, but upon conjecture alone. And as to the frequent confounding of the Latin B and V in inscriptions, and the use by the Greeks of β for the Latin V consonant, in words borrowed from that language; these facts prove nothing in favour of the modern Greeks; for the Latin V consonant had not the sound of the modern Greek β , but of our W, and the Greeks having no single character* to express this sound, either used β , as an approximation to it,† or rendered it more exactly by their diphthong *ou*. They would spell Severus, therefore, either *Σεβηρος* or *Σεουηρος*, but more frequently in the latter mode. The French, who likewise want a single character for this sound, use the same diphthong to express it, spelling *Cornwall*, *Cornouaille*; *Washington* *Ouachinnetonne*.‡ Which may be compared with the *Βασιλῶν* (Washington), of the modern Greeks, and will serve to show how inconclusive are these arguments to prove identity of sound, when they have no other foundation than the attempts made by those of one nation, to express in their own characters, sounds that are peculiar to another people. Thus it was the necessity of the case, added to a certain resemblance between the sounds, when not very forcibly expressed, that first led the Greeks to use β for V, and hence arose, in some instances, the same confusion amongst the Romans. Though, perhaps, these blunders in Latin inscriptions and manuscripts, might be satisfactorily accounted for by supposing them the work of Greeks, multitudes of whom were employed in such offices by the Romans, either as slaves or hired artisans.’ V.

ART. IV.—*L'Europe, après le Congrès d' Aix la Chapelle, faisant suite au Congrès de Vienne.* Europe, after the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, &c. By M. de Pradt, formerly Bishop of Malines.

[Translated from *La Minerve Francaise*.]

MR. DE PRADT is the ambassador of truth at the grand council, formed by the assemblage of the five greatest powers of Europe; he is commissioned by himself; the queen of the world, public opinion, accredits him near the kings and nations, whose interests he impartially maintains. The means of this diplomacy, so novel in its kind, are the eloquence of reason, love of the general good, and courage to say all the truth, even in the presence of absolute power. He adds to these advantages, a constant moderation and a continued attention to avoid every passionate expres-

of provinces, of which they constituted three, and colonies were sent into various parts of them. But that Latin was ever so well spoken there as in Italy, is very improbable. And, whatever the language of the country may have been, it has been exposed to suffer from invaders, full as much as that of Italy, if not more.’

* ‘The Æolic digamma had exactly the sound of the Latin V consonant, or of our W; but this character was never in use among the Greeks generally, and not long among the Æoles themselves.’

† ‘See Dawes. *Misc. Crit.* p. 119. Edit. Oxon. 1781.’

‡ ‘So written by Volney.’

sion that might produce irritation, and so injure the most legitimate cause—that of his country. He often defends France against those other powers which have pronounced her fate, but he does not offend them by violent recriminations.

In our present position, it is impossible for a Frenchman to withdraw his attention from the unhappy spectacle of the two foreign invasions. Mr. de Pradt, therefore, begins his disquisition by reflections upon the double catastrophe of our noble and unhappy country. Here the author speaks with a generous frankness to the allies, who have too much forgotten the value of that word in their conduct toward France.

The powers of Europe, says Mr. de Pradt, after having committed the imprudence, to leave at the very threshold of France, in view of her veteran legions, him who could not but be associated with her proudest recollections, have imposed on us the penalty of their fault. They neither sent their enemy away, nor guarded him—all the mischief came from that source. It is very evident that the island of Elba could only be a watch-tower against the Thuilleries. The European powers, too confident, perhaps, in 1814, fell into the extreme of distrust in 1815. While the presence of Napoleon still threatened them, they had been moderate; but when he was irretrievably beaten, this moderation gave place to extraordinary exactions. They condemned France to pay the expenses of a war undertaken against Napoleon alone; they violated her territories; they took away her fortified places; she lost Landau, Philipville, Sarrelouis, and was reduced to submit to a military occupation. Reason and justice are equally insufficient to justify such a severity; but as our author observes, treaties signed in the capitals of the vanquished, do not bring them any advantage, and France will do well hereafter to avoid all “*treaties of Paris.*”

* * * * *

Mr. de Pradt, after complaining of the exactions of Europe, who showed herself, in 1815, more severe towards an allied prince than she had dared to be towards an enemy, even at the most critical moment of the decline of his prosperity, recalls all potentates to good faith in politics, and to the sincerity of treaties. We cannot censure the monitions of the author as too late. Heretofore in his valuable work on the Congress of Vienna, he had forcibly set forth the most daring truths on the same subject, before the monarchs were united, for the first time, by a common interest. It is due to him now to recollect this, and to recall the violations of principle to which France was entirely a stranger. It is cheering to hear him say on the subject of the alarms and suspicions inspired by the evil ways of diplomacy, ‘the evil comes from a source more remote, and those who, from hatred of the revolution, represent it as the school of deception, ought to raise their observation higher; they would perceive the cause in the snares laid through

the whole course of the negotiations of the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin, by Frederick and prince Kaunitz; Silesia had demoralized the Austrian and Prussian diplomacy; the division of Poland, the invasion of Bavaria by the emperor Joseph, of Holland by the prince of Brunswick, in 1787, war against the Turks, by Catherine and Joseph, had entirely degraded diplomacy prior to the revolution. Britain had invaded Canada, and took three hundred French merchant vessels, prior to her declaration of war, in 1766.—“*What would become of England if she were always just towards France?*” the English minister had said.’ As a friend of truth, Mr. de Pradt might have gone further. He might have added to the list of political aberrations, those monstrous coalitions against France, guilty of the overthrow of her liberty—coalitions so often destroyed by victory and renewed by perfidy, the day after peace was made; the war of extermination declared against a whole people by the English minister—a war in which no effort was spared for our ruin, and that of our allies. Certainly it is not wise to revive national animosities, and we are far from such an intention; but we must not be unjust towards France, nor join in charging her with all the evil deeds of ambition. It would seem from the violence of the accusations made against us, and the complaisance with which some among us repeat them, that our enemies had given us only examples of justice and moderation. Yet, to cite the instance of merely one of our adversaries, the death of Tippoo Saib, the heir of his father’s hatred of the English; the destruction of the empire of Mysore; the fall of so many states; the sudden extinction of so many royal families; the enslaving of India; the almost periodical massacre of its inhabitants, whom you might suppose were appointed by regular order to be cut down like the trees of a forest; the treachery at Quiberon;* the burning of Copenhagen in the midst of peace, and that of Washington, do not figure in the annals of *our* politics. Let us, therefore, have some indulgence for France, whose greatest excesses were often but feeble retaliation, and who has seen the greatest powers of Europe, by turns, associated in our enterprises. We could, perhaps, without resorting to the subterfuges of ancient diplomacy, justify some of those transactions; but in consenting to the blame with which it is now agreed to cover them, it appears to us that each one ought to take his share, and that we ought all to be modest, since all have been fallible. Such are the deductions from the reflections of M. de Pradt; we have only developed them. Let us pass, meantime, to his observations on the actual force and position of the different states of Europe, and the dangers with which she is menaced by England and Russia, whom he regards as two colossi, pressing her between them.

* Mr. Pitt, making an apology in the house of commons, for the expedition to Quiberon, said that no British blood had flowed there. Mr. Sheridan replied, that though British *blood* had not flowed, British honour *had*, at every pore.

Sweden and Denmark, whose internal condition is meliorated, and promises a happy future to the people, have no longer any weight in the balance of politics. It is known what part Sweden acted, even after having contributed to the success of the coalition.

The kingdom of the Netherlands, appears to our author to be in a position of security. He extols the wisdom of the political combination which presided at that establishment, and believes it to be guaranteed by the common interests of Europe. We do not know how far the amalgamation of Belgians and Hollanders is solid and durable. We fear that Mr. de Pradt makes too little account of the aversions and affinities of one people to another. Belgium likes neither Austria, whose yoke she has broken, nor Prussia, who is given to her as a neighbour, nor Holland, with whom she has been incorporated by force. We have great respect for European diplomacy, but we learn in history, by more than one example, that these heterogeneous alliances produce no good.

Prussia extends one arm to the gates of Thionville, and the other to Memel on the Niemen, the frontier of Russia; where is the body which unites these members? Prussia is in a situation unsafe in every respect; she was so before the invasion of Poland, and the sanction given to that act by the congress of Vienna. A single word from Russia would cause a dismemberment of Prussia, by the separation of the Polonese territories; on the side of Austria, war would be not less fatal; and an alliance with that old rival against Russia, would seem perilous, even to the least timid. In such a case, says Mr. de Pradt, which would be most dangerous, an alliance or a war? Prussia has still a support in France, but she has been aggrandized at the expense of the latter; false views of politics has sown dissension between the two powers, by bringing them in contact, when their ancient relations ought to have been restored, instead of establishing those points of contact, which serve only to keep alive recent animosities.

Austria, so rich in population, so fertile in resources, so firm in adversity, so constant in the maxims of her politics and her ambition, has resumed her ancient station in Germany. She occupies the whole space between the lake of Constance and the gates of Belgrade—between Alexandria on the Tanaro, and the frontiers of Turkey. This space is immense; and unfortunately the system of Austria excludes the great Italian kingdom, which entered wisely into the political designs of France. ‘The French sovereignty, exercised momentarily over Italy,’ continues our author, ‘prepared the way for the lasting freedom of that country; on the contrary, the dominion of Austria confirms its annihilation, and affixes to its dependant state, the seal of eternity.’ But let Mr. de Pradt reassure himself, there is nothing eternal in the systems of man, and we venture to predict, that the time will come, when reason and sound policy will revive the ancient queen of the world. Whatever truth there may be in his reflections, we ought

not to forget that Austria is one of the most powerful barriers of Europe, against invasion from the north.

‘From the time of Solyman II, to that of Maria Theresa, the Turks gave abundant employment to Austria; but Solyman would now have to seek his empire as Charles V. did his.’ These expressions sufficiently indicate that Mr. de Pradt considers Turkey as almost nothing, in the general interests of the continent. Turkey is formidable only to those who would invade her. Her armies may be beaten, but her people will not be reduced.

The new system of the Germanic empire is, according to Mr. de Pradt, at the same time less solid, and less conformable to the interests of the German states, than the confederation of the Rhine. He thinks that Austria and Prussia, by their constant opposition, have destroyed the band of Germanic union and concord; that there are no longer Germans in Germany, but merely Prussians and Austrians, and less of the latter than of the former. For it is impossible to deny, that great part of Germany leans towards Prussia, as a support and defence against Austria. Mr. de Pradt regards the system of Napoleon as more safe for Europe than the new system sanctioned by the treaty of Vienna. He explains his views of this subject with his usual frankness. ‘The plans of Napoleon,’ he says, ‘had evidently two branches; 1st, a guaranty for France against the coalitions of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. 2d, The establishment of a barrier against Russia. A twofold principle had constantly directed him—the necessity of arresting British power on the ocean, and Russian power on the continent. He took into consideration the dangers to others as well as himself. In this point of view, the plans of Napoleon were more European than French. His schemes were vast and useful to all, sound in their principle, but disordered in their execution—a source of safety to Europe, and a cause of ruin to himself. We must leave it to time to show, whether Germany will find her situation improved, when she sees the advance-posts of the Russians on the Oder, and the frontiers of Moravia, or even upon the Dneiper and the Dwina; whether she will be better defended by little sovereignties in great numbers, than by great sovereignties in small number. The whole question for Germany is there.’ It is for publicists to pronounce on this matter; if Mr. de Pradt is right in his conjectures, it is mortifying to think that so much blood should have flowed, so much wealth been dissipated, to produce only a change injurious to the glorious continent, the region of intelligence, and the model of civilization.

‘O grief!’ Mr. de Pradt suddenly exclaims, in speaking of France, ‘we see as if banished to the extremity of Europe, exiled and proscribed, and receiving her laws and destinies from abroad, that power which, during fifteen years, had given commands to Europe. An example, how memorable! of the imprudence of nations however great, who place their fate, like an annuity, upon the chance of the fortune, or the genius of a single man.’

The French empire, says Mr. de Pradt, could boast of more than 42,000,000 people, France has only 30,000,000. The French empire enjoyed a revenue of 1100 millions, France has a certain income of but 650 millions. Never did a state lose so much at once. Notwithstanding the immense losses which force, not justice nor sound policy has caused to her, France still possesses, of which the author irresistibly shows will be developed, but her political influence is singularly restricted. Strong by her own weight, she was still more so by means of her alliances. With Prussia, she threatened Austria; with Sweden and Turkey, she stayed the progress of Russia; the constant need of the protection insured her a high importance in the Germanic empire; the support which she always gave to the republics of Genoa and Venice, her ascendant at Naples, not then as now, the vassal of Austria and England, gave her an important influence in Italy; she combatted or balanced England with her colonies, with her fleets united to those of Spain, and with the happy accession of Holland to the maritime confederation, prepared by the count de Vergennes. All these sources of power are destroyed, or turned against her; and if adopting the opinion of our author, we could find in the new system a hope of the diminution of the causes of war in Europe, one cannot see much reason for security in the entire ruin of a power so necessary as France to the equilibrium of the continent. The treaty of Westphalia, displayed more wisdom and generosity than the performance so much praised, of modern diplomacy. Louis XIV and Napoleon, in the delirium of their prosperity, never imposed on their enemies conditions such as those dictated to us under the name of moderation and friendship.

Portugal is no longer in Europe, it is entirely at Brazil. Spain, who aspired, under Charles V. to universal empire, is dying of the remedies applied to the wounds she has received. Soon she will have no blood left. Mr. de Pradt expresses the most touching regret for two people formerly so great, and now departed, as it were, from the scene of the world;—thanks to the triumphs of superstition and intolerance, and all the prejudices which bring evil on subjects, and ruin upon states.

The author deplores the destiny of Italy, fallen again into her lethargy, after the few moments of her brilliant awakening. Napoleon intended to render Italy an imposing power; but half-way measures have rendered that plan abortive. Henceforth, English or Austrian, Italy will be Italy no more; and thus adding her population to the rest of the south of Europe, there are 28,000,000 of men absolutely estranged from the general politics, and without influence in the European association.

Such is the picture of Europe, as she has been now modelled; thus she presents herself to the two colossi, which alarm the fears of Mr. de Pradt, and whose gigantic proportions we are about to examine with him. We shall speak first of the most redoubtable,

of that one which appears capable of devouring Europe, if ambition shall be her counsellor.

‘Dominion has passed from France to Russia, and Europe has lost by the change, as much as France has herself; by a remarkable conformity with the situation of England, Russia is almost equally isolated. From the wall of China to the plains of Moravia and the gates of Breslau, Russia has neither frontier line nor neighbours; all that immense space recognizes her alone as mistress. On one side, her flanks are covered by the pole and the Baltic; on another, by Caucasus and the Caspian sea, the Danube and the Black sea. The people inhabiting the countries bordering on her, either brutalized by ignorance, or sunk in effeminacy, are too infirm to cause her any annoyance; she, therefore, can bring all her force to bear on the menacing frontier which she opposes to Europe. Sweden can no longer wound her through Finland, which she has lost; while a vast distance, tempestuous seas, and the north wind with his icy breath defends her from the attacks of England. Charles XII. in the eighteenth century, and Napoleon in the nineteenth, were reserved by a similar fatality, to inscribe with indelible characters on the frontier of this land of perdition, what Dante has written on the gate of hell—‘Ye that enter here, abandon hope.’ Thus Russia sees her strength increase with the despair of her enemies, and by their inability to injure her as she can always injure them, at home.

The further we proceed in the perusal of Mr. de Pradt’s work, the more evident it appears that he is panic struck with the dangers that menace Europe. He sees that Russia, already possessing 45,000,000 of inhabitants, will have in a century 100 million of athletic peasants, obedient to the orders of men, equal in civilization to the most civilized of the continent. He sees in Petersburg a luxurious capital, which will send forth the ministers of ambition to make a conquest of the world.

Mr. de Pradt, whose exuberance of ideas, and lively imagination, impel him sometimes into inconsistencies, shows us himself correctives for this danger from the power of Russia. In a chapter upon the spirit of the present politics, he exhibits the times of the agitations as passed, Europe as chained by her new destinies, the great and the little states equally constrained; the first by prudence, the latter by weakness, to remain in their present condition. A long peace must be the consequence, he argues, of the personal character of the monarchs, and from the consideration that any war, as it must be a war of alliance, must also be universal. The public debts also, which Mr. de Pradt so justly considers, on other accounts, as cause of alarm, present great and salutary obstacles to the rupture of the peace. Finally, he gives as guarantees of the present security, the general direction of the public mind towards commerce and the mutual inter-communication of nations, the salutary erection of representative governments and liberal institutions, which have grown out of the improvement of the age, and the

influence of which is irresistible, as soon as ingenuity has brought them to light.

England remains a source of so great admiration for her laws and noble institutions, and the object of so just an odium for her unbridled ambition, and the immorality of a policy which holds nothing sacred, when in the attempt to give supreme dominion to a handful of islanders over the whole world. We must acknowledge that, blinded by the prodigies of her influence and fortune, during twenty years, Mr. de Pradt, who hates her as a Frenchman, allows himself to fall into a silly admiration for Britain. 'Her empire,' he says, 'is immense and indestructible. From Heligoland to Madras, and from the Ganges to Hudson's bay; from Jersey to Gibraltar, to Corfu, to Malta, to the Cape of Good Hope, to St. Helena, to the Isle of France, to Ceylon, to Antigua, Trinidad, Jamaica, and Halifax; every where he beholds her seated on rocks or impregnable islands; every where in situations safe for herself and threatening to other people.' This is certainly an imposing view, but has all this grandeur as much solidity as splendour? What are the earthly structures that have endured long after reaching such an elevation? Mr. de Pradt attributes all the prosperity of England to the government which she enjoys. Undoubtedly their constitution has done much for the English. It has raised them far above what they were under weak and absolute princes, who contended constantly against their liberty; but God forbid that any other nation, above all, our own, should draw from a liberal constitution the principles and crimes of English politics! It is an horrible abuse of liberty, to render it an instrument of oppression and of ruin to others, &c.

What our author observes of the exclusive preponderance of Great Britain upon the sea, and the difficulty of disputing the empire of it with her, is beyond all contradiction. We do not think with him, that France is fated always to act a passive part on the land; a warlike nation cannot at once be struck off the military and political map with a stroke of the pen, but we cannot but applaud the remarks of the publicist on the part our country is called upon to play in the confederation of all the marines of Europe against the common oppressor. His ideas on the impolicy of all treaties that may oblige France to enter into a war on land, and upon the union which she ought to form with *North America* and *South America*, appear to us to be marked by foresight and patriotism. In this last respect, France cannot too well consider the reflection of the author. If care be not taken, Spanish America will become British, not by means of government, but of commerce; and the markets of America open exclusively to our rivals, will become a new source of oppression and ruin for us. We must hope that such important objects are not lost sight of by our government. We know not whether Mr. de Pradt expects much from the foresight of Europe, but he places his hopes in a champion that liberty has raised up, and that France, whose services she can never for-

get, contributed to deliver from the most insupportable oppression. We cannot refrain from extracting here, the lively hopes and picturesque expressions of our author.

'North America is a second England; lineage, language, the natural partiality towards commerce and the sea; every thing is English in America. The fable had two brothers who were enemies, England and the United States will realize the fable. Descended from the same ancestry, governed by the same inclinations, instead of uniting, these motives will never cease to place them in hostility towards each other. Following the same pursuit, they will constantly meet in the same path, and will fight for it. The prolongation of the contest will render them irreconcilable; but the United States enter upon it with immense advantages over their adversaries. Their territory is unbounded, their population can have no limit. England is limited in both these respects; she can gain no conquest from America; who, on the contrary, can not fail to deprive her of Canada, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Every thing which Britain possesses on the American continent, she is by the force of events destined to lose. To rid herself of Carthage, Rome had but a single town to destroy, a single point to occupy. But how could the vast extent of America be got rid of? It is impossible to say *delenda America*, like *delenda Carthago*.'

Such a work as this of Mr. de Pradt's is not to be praised, it requires only to be made known. We have read the censures which have been passed on it; they appear to us to be extremely bitter and unjust. Carried away by the impetuosity of his mind, and the multitude of his ideas, Mr. de Pradt lays himself open to verbal criticism, by a thousand slight incorrectnesses and even sometimes contradictions. He converses when he writes, and his pen flows as rapidly as his brilliant conceptions; but when a book is full of profound and useful thoughts, when it has for its aim the good of humanity, and the prosperity of our country; when it sparkles with talent, and contains truths, a forgetfulness of which may cause the most grievous evils, it is difficult to conceive how blame can attach to the author. There is in sound criticism, a modesty and a probity which ought to defend from attacks of this sort, a work which, like a good and great action, deserves the general esteem.

ART. V.—*Travels through some parts of Germany, Poland, Moldavia, and Turkey.* By Adam Neale, M. D. late Physician to the British Embassy at Constantinople, Physician to the Forces, &c. 4to. pp. 308. 1818.

[From the Monthly Review.]

THE extensive peregrination related in this volume took place in the years 1805 and 1806; when the occupation of the continent by the French army, though not so exclusive as it soon afterwards became, obliged those who wished to go by land to Constantinople to follow the circuitous route of Germany, Poland, and

Moldavia. Such was the predicament of Dr. Neale; who left London to repair to his station at the Turkish capital in July 1805, taking his passage from Harwich to Husum, and travelling by Hamburgh, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, and Vienna. In this last mentioned city, hearing that the road by Hungary was extremely disagreeable, he proceeded through Silesia, Galicia, and Moldavia, until he arrived near the confluence of the Pruth with the Danube; where confiding himself to one of the petty barks of the country, navigated by Greeks, he was carried by water to Constantinople.

Passing over the early part of Dr. N's route, which has been so often described by other travellers, we shall make our first halt at Brunn, a considerable town in Moravia, close to which is the famous Austrian fortress of Spielbergh. On visiting this prison, the author was surprised at its small size, considering that it is destined for the reception of the majority of criminals in the whole empire of Austria: but, he adds, 'it is a mortifying comparison to make, though not less true, that more crimes are committed within a single English county in twelve months, than throughout the whole extent of Austria in two years.' No documents or calculations are produced in support of this sweeping as well as 'mortifying' statement; and we cannot but doubt whether it be accurate. Our chief inducement, however, for taking notice of Brunn, is to remark its growing consequence as a manufacturing town; the fact being, according to Dr. N., that it is quickly becoming 'the *Leeds* of Austria.' In so commercial a country as ours, a rivalry of this nature in a foreign kingdom is a topic of interest, and we shall therefore quote the present account of Brunn:—

'Of late years several manufactories of fine woollen cloths and kerseymeres have been established here, and are now in a very flourishing condition, government having granted to them many important privileges, and being occupied in devising measures for their benefit; so that from the local advantages of the city, the command of running streams, fuel, &c., there is every reason for supposing, that the manufactures of Brunn will both extend and rapidly acquire great repute throughout Germany and Italy. The three principal establishments are those of the baron de Mund, Mr. Biegmann, and Mr. Offermann. The first named gives employment to upwards of five thousand workmen, and sells cloths annually to the amount of one million of florins, or about one hundred thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Biegmann keeps in pay two thousand two hundred workmen. In the works under the management of Mr. Offermann, the scissors for sheering the broad cloths are set in motion by water wheels: one wheel driving ten pairs of shears. The articles fabricated, consist of swan-skins, rattines, and kerseymeres. In the work-shops belonging to M. Seitter are also made Turkish bonnets or Calpacs, which are sent to Constantinople, Salonica, and Smyrna. Dyeing is likewise carried on to a great extent at Brunn: and the colours there produced, are celebrated throughout Germany for their brilliancy

and durability. The principal dyer is named Schoelli, and he has amongst his workmen several Englishmen. In his vats they principally dye scarlets. All the broad cloths and kerseymeres woven throughout Moravia, are sent to Brunn to be dyed, coming even from Bochtiltz in the vicinity of Znaim, which place alone produces woollen cloths to the amount of several millions annually. The finest of the Moravian kerseymeres are produced at Teltsh, where there are upwards of thirty looms for superfine cloths, ten for kerseymeres, and twenty for coarser woollens. Latterly the English machinery both for spinning and shearing has been introduced there, which has thrown two-thirds of the workmen out of employment, their numbers being reduced from eighteen to six hundred. But the largest woollen factory in Moravia is situated at Machrishneustadt, near Olmutz, where one hundred and eighty looms produce annually cloths to the amount of one hundred and forty thousand florins, or about twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-three pounds sterling. This factory maintains large warehouses both at Vienna and Brunn, and sends goods into Galitzia, Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Transylvania. The Moravian fleeces produce the finest wool known in Austria, but the supply being inadequate; the deficiency is furnished from Russia and Poland, which, in return, carry back large quantities of manufactured goods. The establishments for spinning cotton thread are also extending themselves throughout Moravia, where there are upwards of ten mills, besides some in the immediate neighbourhood of Vienna. At Lettowitz, near Brunn, is a manufactory employing two thousand persons, and producing threads to the amount of thirty thousand florins annually, or nearly two thousand pounds sterling. In aid, too, of these infant manufactories of cotton, the dyers of Moravia practise the dyeing of *Turkey* or *madder-red*, and the government has extended to this branch also every possible encouragement. Here is likewise a silk-mill, but its size is very small. Thus, within a few years, Moravia has become as industrious as Silesia and Bohemia, and its factories are equal in extent and utility; while its situation is so very central, that it can, with equal facility, send its goods, by means of excellent roads, to the sea-ports of Trieste and Venice, on the Adriatic, or to the fairs of Poland and Russia. Brunn is the centre and emporium of this commerce, which is chiefly transacted by means of four annual fairs, occurring every three months, and continuing four weeks at a time. The goods are carried away on small light wagons, and the roads are kept in good repair. There are no canals, and only one navigable river in Moravia, namely, the Morava or river Murch.

‘The city of Brunn owes its name as well as its importance to the springs of excellent water with which it is surrounded, and which supply its factories and dyeing vats, *Brunn* or *Briun* (Slav.) signifying a source or spring of water. Two small rivers called the Schwartz-a (black water) and the Swita-a (white water)

arise from these springs, and flow round the town. Its population is about eighteen thousand souls.'

We now proceed to notice the author's observations on the south of Poland. Nothing can be more wretched than the condition of the Polish peasantry, even in the provinces that have been subject for the last forty years to Prussia and Austria. In short, though Dr. N., a native of the sister island, is no stranger to ardent feelings in the cause of national independence, he considers the partition of Poland, and its transfer to more civilized powers, as the most effectual means of redeeming it from barbarism. In Galicia, the administration of justice, the state of the public roads, and other departments managed by the Austrians, have experienced a very visible improvement; while the condition of the natives, as far as it regards their personal exertions or antient habits, is miserable in the extreme.

'In a country like Poland, where wood is plentiful, and stone, particularly free-stone, very scarce, it may be presumed that log huts are the general dwellings of the peasantry, and that architecture is still in its infancy. In fact every peasant is his own mason. Armed with a hatchet he enters the nearest wood, and having felled such trees as he chooses to select, he carries them to the area of his future dwelling, and splits each trunk into two beams. Four large stones mark out the corners of an oblong square, and constitute the basis upon which the hut is raised, by placing the beams in horizontal layers, with the flat sides inwards; a sort of mortice being cut in each about half a foot from the end to receive the connecting beams. A sort of cage is thus formed of small dimensions, generally about twelve feet by six, and moss is thrust in between the logs to exclude the wind and rain. Two openings, however, are left, one of which serves for a door, and the other, with the addition of a few panes of glass or a couple of sheets of oiled paper, forms a window. At one of the corners within, are placed four upright posts, round which are entwined some twigs covered with mud and clay, to form a square area into which is built an oven or furnace of the same materials; this, when hard and dry, serves the peasant for kitchen, chimney, stove, and bed. The roof is closed in with rafters and twigs, bedaubed with a thick coating of clay, and covered over with a close warm thatch, extending over both gable ends. To finish this rude hut, the walls are sometimes extended a few additional feet in a still rougher style, to form a sort of vestibule, which also answers for a cart-house or stable; and occasionally a second is added to serve as a barn. Perhaps in the whole building, there is hardly a bolt, lock, or hinge, or any article of metal. Yet this is the retreat for a Polish serf, and contains himself and family and all his goods and chattels. If the proprietor happens to be a little more affluent, his hut may contain an oven of glazed earthenware, and two bed-rooms with boarded floors, the walls of which are whitewashed, and the doors secured with locks. If he be a Jew, the house is still larger, the roof bet-

ter, and covered with shingles instead of thatch. The windows are a degree wider, and if he be an innkeeper, there is a long stable with a coach entrance at each end, which serves, as in Holstein, for barn, stable, cow-house, and a "lodging and entertainment both for man and beast," as the old sign-posts of our country express it. The gentry give to their wooden houses a great extent, and a form a little more symmetrical. The walls within may be stuccoed and washed with distemper colours, and the walls externally plastered and whitewashed. The door of entrance occupies the centre, and is covered with a rude porch raised on four posts, and the front may, perhaps, boast three or four windows. Such are the elemental parts composing a Polish village, and nothing under heaven can be more miserable, dirty, or wretched, than the whole assemblage, externally as well as internally. In travelling through Galitzia, all the inns being kept by Jews, we were generally obliged to halt in the Jewish villages. Both inns and post-houses are always situated in the public squares, which occupy the centre of every *miasta* or town. These squares are also the market places for horned cattle, and have never been cleansed out since their first formation: they are perfect quagmires of filth, the putrid effluvia arising from which are almost insufferable.'

The floors of the Polish cottages, consisting of clay, or earth, are always damp, and exhale a perpetual vapour from the heat of the stove: the diet of the working classes consists in a small degree of vegetables, with more of bad bread, and of animal food approaching to putrescence, and an undue quantity of spirituous liquors: the latter are distilled by Jews, and the great land proprietors deem it their interest to promote the consumption of this baleful stimulant as much as they can. It is in general taken raw, not mixed with water. The bad consequences of such a diet, and of a state of habitual filth, are beyond calculation: not only engendering a number of loathsome and dangerous diseases, but aggravating, in a surprising degree, the ravages of any contagious malady, such as that which has, during the last two years, been productive of so much mortality in Ireland. A striking though a less melancholy exemplification of the pernicious effects of narrow streets and confined houses is apparent in the number of rickety children found in Hamburgh, and in the curious epithet of *Englische krankheit* (English illness) given to the rickets by the Germans; an appellation which, however inapplicable in the present age, was (we believe) but too well merited previously to the great fire of 1666, when the population of London was crowded into narrow and unwholesome lanes.

It is with much regret that we observe the unfavourable judgment of a medical man, with regard to the position of Constantinople; Dr. N. being of opinion that the maladies frequently occurring in that city, and the extensive ravage caused in it by the plague, are owing not more to the carelessness of the Turks than to the swamps which, for many miles around, infect the atmosphere.

Short as was his stay in that capital, his profession afforded him an opportunity of being introduced within the walls of the seraglio, and of taking part in a medical consultation on behalf of a patient of the highest rank. After having adverted to the belief of the Turks in predestination, he adds;

' Still, fatalism and apathy have their limits, and the proud infidel, in the hour of sickness, does not disdain to invoke the assistance of the *Giaour* to delay the approach of death. Of this I had a memorable instance within a few days after my arrival at Terapia, when, very unexpectedly, I received a message from the emperor Selim the third, to visit his mother the sultana Validè. Mr. Pisani, the senior dragoman, was the bearer of this request, and the following morning I set off by water for the seraglio, accompanied by one of the junior dragomans. We were put ashore at a quay near Baktchi Capoussi, where we found a bostanji in waiting, to conduct us to the house of the principal court physician, who lived in a narrow street adjoining the wall of the seraglio. On arriving there, we were informed that he had already gone to see his patient, having left instructions that we should follow him, which we did, entering the gardens by the little white gate (*Taukc Chesme Capoussi*) near the chapel of St. Irene. We passed a guard-house of bostanjies on our left, and then proceeded under an avenue of lofty cypress trees, towards a second guard-house, whence we were conducted to a detached pavilion, in which we found the *hekim basha*, or Turkish physician, Mahmoud Effendi, a Greek physician, named Polychronon, the *Kislar Agassi*, a hideous Ethiopian, the chief of the black eunuchs; the *Hazni Vekili*, also a black eunuch, keeper of the privy purse, and some dervises and muftis. After being introduced, and going through the usual routine of pipes, coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats, Polychronon conversing in Latin entered into a detailed statement of the malady with which the sultana was afflicted, namely, an inveterate quartan ague, of upwards of eighteen months' standing. From this she had recovered more than once, but had relapsed as often, owing, in part, to her own want of due caution, and to the officious interference of a set of muftis who beset her, and forced upon her large draughts of iced water, in which they immersed talismans, assuring her that they would establish her convalescence; but on the contrary, these draughts invariably brought back the cold fits of her ague. Upon the last relapse, some days before I saw her, she had, during the cold paroxysm, been suddenly bereft, in her lower extremities, of all power of motion and sense of feeling; and it was upon this point, and some others also, that my opinion was requested. Indeed I was to decide, as I found, between three of her physicians, who called themselves Boerhaavians, and four others, who professed themselves strict Brownonians, as to the expediency of prescribing a cathartic medicine, the former pressing the absolute necessity of such a remedy after five days' constipation, and the latter most foolishly declaring it to be perfectly inadmissible, according to their

interpretation of the doctrine of Brown. This being premised, we all accompanied the *Kislar Agassi* to an adjoining kiosk, in which was the sultana. After exchanging my shoes at the door for a pair of yellow slippers, *papouches*, we entered the royal apartments. On a matrass, or *minder*, in the middle of the floor, was extended a figure covered with a silk quilting, or *macat*, richly embroidered. A female figure veiled was kneeling at the side of her pillows, with her back towards the door of entrance, and the *Kislar Agassi* beckoned to me to kneel down by her side, and examine the pulse of the sultana. Having complied with this request, I expressed a wish to see her tongue and countenance, but that I was given to understand could not be permitted, as I must obtain that information from the report of the chief physician. The most profound silence was observed in the apartment, the eunuchs and physicians conversing only by signs. The *Hazni Vekili* then took me by the arm, and turned me gently round, with my face towards the door of entrance, over which was a gilded lattice, concealing the emperor Selim, who had placed himself there to witness the visit. Our stay in the room did not exceed fifteen or twenty minutes. The four large windows were shaded externally by gilded lattices, and the intervening pannels were covered with mirrors and arabesque tapestry. The divan, which encircled the chamber, was veiled with crimson cloth, richly embroidered with gold, surrounded with cushions of the same description, and the floor was covered with a superb Persian carpet.

‘On our return to the first pavilion, I, of course, coincided with the Boerhaavians, and wrote a prescription to that effect. Indeed, had she been a princess of any other European court, it is probable that a large bleeding would have been decided upon; but from the ignorance and prejudices of her attendants, I found it impossible to convince them of its necessity; and on considering that the mistakes, real or imaginary, of the Turkish court physicians are frequently visited by the bow-string, I had but little inclination to bring the lives of my colleague into farther jeopardy. The *Hekim Bachi* and *Hazni Vekili* therefore carried my prescription and interpreted it to the sultan, who, in return, sent back a complimentary message, and a purse containing one hundred and fifty sequins.’

The sultana sank under her illness in the course of a week: but her age was seventy-two; and her son, far from giving way to the barbarous practice of punishing the court physician, signified to him that the event was evidently in the course of nature, and should make no alteration in the confidence which he enjoyed. This prince, deserving of a better fate, was the unfortunate Selim who lost his life by an insurrection of the Janissaries in 1807.

THE region drained by the waters that flow into the Ohio river, is decidedly the most interesting part of the United States. The amazing fertility of the soil, the salubrity of its climate, the gigantic structure of its internal communication, and the description of men by which it is populated, are indications of future greatness not to be mistaken. It embraces the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the remote parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and contains near two hundred thousand square miles of soil invariably productive. Following the Alleghany river three hundred miles above Pittsburg, the Ohio may be said to be navigable for twelve hundred miles from its mouth, a length three times as great as the Susquehannah, including the Chesapeake bay, and as long as the Potomac, Delaware, Hudson, and Connecticut rivers taken together. Through the Monongahela they can communicate with the eastern states, down the Mississippi to the Atlantic—through lake Erie to Quebec or lake Superior, and from the sources of the Missouri to the Pacific ocean.

The rapid increase of population in this region has been in the ratio of its advantages. The following is a comparison of the relative progress of population between three of the principal states east and three west of the mountains:

Pennsylvania, settled in 1651, in 1747,	96 years after, contained a population of	250,000
Massachusetts, - 1620, 1747, 127	- - - -	220,000
Virginia, - 1608, 1747, 139	- - - -	40,000
<hr/> 362 years increase,		<hr/> 510,000 <hr/>
Kentucky, settled in 1775, in 1810,	35 years after, contained a population of	406,000
Ohio, - 1788, 1810, 22	- - - -	230,000
Tennessee, - 1776, 1810, 34	- - - -	261,727
<hr/> 91 years,		<hr/> 898,227 <hr/>

Independent of numerous villages, three considerable towns are to be found on the banks of the Ohio—Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, Cincinnati in Ohio, and Louisville in Kentucky.

Pittsburg, (situated at the junction of two streams, the Monongahela and the Alleghany, both extensively navigable, and the confluence of which form the river Ohio,) is already a place of importance. Its position is extremely favorable for the erection of manufactories, and its vicinity abounds in iron and in coal. The strata of coal are found in hills immediately above the town, and the labour of excavation being small and the transportation over a continued descent, it is furnished to the manufacturer uncommonly cheap. This forms the basis of Pittsburg's prosperity. It cannot long retain what was an important source of its increase—the entrepot of the western trade. The invention of steam navigation and the construction of the national road from Wheeling to Cumberland will divert that trade into new channels. It has been stated that, in one year, merchandise to the value of thirty millions of dollars passed through Pittsburg, the transportation of which cost a million and a half.

The site of Pittsburg was originally selected by the French, who were dispossessed by the English in 1753. Considering that it was not until 1794 that the place was secure from Indian insult, its improvement may be estimated among the most rapid in our country.

Although Pittsburg has ceased to be a frontier town, it is still a place of military importance. The facilities here attainable for the fabrication of munitions of war, and the natural conveniencies for their transportation to various parts of the frontier, are advantages wisely taken advantage of by the government.

Cincinnati is about four hundred miles below Pittsburg:—it is the largest and most interesting town in the state of Ohio—it is handsomely situated, and having a remarkably rich country in its vicinity, it has increased with rapidity, and promises to attain still greater magnitude. It is a well built, clean, handsome town, with good police, and morals. Industry, enterprise, and attention to education, have contributed to its prosperity. It was laid out in the year 1788, at which time town lots, of half an acre, sold for four dollars each. In 1806, one of these lots produced fifty thousand dollars—an instance of increase in the value of real estate, which elucidates the prosperity of this country. The position of Cincinnati has, notwithstanding, been injudiciously chosen. Fifteen miles further down the river, the Great Miami river approaches within a mile of the Ohio:—at this position a water power of incalculable value could be obtained by a union of the two waters, and the whole produce of the Miami river would flow through it.

Louisville is a town in Kentucky, situated at the upper extremity of what are called the falls of the Ohio. This rapid is a serious impediment to the navigation of the river; it is a descent of twenty-two and a half feet in two miles, over a bed of limestone. In

low water loaded boats cannot descend; at medium state of water, they descend under the direction of pilots who are legally licensed for the purpose; when the water is high, boats pass without danger: nothing, in fact, is then perceived but an increased velocity in the water. Ascending the rapid is difficult, and not often attempted.

This obstruction occasions Louisville to be the entrepot for goods arriving from New Orleans and intended for the upper country. If a canal is not constructed round the falls, Louisville will become the most important place on the river Ohio. A work of this kind has long been in agitation, and an effort is now making on the Indiana shore to effect it. Although the distance is short, and the ground favours the undertaking, yet it cannot be effected at a less expense than two hundred thousand dollars. The tolls received cannot remunerate those who invest their money in the stock. When the water is high, boats can pass without paying toll, and it is this period that is generally chosen for descending—during two months in the summer the river is scarcely navigable, and for six weeks in the winter its navigation is seldom attempted. The landholders above the falls are deeply interested and may make sacrifices to complete the canal; but there is so little capital in the country, and its active employment produces such fruitful results, that it is extremely doubtful if so large an amount can be raised, and it is probable that the canal will languish unless stimulated by state or national patronage.

The commercial connexion between this country and the eastern states will soon cease—goods can be brought from New Orleans to any part of the valley of the Ohio, for \$2 50 or \$3 per cwt.—the transportation of the same weight from Baltimore or Philadelphia would cost 7 or 8\$, besides the produce of the country being carried to New Orleans. If goods are bought at an eastern city, a transfer of funds is necessary, which, in the distracted state of the currency of the country, is attended with difficulty and loss. That New Orleans is not exclusively resorted to has arisen from two causes: 1st. The superior capital and commercial character of the eastern merchants; and, 2d. from the circumstance of there being on the river Ohio no depot at which traders of small resources could obtain their goods. These men have, therefore, to resort to distant markets, and, being dependent on immediate profits, dare not risk a voyage from New-Orleans, when an accident to the steam-boat might occasion the loss of a season. Capital, however, is rapidly accumulating, and merchants on the Ohio will soon hold direct communication with European establishments.

The remains of Indian mounds or fortifications found throughout this country have been the subject of much investigation and discussion, without producing any satisfactory result. The race of Indians found here by the whites on the first discovery of the country were incapable of constructing them, or of giving any account of their origin. These people then must either have dege-

nerated, like the modern Greeks or Romans, or, like the Goths, had dispossessed a more polished people and occupied a land once held by their superiors in industry and talents—that the latter is the case cannot be doubted. History will justify the conclusion that no nation ever degenerated retaining their martial characteristics, and the warlike propensities of the people found here confirm the opinion of their being conquerors; independent of this, there is much similarity between the mounds found here and those described by Humboldt as existing in Mexico at the present day.

The clearing of land upon the Ohio river and its tributaries, have had an influence on its current. The fallen timber, leaves of trees, and other impediments that formerly prevented a great quantity of rain and melted snow reaching the river, being now, many of them, removed, a greater quantity of water can suddenly pour into the river; and a consequence is, that floods are more sudden and more violent than formerly. These changes are remarked by all intelligent people on the river, although they can furnish no precise data as to the amount of increase. Small streams and springs of water increase as the country becomes settled:—several instances are known of streams that some years ago were considered unfit to turn a mill, now answering that purpose perfectly well.

The building of large sea vessels was at one time commenced on the Ohio river. Several vessels were constructed and actually floated to the ocean. This practice has been abandoned. Independent of the difficulties attending the descent of vessels of this description down a serpentine river, it has been found that the timber of the west, growing in a damp and fertile soil, is weaker, less solid, and not so durable as that found in the eastern states.

If it was at all doubtful that slavery retards the advance of a nation to wealth, the political economist might look with some interest for a decision of that question here. The Ohio river separates the states that prohibit from those that permit slavery. The climate is no impediment to a white man's working in the sun, and the similarity of soils strengthens the comparison.

It has been asserted by several writers that in advancing west from the Alleghany mountains, a difference of at least three degrees of temperature is discoverable greater than is found on the same parallel of latitude eastwardly. This opinion is, I think, erroneous; all the observations on which the comparison has been founded have been made on the immediate basin of the Ohio river. This basin is broad and deep, exposed to the rays of the sun, moistened by mists and fogs, and, above all, fanned for the greater part of nine months in the year by warm southwest winds that are scarcely felt from its margin. Its temperature is, therefore, greater than that enjoyed by the surrounding country either north or south. At a few miles on either side from the river, vegetation is four or five days later than on its banks. Between the valleys of Mad river and the Ohio, a distance of but fifty miles, there is a

difference of ten or twelve days in the appearance of vegetation—on the Sciota river, one hundred and fifteen miles north of the Ohio, snow is frequently found twelve inches deep, while on the Ohio they are planting in gardens; and between lake Erie, at the mouth of the Sandusky, and the junction of the Sciota with the Ohio, a difference of but three degrees of latitude and one hundred feet elevation, there is a difference of three weeks in climate.

But the most accurate observations that have been made, are those of the ingenious doctor Drake of Cincinnati, who proves, by a comparison of thermometrical observations, that Cincinnati, situated on the basin of the Ohio, is more exposed to cold than Philadelphia, although that place is fifty-four minutes south of the former. If then the basin of the Ohio river is colder than its parallel, how much more so must be the country in its vicinity?

This intense cold is readily accounted for, from exposure to the chilling blasts that come from the north and northwest, without interruption, over frozen lakes and ground covered with snow. This wind prevailing, in the winter of 1817, for three weeks without interruption, kept the thermometer twenty-four degrees below zero, and bridged firmly the streams, at the time when vessels were sailing from New York and Philadelphia. These places are somewhat protected from this wind by the Alleghany mountains, and the atmosphere, during the winter, is moistened by the warm air coming from the sea, especially from the Gulf stream.

In estimating, however, the variation between distant climates that nearly approximate in temperature, much difficulty arises in obtaining the true criteria by which the differences can be calculated. Thermometrical observations are subject to such variations from local causes, that they are little satisfactory in obtaining a general analogy, and the cultivation or appearance of particular plants or animals are insufficient to detect slight shades of difference. It is only by long and careful observations on the effect of frost upon rivers and vegetation, and a comparison of times of sowing and harvest, throughout a whole district, that true data can be obtained.

A feature in the population of this country is the small number of females in proportion to the males:

In Ohio the males are to the females as	100 to 86.7
Kentucky	100 to 90.9
Tennessee	100 to 93.
In Rhode Island the males are to the females	100 to 104.8
the Northern states	100 to 100.7
the Southern states	100 to 97.

This disproportion is an unfortunate state for society. The women marry too early to pay much attention to attractions merely agreeable or the fascinating arts of pleasing, and their whole lives are afterwards unremittingly devoted to domestic cares. Society is, therefore, without that refinement and brilliancy which accomplished women are capable of giving it; and, in refusing to devote

themselves more to society, the influence is lost that nature intended they should exercise in softening, improving, and polishing the manners of the men. In Kentucky, however, there is considerable taste for the elegancies of life:—social pleasures are cultivated, liberal hospitality is freely exercised, and those amusements and delights that flow from an exchange of civilities and the exercise of social feeling and intercourse, are not unknown.

In fifteen years extensive emigration from the states east of the mountains to this country must cease. Experience in the west proves that emigration is always in the ratio of the distance to be travelled, and that its current is invariably checked or diminished as soon as the best lands, and those contiguous to water courses, fall into the hands of individuals. In fifteen years the good land east of the Mississippi will all be so occupied. The new states are already becoming capable of sending forward emigrants, and the distance for an eastern emigrant is daily increasing and forms a serious impediment to removal. Although the people of the United States are a migratory race, they are not destitute of the sentiment that bind men to their homes. The desire of improvement of situation may induce men to remove a few hundred miles, when encouraged by the influence of example and the expectation of meeting old neighbours; but nothing short of stern necessity can induce an individual to remove a thousand miles from his home, to overcome that attachment to localities found in the natives of every clime, and that feeling which protests against a dissolution of early associations and connexions:—no such necessity at present exists on this continent.

Two obstacles offer themselves to the extension of our settlement west of the Mississippi. The country, in advancing towards the Rocky mountains, becomes destitute of timber and of wood. These two wants, although they form no invincible objection to the country's becoming settled eventually, are difficulties that can only be estimated by those who have watched the progress of a new settlement:—the excavating of a well costs nearly as much as the first instalment now paid by the emigrant for his land, and the want of timber for the construction of houses and enclosures, is an impediment of the first magnitude.

These circumstances are destined to exercise a powerful influence on the politics of this nation. The flow of emigration checked may not operate like a cessation of circulation of blood in the human body; but it is a stagnation that will produce consequences worthy the investigation of the politician.

ART. VII.—*Specimens of the British Poets; with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry.* By Thomas Campbell. In seven volumes. 1819.

[From the British Critic.]

THESE long expected volumes contain, we believe, the substance of a course of lectures delivered some years since, at the royal

institution. We cannot pretend to assign a reason for the very unusual period which has been allowed to elapse between their first announcement, and their appearance from the press; but now they are published, we may venture to congratulate their readers upon a very elegant edition of elegant extracts, superior both in form and in substance to any which has preceded it. We do not know that we should always have selected, or omitted to select, as Mr. Campbell has done; but this is a mere question of taste, upon which he has quite as good, perhaps a better right, to determine than his reviewers. His Critical and Biographical Notices, for the most part, contain much information and entertainment, condensed in a few words; and his Preliminary Essay is quite as well as any essay on the same subject can hope to be.

We do not know that it is always advisable to let a poet write about poets and poetry, unless he gives ample security to keep the peace in plain inoffensive prose. Of Mr. Campbell's claims to the character of a poet, we would wish to speak with all the respect which he so fully deserves: and this is by no means slight or inconsiderable; although we cannot persuade ourselves that he has hitherto ever done justice to his genius, or called forth his powers to their complete exercise. *The Pleasures of Hope* is a fine specimen of rich and glittering diction, of versification ringing in the ear, of imagery dazzling to the eye. It was a production of the highest promise; and few writers in our language, at so early an age (we believe it was written before Mr. Campbell was twenty-three), have commenced so brilliantly; but we are far from speaking of it as a finished poem, or as one which ought to content the maturity of genius. It would be an invidious task to point out the faults of a work which has long since passed unharmed through the critical ordeal; and no one, we are convinced, will see or acknowledge them more readily than the author himself. Of his *Gertrude of Wyoming* we cannot speak so favourably; in spite of some very beautiful passages, we neither think him fortunate in the choice of his subject, nor the management of this stanza. The story is defective in interest, and the manner of telling it obscure, and marked with that kind of sickly affectation which has obtained the name of mawkishness. Instead of appealing to these two larger poems for the rank which Mr. Campbell is to claim on the English Parnassus, we would rather give our judgment from some of his minor pieces. In these we think him pre-eminent above all his contemporaries; for we know not where there are more 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' than in the few short stanzas entitled, '*Hohenlinden*,' or the impetuous and Tyrtæan war song, beginning '*Ye Mariners of England*.' But to revert to the publication now before us; the chief fault which we have to find with the essay prefixed to these volumes is, indeed, that one into which we expected the essayist to fall; it is too poetical. In the very first paragraph we are astounded by a simile, and obliged to look about us before we could determine whether it was to the Norman con-

quest or the Nile that we were preparing to be introduced. Putting aside a few of these involuntary bursts of inspiration, which come across a bard without his own good will, like the hot fits of a quartan ague, there is a great deal of sound research, good taste, and correct criticism in this dissertation. It is not, perhaps, a very enlivening task to the general reader, to trace the origin and early stages of our poetry; but the subject is here touched lightly and gracefully. We smiled at the following passage relative to Robert de Brunne.

‘It is amusing to find his editor, Hearne, so anxious to defend the moral memory of a writer, respecting whom, not a circumstance is known beyond the date of his works, and the names of the monasteries where he wore his cowl. From his willingness to favour the people with historic rhymes for their “fellowship and gamenn,” Hearne infers that he must have been of a jocular temper. It seems, however, that the priory of Sixhill, where he lived for some time, was a house which consisted of women as well as men, a discovery which alarms the good antiquary for the fame of his author’s personal purity. Can we therefore think, continues Hearne, “that since he was of a jocular temper, he could be wholly free from vice, or that he should not sometimes express himself loosely to the sisters of that place? This objection (he gravely continues) would have some weight, had the priory of Sixhill been any way noted for luxury and lewdness; but whereas every member of it, both men and women, were very chaste, we ought by no means to suppose that Robert of Brunne behaved himself otherwise than became a good christian, during his whole abode there” This conclusive reasoning, it may be hoped, will entirely set at rest any idle suspicions that may have crept into the reader’s mind, respecting the chastity of Robert de Brunne. It may be added, that his writings betray not the least symptom of his having been either an Abelard among priests, or an Ovid among poets.’ Vol. I. p. 47.

Adam Davis, the marshal of Stratford-le-Bow, who flourished in the same century with the above half-forbidden chronicler, was more pious in his themes. Among other pieces, he wrote ‘The Battle of Jerusalem;’ in the course of which poem, Pontius Pilate challenges our Saviour to single combat. Robert Langlande, or whoever else he be, who wrote ‘Piers Plowman’s Visions,’ soon after, in the reign of Edward III. is not less whimsical in some of his notions. In one of his dreams, the power of grace or christian life, confers upon him *four stout oxen* to cultivate the field of truth; these are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the last of whom is the gentlest of the team. He afterwards assigns him the like number of stots or bullocks, to harrow what the évangelists had ploughed; and this new horned team consists of Saint or Stot Ambrose, Stot Austin, Stot Gregory, and Stot Jerome. Langlande, it appears, to use Mr. Campbell’s very fine and delicate distinction, ‘taking satire not in its mean and personal acceptation, but under-

standing it as the moral warfare of indignation and ridicule against turpitude and absurdity,' attacked the corruptions of the clergy, prayed heaven to amend the pope, and predicted the reign of a king, who should destroy the monasteries. Mr. Campbell has given a very masterly character of this early satirist.

' His style, even making allowance for its antiquity, has a vulgar air, and seems to indicate a mind that would have been coarse, though strong, in any state of society. But, on the other hand, his work, with all its tiresome homilies, illustrations from school divinity, and uncouth phraseology, has some interesting features of originality. He employs no borrowed materials; he is the earliest of our writers in whom there is a tone of moral reflection, and his sentiments are those of bold and solid integrity. The zeal of truth was in him; and his vehement manner sometimes rises to eloquence, when he denounces hypocrisy and imposture. The mind is struck with his rude voice, proclaiming independent and popular sentiments, from an age of slavery and superstition, and thundering a prediction in the ear of papacy, which was doomed to be literally fulfilled at the distance of nearly two hundred years. His allusions to contemporary life afford some amusing glimpses of its manners. There is room to suspect that Spenser was acquainted with his works; and Milton, either from accident or design, has the appearance of having had one of Langlande's passages in his mind, when he wrote the sublime description of the lazar-house in *Paradise Lost*.' Vol. I, p. 68.

The sixteenth century gave birth to a singular pastoral poet, Alexander Barclay, a priest of St. Mary Otterburne, in Devonshire. His pictures of rural felicity lack the customary enchantment with which his brethren of the song have been used to environ them, as his conception of the times immediately succeeding the golden age of Paradise will abundantly testify.

' Adam, he tells us in verse, was one day abroad at his work— Eve was at the door of the house, with her children playing about her; some of them she was "kemming," says the poet, prefixing another participle, not of the most delicate kind, to describe the usefulness of the comb. Her Maker having deigned to pay her a visit, she was ashamed to be found with so many ill-drest children about her, and hastened to stow a number of them out of sight; some of them she concealed under hay and straw, others she put up the chimney, and one or two in a "tub of draff." Having produced, however, the best looking and best dressed of them, she was delighted to hear their Divine visitor bless them, and destine some of them to be kings and emperors, some dukes and barons, and others sheriffs, mayors, and aldermen. Unwilling that any of her family should forfeit blessings whilst they were going, she immediately drew out the remainder from their concealment; but when they came forth, they were so covered with dust and cobwebs, and had so many bits of chaff and straw sticking to their

hair, that instead of receiving benedictions and promotion, they were doomed to vocations of toil and poverty, suitable to their dirty appearance.' Vol. I. p. 99.

We can by no means agree with Mr. Campbell, in calling Spenser the 'Rubens of English poetry,' no two styles, as far as we can compare the sister arts, appear to us to be more dissimilar. The colouring of Rubens is vivid, dazzling, and diversified; splitting his pictures into a variety of parts, and never permitting the eye to repose itself. The tints of the poet of the *Faerie Queene*, are soft, melting, and harmonized; and taking each book as a separate painting, every touch heightens the general effect, and contributes to the beauty of the whole. In the Flemish artist, for the most part, his stories are well told, but his separate component figures are far from pleasing; the powers of Spenser lie in a directly opposite direction; his general design is faulty in the extreme, and his story impossible in execution; yet nothing in poetry can go beyond the exquisite delicacy of each detached scene, and the happy conception of individual character. He is, indeed, a 'painter who makes us forget the defect of his design by the magic of his colouring;' but not by this only, for even his colouring is subordinate to the merit both of his particular grouping, and his single figures. If we still doubt that Spenser and Rubens are to be assigned to different schools, let us pause but for a moment on the perfection of grace and dignity in *Una*, or in *Britomart*, and then turn to one of the fleshy and abominous vrows in the judgment of *Paris*.

We have more charity also to *Gammer Gurton's Needle* than Mr. Campbell expresses. The main incident, indeed, the loss of a needle, in a man's small clothes, is not of the heroic class, but it has afforded us many a hearty laugh; it is decently managed, and it possesses one very rare quality, that of being highly humorous without being at all vulgar. Of Ben Johnson's excellencies we have not long ago had occasion to speak so much at large, that we must only repeat ourselves if we again entered upon an estimate of them. Mr. Campbell (with some hesitation, however, *ἔτι δὲ θυμῷ*) gives the palm to the *Epicæne* in preference to the *Fox* and the *Alchymist*. To us, we confess, that the *Fox* appears the purest, the most legitimate, and the most truly classical comedy which our language has produced. If it were left alone, the solitary surviving wreck of all his works, it would indisputably, of itself, entitle its author to the same high rank which he now holds while his numerous laurels are entire. Chalkhill's exquisite description of the Temple of *Diana*, we have also recently laid before our readers. We can refer them to 'the abode of the witch *Orandre*,' as another very choice specimen of his rich and romantic muse. In his estimate of our elder dramatists, Mr. Campbell's remarks are so just, that we can only lament their brevity, and regret that a more extensive survey was incompatible with the plan which he has laid down for himself.

Of the school of Dryden and Pope also, he speaks with that high merited admiration, which it has been the contagious disease of vulgar minds of late to deny it. For ourselves, perhaps, we place the elder of these poets on a still loftier pedestal than is here assigned him; and we are convinced that the more diligently his works are studied, the more firmly will his fame be established. It has been the fashion to represent him as coarse and deficient in finishing; that Dryden has coarse and unfinished passages, cannot be denied; but that in the great mass of his words, the boldness, vigour, and elasticity of his touch, by any means detract from grace and delicacy, where he deems them appropriate ornaments, we utterly deny. Where are we to look for examples of refinement in our poetry, if they are not to be found in the light and aerial pictures of the *Flower and the Leaf*? or where shall we discover more pleasing images of repose than in the *Epistle to his Kinsman, John Dryden, of Chesterton*? We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting the following able defence of our other great poet, from a charge which, however commonly advanced against him, has neither meaning nor justice; and we heartily thank Mr. Campbell for having set it at rest, as we hope, for ever.

‘That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them as to forfeit the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty, which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected: and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is “creation’s heir.” He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet’s study, than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet’s goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face—however charming it may be—or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why then try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than

Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine that makes "the mast of some great ammiral," and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. "The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes first on "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples." Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathize with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.' Vol. I. p. 262.

We do not complain that Mr. Campbell is too poetical here. He speaks with the enthusiasm which a poet ought to feel for an injured brother, and he expresses himself in a lofty but unforced strain of legitimate eloquence.

The remaining six volumes of this work are occupied by critical notices and specimens;—we shall endeavour to glean a few particulars from the former, but to extract from extracts would be only to pour water on a dilution. James I. of Scotland, was a statesman as well as a poet, and a primitive legislator, who seemed to think that punishment had little other origin than what it could find in the *Lex Talionis*—a petty chieftain of the North, Macdonald, having wronged the widow of his retainers, she threatened an appeal to the king. The barbarian seized the unhappy woman, and ordered her feet to be shod with iron plates nailed to the soles, adding this bitter sarcasm, 'that she was now armed against the roughness of the roads.' The poor sufferer, however, found means to acquaint the king with her tragedy. He surprised Macdonald, and having shod him and twelve of his associates in a similar manner, after several days exposure in Edinburgh, consigned them to the executioner. Drayton, in his childhood, was very anxious to know what strange kind of beings poets were, and, on his coming to college, importuned his tutor, if possible, to make him a

poet. (By the way, we wish the booksellers would indulge us with an edition of his works collected. It is difficult to meet with the *Poly-Olbion* entire, and the folio, when the whole is to be found, sells at a great price.)—William Cartwright was a ‘most florid and seraphic preacher:’ William Quarles ‘a voluminous saint;’ two characters which, if we may judge from the signs of the times, are not yet extinct among us. In the course of the civil war, George Wither was taken prisoner by the royalists, some of whom pressed for his execution, as of one of the most seditious among the puritanical faction. Denham, the poet, is said to have saved his life by an opportune *jeu d’esprit*. He humbly prayed his majesty that he would be pleased not to hang his prisoner, for as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be counted the worst poet in England. It may be questioned whether, if this unhappy wight had really drank of Aganippe at its source, he would not have sacrificed his life to prevent the sarcasm. Dr. Henry Moore, the author of *Psychozoia*, studied the Platonic writers and mystic divines till his frame became emaciated, and his enthusiasm was so excited, that he held *vivâ voce* conversations with invisible spirits, and fancied that his body exhaled the perfume of violets. Nat Lee’s derangement was of another kind—partly hereditary, and partly aggravated by habits very alien from Platonic studies. He was for a short time on the stage as an actor, and though in this line completely unsuccessful, he read aloud from his own tragedies in so pathetic a manner, that, according to Cibber, when the poet one day was reading to Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part and said, ‘unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it?’ Much has been said of the ungenial office which was bestowed upon Burns in our own days—we did not know that his patrons had high authority in the same line. Rowe’s preferment was that of poet laureate, and land surveyor of the customs; a union which, if Mr. Southey is allowed to practise what his favourite poet sung, is not likely to be revived. ‘Why,’ asks this gentleman, in his *Specimens of English Poetry*, ‘is Pomfret’s Choice the most popular poem in our language.’ ‘Why,’ observes Mr. Campbell, ‘it may be inquired with equal propriety, is London bridge built of Parian marble?’ Matthew Green, though he wrote a poem with a hypochondriacal title, ‘The Spleen,’ was a facetious fellow, as the following anecdote will testify. ‘One day his friend, Sylvanus Bevan, complained to him, that while he was bathing in the river, he had been saluted by a waterman with the cry of *Quaker Quirl*, and wondered how he should have been known to be a Quaker without his clothes,’ Green replied, ‘by your swimming against the stream.’ (Vol. v. 49). William Hamilton, of Bangour, whom, we know not why, it has sometimes been the fashion to call a poet, was a desperate lover,—that is, in verse. A Scotch lady whom he teased with his addresses, applied to Home, the author of *Douglas*, for advice how to get rid of them. Home ad-

vised her to affect to favour his assiduities. She did so, and they were immediately withdrawn. Shenstone was an inamorato of the same species; he might have had his Phyllis whenever he chose to ask for her. Of Moore, the author of the Fables, Mr. Campbell relates a singular circumstance. In the last number of *The World*, to which he contributed sixty-one papers, the conclusion of the work is made to depend on a fictitious incident which had occasioned the death of the author. When the papers were collected into volumes, Moore, who superintended the publication, realized this jocular fiction by his own death, while the last number was in the press.

Much as we have protested against poetical extracts, on the present occasion we cannot forbear from citing the following humorous translation of the 'Integer Vitæ' of Horace, by the son of the celebrated Allan Ramsay. It was wholly new to us, and if it is equally so to our readers, we feel that they will forgive us for violating our resolution.

'HORACE'S "INTEGER VITÆ," &c. BY ALLAN RAMSAY, JUN.

'A man of no base (John) life or conversation,
Needs not to trust in, coat of mail nor buffskin,
Nor need he vapour, with the sword and rapier,
Pistol, or great gun.

'Whether he ranges, eastward to the Ganges,
Or if he bends his course to the West Indies,
Or sail the Sea Red, which so many strange odd
Stories are told of.

'For but last Monday, walking at noon day,
Conning a ditty, to divert my Betty,
By me that sour Turk (I not frightened) our Kirk-
Treasurer's man pass'd.

'And sure more horrid monster in the torrid-
Zone ne'er was found, Sir, tho' for snakes renown'd, Sir,
Nor can great Peter's empire boast such creatures,
Th' of bears the wet nurse.

'Should I by hap land on the coast of Lapland,
Where there no fir is, much less pears and cherries,
Where stormy weather's sold by hags, whose leather-
faces would fright one.

'Place me where tea grows, or where sooty negroes,
Sheep's guts round tie them, lest the sun should fry them,
Still while my Betty smiles and talks so pretty,

I will adore her.' Vol. V. p. 333.

The particulars which Mr. Campbell has recorded of Goldsmith, are among the most entertaining things in this work. He was belaboured by a savage tutor, Theaker Wilder, and driven from the university of Dublin, for giving a very innocent *hop* in his College Rooms. He afterwards undertook the station of domestic tutor in a gentleman's family, and staid there long enough to save 30*l.*, with which he bought a tolerable horse, and set out, somewhat better equipped than the knight of La Mancha, whom he seems to have chosen as his prototype, expressly in search of adventure.

‘ At the end of six weeks, his friends, having heard nothing of him, concluded that he had left the kingdom, when he returned to his mother’s house, without a penny, upon a poor little horse, which he called Fiddleback, and which was not worth more than twenty shillings. The account which he gave of himself was, that he had been at Cork, where he had sold his former horse, and paid his passage to America; but the ship happening to sail whilst he was viewing the curiosities of the city, he had just money enough left to purchase Fiddleback, and to reach the house of an old acquaintance on the road. This nominal friend, however, had received him very coldly: and, in order to evade his application for pecuniary relief, had advised him to sell his diminutive steed, and promised him another in its place, which should cost him nothing either for price or provender. To confirm this promise, he pulled out an oaken staff from beneath a bed. Just as this generous offer had been made, a neighbouring gentleman came in, and invited both the miser and Goldsmith to dine with him. Upon a short acquaintance, Oliver communicated his situation to the stranger, and was enabled, by his liberality, to proceed upon his journey. This was his story. His mother, it may be supposed, was looking rather gravely upon her prudent child, who had such adventures to relate, when he concluded them by saying, “and now, my dear mother, having struggled so hard to come home to you, I wonder that you are not more rejoiced to see me.” Mr. Contarine next resolved to send him to the Temple; but on his way to London he was fleeced of all his money in gaming, and returned once more to his mother’s house in disgrace and affliction. Again was his good uncle reconciled to him, and equipped him for Edinburgh, that he might pursue the study of medicine.

‘ On his arrival at Edinburgh he took lodgings, and sallied forth to take a view of the city; but at a late hour, he recollected that he had omitted to inform himself of the name and address of his landlady; and would not have found his way back, if he had not fortunately met with the porter who had carried his luggage. After attending some courses of medical lectures at Edinburgh, he was permitted by his uncle, to repair to Leyden, for the sake of finishing his studies, when his departure was accelerated by a debt, which he had contracted by becoming security for an acquaintance, and from the arrest attending which, he was only saved by the interference of a friend. If Leyden, however, was his object, he, with the usual eccentricity of his motions, set out to reach it by way of Bordeaux, and embarked in a ship which was bound thither from Leith; but which was driven, by stress of weather, into Newcastle upon Tyne. His fellow passengers were some Scotchmen, who had been employed in raising men in their own country for the service of the king of France. They were arrested, by orders from government, at Newcastle; and Goldsmith, who had been committed to prison with them, was not liberated till after a fortnight’s confinement. By this accident, however, he was eventually

saved from an early death. The vessel sailed during his imprisonment, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where every soul on board perished.' Vol. VI. p. 254.

We regret that we have not room for the sound and elegant critical estimate of his poetical powers which succeeds these anecdotes. Walter Harte's father was a nonjuring clergyman, who, with a rare political and moral honesty refused to take the oaths to king William, though in the time of the dethroned monarch he had personally remonstrated with Jefferies for his cruelty. Harte himself seems to have been the last man whom we should have expected lord Chesterfield to select as tutor for his son. His life of Gustavus Adolphus is written in so barbarous a jargon, that his noble patron, speaking of its being translated into German, heartily wished 'that its author had translated it into English;' yet the historian himself fancied that his style was particularly easy, and when George Hawkins, the bookseller, ventured very respectfully to solicit the alteration of some of his most violent and uncouth phrases, 'Ah, George,' he used to answer, '*that is what we call writing.*'

A little 'Ode on hearing the drum,' beginning 'I hate that drum's discordant sound,' is attributed by Mr. Campbell to a quaker bard, John Scott. We should be sorry to rob the society of Friends of the few laurels with which their solitary poet is graced, but we are very much mistaken if we have not seen these verses in the pages of a living poet; be it as it may, *lis est de tribus capellis* and neither party can lose much by the surrender. We have heard that when Mr. Gibbon presented his concluding Series of 'the Decline and Fall,' to the duke of Cumberland, his illustrious patron's remark was, 'What another thick book, Mr. Gibbon, always scribble, scribble, scribble!' Lord Nugent, it is said, met with a similar reception from the throne itself. His zeal for the manufactures of his native country induced him to present the queen with a new-year's gift of Irish grogram, accompanied with a copy of verses: and it was wickedly alleged that her majesty had returned her thanks to the noble author for *both his pieces of stuff*.

In p. 327, vol. vii, we observe Mr. Matthias mentioned by name as the author of the Pursuits of Literature; there is strong presumptive proof that he is so, but as we believe that Mr. Matthias has never avowed himself so to be, we look upon an unqualified and unauthorised assertion of this kind (particularly when accompanied by a protestation of individual partiality, which implies personal friendship), to be no slight breach of literary morals. Whatever may be the purpose (and we can imagine many which are highly salutary), for which a writer resigns the gratification of living fame, by adopting concealment, to unmask him against his will, is at least, uncourteous. We may suspect, and we may state

the grounds of our suspicions, but to go beyond this, especially if we are in his confidence, is rude, if not dishonest.

We have not much respect for Darwin either as a man or as a poet; the two following anecdotes are whimsical and characteristic.

‘He was, in theory and practice, a rigid enemy to the use of wine, and of all intoxicating liquors; and in the course of his practice, was regarded as a great promoter of temperate habits among the citizens: but he gave a singular instance of his departure from his own theory, within a few years after his arrival in the very place, where he proved the apostle of sobriety. Having one day joined a few friends, who were going on a water party, he got so tipsy after a cold collation, that on the boat approaching Nottingham, he jumped into the river, and swam ashore. The party called to the philosopher to return; but he walked on deliberately, in his wet clothes, till he reached the market-place of Nottingham, and was there found by his friend, an apothecary of the place, haranguing the town’s people on the benefit of fresh air, till he was persuaded by his friend to come to his house and shift his clothes. Dr. Darwin stammered habitually; but on this occasion, wine untied his tongue. In the prime of life, he had the misfortune to break the patella of his knee, in consequence of attempting to drive a carriage of his own Utopian contrivance, which upset at the first experiment.’ Vol. VII. p. 397.

One thing has struck us very forcibly in this collection.—We know not where among the same number of men, occupied in the same pursuit, so many instances of unhappiness could be discovered. Some indeed have been the merited victims of their own intemperate follies; but to the lovers of good old times, who shrink back when they hear of a sleek and well-fed modern bard receiving 3,000 guineas for the copy-right of a modish and mawkish poem, it may afford some consolation to review those who have been tenants of the cell, or the garret, and whose stomachs have kept an inverted sabbath of six days out of the seven. Greene, it is true, died of a surfeit of pickled herrings and old Rhenish; Marlowe and Motteaux were killed in drunken quarrels at a brothel; Fenton drank two bottles of Port every afternoon, in his easy chair, and died by attempting a reduction; Randolph, Somerville, Parnell, fell sacrifices to Bacchus; George Etheridge broke his neck down stairs, while bowing his friends out after dinner; and May was so delighted with the success of his ‘Breviary,’ that he went to bed one night after having drank freely, in apparent health, and was found dead in the morning. Some indeed assert, that his night cap was tied too tightly under his chin, but Andrew Marvel attributes his death to an equally probable cause of suffocation. Look now on the shadowy side of the picture: Denham, Nat Lee, Collins, Cowper, Smart, Brook, G. A. Stevens, Bampfylde, and Ferguson, all died in idiotcy or madness; of the last, a most touching incident is related;—‘When committed to the receptacle of

the insane, a consciousness of his dreadful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance, he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed from all the inmates of the dreadful mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on the friends who attended.' In a few days his poverty-stricken mother, who had reluctantly committed her son to a public hospital, from her inability to support him, received remittances sufficient to defray the expense of his attendance at home; but they arrived too late; the poor maniac was already dead. Otway, John Brown (the author of *Barbarossa*), and Chatterton, were suicides. George Wither, Dekker, Cotton, Savage, and Lloyd, breathed their last in jails. Lovelace, once the pride of courts, after losing his mistress like Biron in *Isabella*, escaped a prison only by concealment, and died in a miserable lodging near Shoe-lane. Butler, and Ben Jonson, each experienced the worst extremes of poverty. Andrew Marvel is supposed to have been poisoned. Quarles died heart-broken at the destruction of his whole possessions, (among which he most regretted his books and MSS.) by the Puritans. Drummond is said, and we believe it to be true, notwithstanding Mr. Campbell's bitter sarcasm, never to have recovered his shock on hearing of the murder of Charles I. Shirley and his wife died of fright at the fire of London; and poor George Sewell, after writing in the *Spectator*, and living in a polished circle, had not a single friend to close his eyes. He was buried meanly under a hollow tree in the boundary of Hamstead church-yard, and however courted in his life time, has not now even a turf hillock to point out the spot of his repose.

Happy for many of these would it have been if their histories had been as much a blank as that of Timothy Dwight; a gentleman whose pretensions to a niche in this collection are not very clear. 'Timothy Dwight: of this American poet, I am sorry to be able to give the British reader no account. I believe his personal history is as little known as his poetry on this side of the Atlantic.' Is not this somewhat like the famous chapter on Serpents in a work on *Natural History*? 'On Serpents. There are no Serpents to be found in these countries.' But there are many other Poets in these volumes concerning whom we only 'wonder how the d—l they got there.' Amhurst Selden to wit: from whose dull verses it is inconceivable how Mr. Campbell could have the patience to quote nearly forty pages. Some few (but in justice we must say very few) of the extracts also *ought* not to have found their way into a work intended for general circulation. With these trifling exceptions, we venture to recommend the work before us as forming the best 'Corpus' of our own Poets now in existence. We are far however from meaning by this commendation, that we think it would be a difficult task to form one which should be much better.

ART. VIII.—Of Marriages and Marriage Ceremonies among the Hindoos.

[From the 'Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India,' &c., by the Abbe J. A. Dubois, Missionary in the Mysore.]

MARRIAGE is to a Hindu the great, the most essential of all objects; that of which he speaks the most and looks forward to from the remotest distance. A man who is not married is considered to be a person without establishment, and almost as a useless member of society. Until he arrives at this state he is consulted on no great affairs, nor employed on any important trust. In short, he is looked upon as a man out of the pale of nature. A Brahman who becomes a widower is likewise held to have fallen from his station; and nothing is more urgent upon him than to resume the marriage state.

The case is quite different with respect to widows. It never enters into their view to procure a new establishment, even when they lose their husbands at the age of six or seven: for it is not rare to see widows no older, particularly among the Brahmans (as has already been mentioned), where an old man of sixty or upwards takes for his second wife a child of that tender age. Their prejudices, however, on this subject, have taken such firm root in their minds, that the bare mentioning of remarrying these young widows would be considered by their relations and by themselves as the greatest of insults. Yet they are despised through all India. The very name of widow is a reproach; and the greatest possible calamity that can befall a woman is to survive her husband; although to marry with another would be held a thousand times more to be dreaded. From that moment she would be hunted out of society, and no decent person would venture at any time to have the slightest intercourse with her.

Though marriage be considered the natural condition of man, yet celibacy is not unknown in India. It is even a state respected; and those of their Sannyasis who are known to lead their lives in perfect celibacy, receive on that account, marks of distinguished honour and respect. But this condition cannot be embraced excepting by those who devote themselves to a life of seclusion from the world, and of perpetual contemplation, such as that class of enthusiasts do; or by such as are bound by their profession to discharge the duties of religion towards their neighbours, such as the Gurus. The Hindus seem to have felt that the duties of penitent and Guru were incompatible with those of the master of a family, and that a man ought to be free from the embarrassment and anxiety of one of these stations to be fully able to acquit himself properly of the other. This was perhaps the chief reason for allowing the Sannyasis and the greater part of the Gurus to live in a single state.

The greater number, however, are bachelors only in name. No virtue is less familiar to them than chastity. It is publicly

known that they keep women, and commit breaches of that virtue which they profess, that would disgrace the most profane. But their sacred title of Sannyasi or Guru raises them above the attacks of the wicked; and such human failings, if not carried to great excess, scarcely diminish the outward reverence and respect which they receive from the silly vulgar.

At the same time, I cannot but believe that the small number of real Sannyasis or penitents who are still found living in woods and deserts, wholly retired from the world, and who, through vanity or fanaticism, condemn themselves to all sorts of privations, and inure their bodies to the harshest austerities, actually live in celibacy, and altogether unconnected with women. The severe life which they lead scarcely allows the body to war against the spirit. But, as far as concerns the Gurus and Sannyasis, who scour the country to live on the public credulity, or those who shut themselves up in a sort of monasteries and lead a lazy and voluptuous life, with no other occupation than that of receiving the presents and offerings which their numerous votaries, deceived by their false reputation for sanctity, bring to them from all quarters; such men are to be considered as mere impostors, or knaves, who abuse the credulous populace, under the guise of celibacy, while they are revelling in every species of luxury. All that I have heard from various persons who have lived in their service as domestics, and have been admitted to familiar intercourse with them, confirms me in the opinion which I have always entertained, that nothing is more foreign to them than that virtue which they chiefly affect.

Although the state of celibacy be allowed to those who devote themselves to a life of contemplation, it is not so with regard to any class of women. They cannot profess virginity, however much they may be attached to that condition. In ancient times, however, it seems to have been known among the Hindus: as frequent mention is made in their books of the *five celebrated virgins*, who are almost as famous as the seven celebrated *rishi*. The Hindu authors speak in lofty terms of commendation of the care with which they preserved themselves spotless, and of the inflexible firmness with which they resisted the solicitations of some powerful seducers, who used every means to overcome them. Even the most powerful of the gods tried to corrupt them, and were foiled. Many other particulars of these five virgins may be found in the *Bhagavata* and some other Hindu books.

Now, however, it is not permitted to women to embrace this holy profession. The state of subjection and servitude in which they are held in India cannot admit of their following any employment which would make them independent, and place them beyond the power of the men. It is an established national rule that women are designed for no other end than to be subservient to the wants and pleasures of the males. Accordingly, all females without exception, are obliged to marry when husbands can be found for them. They always try to bring it about before they become

really marriageable; and those who arrive at that period without finding a husband, seldom preserve their innocence long. Constant experience proves that Hindu girls have neither sufficient firmness nor discretion to resist, for any length of time, the solicitations of a seducer; which is no doubt a strong reason for disposing of them in marriage so soon.

Those who cannot find a husband fall into the state of concubinage with those who choose to keep them, or secretly indulge in those enjoyments which if known would expose them to shame.

I have taken great pains to learn what is the real spirit of Hindu jurisprudence on the subject of Polygamy, and the indissolubility of marriage; and although I have not arrived at any absolute certainty, all that I have observed appears to demonstrate that the former is prohibited and the latter established. Persons well acquainted with the usages of the country have confirmed me in this conclusion, and have assured me that if there be many instances of polygamy, particularly among the great, who are suffered to have a plurality of wives, yet it is really an abuse and an open violation of the customs of the Hindus, amongst whom marriage has been always confined to couples; though in all places the powerful will set themselves above the law.

The custom or law in India which limits marriage to one pair has been followed by the principal divinities whom the Hindus acknowledge. They were married but to one lawful wife. They have given *Saraswati* only to Brahma; *Lakshmi* to Vishnu; and *Parvati* to Siva. *Sita-devi*, the wife of *Rama*, having proved unfaithful to him, was carried off by the giant *Ravana*; but he did not repudiate her on that account, nor marry another wife. He went in pursuit of the ravisher, and commenced a long war against him, in which, after sustaining defeats and gaining victories, he at last subdued his enemy and regained his consort.

All these stories, and many more of the same kind which I could adduce, seem to prove that a plurality of legitimate wives was in ancient times unknown and rejected. It is clear that conjugal fidelity was not one of the attributes of those fabulous gods; but it is no less certain that they never assign to them more than one woman under the appellation of wife. Even in modern times polygamy is not tolerated; although, as we have already remarked, kings and persons of high rank are permitted to take two wives, sometimes three, and in some instances as many as five. Still, this is considered an abuse, although it is not safe to complain against authority.

Where persons in private life are seen to live with several women, they are only concubines; one only being married to him and bearing the title of wife. The children from her alone are considered legitimate. The rest are bastards; whom the law would exclude from any share in their father's property, if he died without a will.

I know of one case only, where a man already married may lawfully espouse a second wife; which is, when the first, after long

cohabitation, is pronounced barren. But even in this case, the consent of the first wife is necessary, and she always continues to be considered as the man's principal wife, and as superior to the second. Neither is this second marriage conducted with half the ceremony as the former.

It was for this reason, and for the purpose of raising up a progeny, that Abraham espoused Hagar, in the life time and with the consent of his first wife Sarah. The troubles which were brought upon this holy patriarch by bringing two legitimate wives into his house are recorded in the sacred Scriptures. (Gen. xxi.) The same inconveniences and still worse occur amongst the Hindus who marry two women. It is not therefore an enviable privilege; and the greater number of those who have barren spouses, choose rather to abandon the hopes of children than to be obliged to live with two wives.

The indissoluble nature of marriage is also, as far as I can judge, equally well established among the Hindus as that of the marriage of a couple of persons. A man cannot divorce his wife on any ground whatever. If there are any examples of an opposite kind, it is only amongst people of the lowest casts, or of disreputable lives; or because the previous marriage had been attended by such impediments as to render it invalid by the laws of the country. But marriages legally solemnized can never be dissolved amongst persons of a reputable cast, particularly amongst the Brahmans.

If the husband insists on a separation from his wife on account of adultery, it can only be effected, as with us, *quoad mensam et torum*; and the marriage is not dissolved by it. The woman, after being so discarded, continues to wear the *tahli* or symbol of marriage, and is not treated otherwise than as the lawful wife of the man from whom she is separated. He is also obliged to support her as long as she lives; and, during that time, he can have no other woman but as a concubine.

After these general remarks upon the marriage state, let us now attend to the ceremonies and pageantry which the Hindus employ in the celebration of this solemn contract, which elevates both parties into their proper sphere, and, by connecting them with sacred and indissoluble bands, keeps up the renovation of the world. But, of the great variety of ceremonies which precede and accompany the celebration of marriage, the most important and solemn circumstance in life, we shall content ourselves with tracing the most prominent.

The father of a young *Brahmanari*, if he be rich and liberal, takes upon himself all the expense of the marriage of his daughter. Some divide the burthen with the father of the intended husband; but in general they take from him a considerable sum of money in return for having given him their daughter, and oblige him besides to bear the whole charge of the marriage.

To marry, or to buy a wife, are synonymous terms in this country. Almost every parent makes his daughter an article of traffic, ob-

stinately refusing to give her up to her lawful husband until he has rigorously paid down the sum of money which he was bound for, according to the custom of the cast. This practice of purchasing the young women whom they are to marry, is an inexhaustible source of disputes and litigation, particularly among the poorer people. These, after the marriage is solemnized, not finding it convenient to pay the stipulated sum, the father in-law commences an action, or more commonly recalls his daughter home, in the expectation that the desire of getting her back may stimulate the son in-law to procure the money. This sometimes succeeds; but if the young man is incapable of satisfying the avarice of his father in-law, he is obliged to leave his wife with him in pledge. Now, there is time for reflection; and the father in-law, finding that the sum cannot be raised, and that his daughter from her youth is exposed to great temptations which might lead to the disgrace of all his family, relaxes a little, and takes what the son in-law is able to pay. A reconciliation is thus effected, and the young man conducts his wife quietly home.

Men of distinction do not appropriate to their common purposes the money thus acquired by giving their daughters in marriage, but lay it out in jewels, which they present to the lady on the wedding day. These are her private property as long as she lives, and on no account can be disposed of by her husband.

In negotiating a marriage, the inclinations of the future spouses are never attended to. Indeed it would be ridiculous to consult girls of that age; and accordingly the choice entirely devolves upon the parents. Those of the husband attend principally to the purity of the cast; while those of the wife are more solicitous about the fortune of the young man, and the disposition of the intended mother-in-law of their daughter.

When a man, with this view, casts his eyes on a young girl, he begins by satisfying himself through some friend, concerning the inclinations of her kindred. When he has ascertained that he is not likely to suffer the affront of a refusal, he selects a fortunate day to visit them, and to solicit her in form, carrying with him a piece of new cloth for women, a cocoa nut, five bananas, some saffron and other articles of that nature. If he should meet on his way any object of evil omen; if a cat, for example, or a fox, or a serpent should cross the road before him, so as to intercept his progress, he would instantly return home, and postpone the journey to a more fortunate day.

All the Hindus have their minds so filled with these silly superstitions, that, however necessary any expedition or journey may be, they will surely defer it, if at the first onset they should be crossed by any of the creatures above mentioned. I have repeatedly seen labourers take back their cattle to their stalls, and spend the whole day in idleness, because in setting out in the morning, they found that a serpent had crossed their road.

After the young man's father has solicited the girl, and offered the presents he takes with him, her own father defers his answer until one of those little lizards, which creep on the wall, making now and then a small shrill cry, gives a favourable augury by one of its chirps. As soon as the lizard has *spoken* (as the superstitious Hindus express themselves) and given a favourable prognostic by its assent, the father of the girl declares that he will voluntarily bestow her in marriage on the son of him who asks her; after which a great number of ceremonies are performed, answering to our betrothment, and communicating to the future husband a right to the girl, which prevents her from being given to any other. These ceremonies are followed by an entertainment; after which a fortunate month and day are selected for the marriage, upon due consultation with the astrologer or the Purohita.

There are, properly, but four months in the year in which marriage can be celebrated; namely, March, April, May, and June. Nuptials for the second time, may indeed be solemnized in the months of November and February; but, in these two months, so much attention must be given to the signs of the zodiac and many other matters, each more trifling than another, that it is not easy to find a day in which all the favourable circumstances combine.

The custom of restricting marriages to those four months, arises, like almost all the other customs of the Hindus, from superstition. But I conceive that the principal motive which originally induced them to fix on those four months as a fortunate time for marrying was, that the country labours being then all closed or suspended, on account of the excessive heat, and the preceding harvest furnishing the means of supplying what the ceremony requires, they look upon that period as affording more leisure and better resources for this important concern than any other season of the year.

The ceremony of marriage lasts five days. In the course of it, all those rites are exhibited which have been described in speaking of the ceremony of the triple cincture. These we need not repeat; and such as are peculiar to the wedding festival, not being in a better taste, we shall content ourselves with mentioning the most important of them.

The bridegroom and bride are first of all placed under the *Pandal*, or alcove with twelve pillars, as formerly described. This is a common and very useful appendage to the principal houses in India, being erected before the principal door, and covered with boughs of trees, so as to shelter the house from the heat of the sun, and at the same time to afford a convenient recess for strangers who come upon any business with the owner of the house, when perhaps it is not convenient, nor even admissible, for him to enter into the dwelling.

The Pandal, being on this occasion decorated in the most superb manner, the young couple are seated under it upon a little mound of earth, with their faces turned towards the east. The

married women then advance, performing before them the rites of the *Arati*, as they have been already described.

It being desirable to render all the gods, and even the lowest of them, propitious, the whole of them are invited to the wedding, and they are besought to remain there during the whole entertainment of five days. The same prayer is preferred to the *god's ancestors*; and the grandfathers, whom they have seen, are entreated to seek and bring with them their more ancient progenitors, whom they themselves could not have known.

A particular sacrifice is then offered to *Brahma*; which is the more remarkable that this god, in consequence of a curse denounced against him by some penitents of former times, has no temple and no regular worship in any part of India.

I ought not to omit that, before any thing is undertaken, they take care to place under the Pandal *Vighneswara*, the god of obstacles. He is greatly honoured, as has been mentioned, because he is greatly feared. And although the extreme ugliness of his appearance has hitherto kept him without a wife, they never fail to pay him the utmost attention in all public ceremonies, lest his displeasure should cast some impediment in the way of their happy accomplishment; which is the more to be apprehended from his being so prone to take offence.

As it is necessary, in circumstances so important, that the bridegroom should be pure and exempt from all sin, he is called upon to offer a free gift, on the second day, of fourteen flags to one of the Brahmins, in expiation of the faults he has committed since his investiture with the cord.

This act of charity is followed by a sort of interlude, which appears very absurd after the progress they have made. The bridegroom shams an eager desire to quit the country, upon a pilgrimage to Benares, to wash himself there in the sacred waters of the Ganges. He equips himself as a traveller, and, being supplied with some provisions for the journey, he departs with instruments of music sounding before him, and accompanied by several of his relations and friends, in the same manner as when a person is really proceeding on that holy adventure. But no sooner has he got out of the village than, upon turning towards the east, he meets his future father-in-law, who finding the object of his expedition, stops him, and offers him his daughter in marriage, if he will desist from his journey. The pilgrim readily accepts the conditions, and they return together to the house.

After many other ceremonies, the recital of which would be tedious, they fasten on the right wrist of the young man and on the left of the girl, the *kankanam*, which is merely a bit of saffron; and this particular ceremony is conducted with more state and solemnity than any other during the whole course of the festival. It is succeeded by another not less remarkable. The young man being seated, with his face turned towards the east, his future father-in-law approaches, and looking steadily on his countenance, fancies

that he beholds in him the great Vishnu. With this impression, he offers to him a sacrifice; and then, making him put both his feet in a new dish filled with cow-dung, he first washes them with water, then with milk, and again with water; accompanying the whole with suitable mantras.

This being finished, he must direct his fixed attention and thought to all the gods united; then name each of them separately, one after the other, as far as his memory can serve. To this invocation of the gods, he subjoins that of the seven famous penitents, the five virgins, the ancestor gods, the seven mountains, the woods, the seas, the eight cardinal points, the fourteen worlds, the year, the season, the month, the day, the minute, and many other particulars which must likewise be named and invoked.

He then takes the hand of his daughter and puts it into that of his son-in-law, and pours water over them in honour of the great Vishnu. This is the most solemn of all the ceremonies of the festival, being the symbol of his resigning his daughter to the authority of the young man. She must be accompanied with three gifts, namely, with a present of one or more cows, with some property in land, and finally with a *salagrama*, which consists of some little amulet stones in high esteem among the Brahmins, worn by them as talismans, and dignified even with the homage of sacrifices.

This ceremony, which appears to be the foundation of the marriage, is succeeded by another but little less in importance. All married women in India wear at their necks a small ornament of gold called *tahly*, which is the sign of their being actually in the state of marriage. When they become widows this ornament is removed with great form, as will be afterwards described. There is engraved upon it the figure of *Vighneswara* or *Lakshmi*, or of some other divinity in estimation with the cast; and it is fastened by a short string dyed yellow with saffron, composed of one hundred and eight threads of great fineness. Before tying it round the neck of the bride, she is made to sit down by the side of her husband; and, after some slight preliminary ceremonies, ten Brahmans make a partition with a curtain of silk, which they extend, from one to another, between them and the wedded pair, whilst the rest are reciting the mantras, and invoking *Brahma* with *Saraswati*, *Vishnu* with *Lakshmi*, *Siva* with *Parvati*; and several more; always coupling each god with his consort. The ornament is now brought in to be fastened to the neck of the bride. It is presented on a salver neatly decked and garnished with sweet smelling flowers. Incense is offered to it, and it is presented to the assistants, each of whom touches it and invokes blessings upon it. The bride then turning towards the east, the bridegroom takes the *tahly*, and, reciting a mantram aloud, binds it round her neck.

Fire is then brought in, upon which the bridegroom offers up the sacrifice of the *homam*; and, taking his bride by the hand, they walk thrice round the fire while the incense is blazing.

Last of all, he lays hold of her ankle with his right hand, and brings it into contact with a little stone which he holds in his left, and which is called the stone of *sandal*, doubtless because it is a kind of paste formed out of that odoriferous wood. In going through this ceremony, the bridegroom must have his thoughts fixed on *the great mountain of the north*, the native place of the ancestors of the Brahmans.

The meaning of the ceremony we have described is not difficult to divine. By the preceding one, we see the surrender of the girl to her intended husband by her father. Here, the acceptance of her is signified by the bridegroom binding the *tahly* round the neck of the bride. The *homam* and the three circuits which the young couple make round the fire, indicate the ratification of a mutual engagement between them, as there is nothing more solemn than what is transacted over this element; which, among the Hindus, is the most pure of the deities, and therefore the fittest of all others to ratify the solemn oaths of which it is the most faithful memorial.

We have now gone through the principal ceremonials appertaining to marriage, with the omission of not a few of smaller importance. But perhaps we ought to subjoin the following one, which is considered by some to rank as high as the preceding.

Two baskets, made of bamboo, are placed close together; this species of wood being preferred, on account of its being thought more pure and less subject to be defiled by handling. The new married pair go each into one of the baskets, standing upright. Two other baskets are brought, filled with ground rice. The husband takes up one with both hands and pours what it contains over the head of his spouse. She does the like to him in her turn. They repeat this till they are weary, or till they are admonished that it is enough.

In other casts, it is the assistants that sprinkle the heads of the new married couple; and perhaps it signifies only the abundance of temporal blessings which are implored on their behalf. It was practised in other nations with corn; and it still, in some measure, exists among the Jews. In the marriage of great princes, pearls are sometimes used in place of rice or corn.

On the evening of the third day, when the constellations appear, the purohita, or astrologer, points out to the new married pair a very small star, close to the middle one in the tail of *Ursa Major*, and directs them both to pay it obeisance; for it is *Arundhati*, he says, the wife of *Vasistha*, one of the seven famous penitents.

Next day, before dinner, the bride rubs the legs of her husband with saffron water; and then he rubs hers in the same manner. I know not the meaning of this ceremony, or indeed whether it has any. Ceremonies of some kind the Brahmans must have; and they appear to have found nothing more serious than this to fill up the present interval.

While the assembled guests are dining, the bridegroom and bride also partake, and eat together from the same plate. This is a token of the closest union; and two persons the most intimately connected cannot show a more evident mark of their friendship than this. Well may the woman now continue to eat what her husband leaves, and after he has done; for they will never sit down again to a meal together. That is never permitted but at the wedding feast.

On the last day, a ceremony is practised remarkable for its singularity. When the husband offers the sacrifice of the *homam*, and when, in the usual form, he is casting into the fire the boiled rice sprinkled with melted butter, the bride approaches and does the same on her part with rice that has been parched. This is the only instance that I know where a woman may take part in this sacrifice, which is the most sacred and solemn of all, excepting the *yajna*.

All these ceremonies, with many others, which it would be tedious to detail, being concluded, a procession is made through the streets of the village. It commonly takes place in the night, by the light of torches and fire-works. The new married pair are seated in one palanquin, with their faces towards each other. They are both highly dressed out; but the bride in particular is generally covered over with jewels and precious stones, partly the gifts of her father and father-in-law; but the greater part are borrowed for the occasion.

The procession moves slowly; and their relations and friends come out of their houses, as they pass; the women hailing the new married parties with the ceremony of the *arati*, and the men with presents of silver, fruits, sugar, and betel. Those who receive such presents are obliged, under the like circumstances, to repay them in their turn. I have sometimes seen these marriage processions truly magnificent, though in a style so extremely remote from ours.

Thus ends the solemnity of marriage among the Hindus. The pomp which attends their elevation to this state shows the importance which they attach to it, and also the respect which they entertain, or at least once entertained, for the sacred bands which inseparably unite the husband and the wife.

I will say nothing of the entertainments mutually given by the relations of the two parties after their marriage. Those by whom they are given, and the ceremonies which accompany them, differ so little from what I have already described, in speaking of the admission to the *triple cord*, that I forbear to repeat them. But there is one thing well deserving of remark; that amongst the almost infinite variety of ceremonies made use of on the occasion of marriage, there is not one that borders on indecency, or has the slightest allusion to an immodest thought. This is particularly to be noticed amongst a people, who in all other circumstances in life, where feasts and shows occur, make a merit of openly and unservedly violating the rules of modesty and decorum.

The marriage festival being over, the young spouse is taken back to her father's house, which continues to be her principal abode until she has grown up into a state fit to discharge all the duties of matrimony. This epoch is a new occasion for joy and feasting. The relations attend to celebrate it in the same manner as the marriage, and the greater part of the ceremonies then practised are now repeated. It is notified to the father and mother of the young man that their daughter-in-law has now become a woman, and is qualified to live with her husband. Then, after completing the ceremonies to which this occasion gives rise, she is conducted in triumph to the house of her father-in law, where she is detained for a while to accustom her to the society of her husband; and after a month or two her own parents return and take her home with them.

The residence of the young woman is thus, for the first and even the second year, divided between the house of her husband and that of her father. This is accounted a mark of good understanding subsisting among them. It is, however, a concord, which most probably, alas! will too soon be dissolved; when this same young wife, beaten by her husband and harassed by her mother-in-law, who treats her as a slave, shall find no remedy for ill usage but in flying to her father's house. She will be recalled by fair promises of kinder treatment. They will break their word; and she will have recourse to the same remedy. But at last, the children which she brings into the world, and other circumstances, will compel her to do her best, by remaining in her husband's house, with the show of being contented with her lot.

In general, concord, the union of minds, and sincere mutual friendship are rarely found in Hindu families. The extreme distance kept up between the two sexes, which makes the women absolutely passive in society, and subject to the will and even the caprices of the men, has accustomed these lords of their destiny to regard them as slaves, and to treat them on all occasions, with severity and contempt. It is therefore in vain to expect, between husband and wife, that reciprocal confidence and kindness which constitute the happiness of a family. The object for which a Hindu marries is not to gain a companion to aid him in enduring the evils of life, but a slave to bear children and be subservient to his rule.

ART. IX.—*American Manufactures.*

[The essay of *Indagator* in our last number presented the arguments *against* additional duties with considerable force; the following shows the opposite side of this question, which every one who impartially investigates will find it difficult to decide. It deserves very full discussion, and this Journal will gladly be made the instrument of candid inquiry still further prosecuted; provided the communications are written, as they will be received, in the sincere and disinterested wish to ascertain and exhibit the truth.]

[Communication.]

On the Encouragement of American Manufactures.

THE people of this country are remarkable for no quality in a greater degree than for sound practical common sense, and require only the means of judging to be enabled to form a correct decision upon any question of public policy.

The discussion now carried on, with so much animation, of the subject of American manufactures and the encouragement expedient to be given to them, will, therefore, I doubt not, eventuate in the adoption of such a system as will best comport with the true and permanent interests of the nation. And all observations upon the object of this inquiry, however weakly, if dispassionately and candidly, made, possess more or less a degree of value, inasmuch as though they contain nothing in themselves new or ingenious, yet they may draw towards the subject the attention of minds capable of striking out new lights, or of giving to the arguments already used a more forcible and elegant expression. In this view of the matter, and without further apology for my temerity, I shall proceed to state to the readers of the *Analectic Magazine* [if this essay shall be deemed worthy of an insertion] that I am an advocate for the encouragement, or the *forcing*, if it must be so called, of American manufactures, by prohibitory duties on imported manufactures to the utmost extent. And I believe that the wealth, tranquillity, morality, commerce, and agriculture of our country, as well as the manufacturing interest by itself, will all be benefited by the adoption of such a plan. My reasons I will briefly suggest—a full detail would require too much time and occupy too much space.

I shall cite no foreign examples; I concede that we can learn little, with certainty, from the systems of Britain and the continental nations of Europe, because of the total dissimilarity between them and our own country, in every respect, of soil, government, population, and capacities. My *arguments*, like every thing else that I use, I like the better for being of *American manufacture*—and it is from the actual situation and evident prospects of the United States that I think all our reasons, on both sides of the question, should be drawn.

It is not denied that this country is in an embarrassed, and, comparatively with past experience, a distressed condition; although, in comparison with the suffering state of Britain, our situation is eminently happy. Whether this effect has for its cause the conduct or the misconduct of the banking institutions, or the cessation of European wars, it is not necessary to inquire—‘*causa latet, vis est notissima.*’ Within a short period twenty millions of dollars, or of bank paper which performed the duty and circulated as the representative of this sum, are believed to have been withdrawn from circulation in Pennsylvania alone. And there is no reason to suppose that that amount will return into circulation again, at least not so long as the bank of the United States exists. The effect of such

an enormous diminution in the currency needs no comment,—the wings of commerce have been so closely clipped that they must require a long time to grow out again. And some new expedient seems called for, in a way that foreign history furnishes no example of, to give a new spring to enterprise and a new aim to industry.

What would be the effect of extensive manufactories? Let us suppose for the sake of a criterion, that Mr. A, a merchant, possesses ten million pounds of cotton, valued at ten cents per pound, but unable to sell it, because no man can send it abroad without loss, and no home manufacturer can work it up into cloth without loss—his family suffers, his neighbour the ship-owner suffers, and the ship-chandler; and the farmer, who usually supplies flour to be made into bread for this ship-owner's vessels, &c. The misfortune is felt through every ramification of society. This is precisely an epitome of our present situation—raw material is redundant, talent abounds, enterprise and experience are not wanting—this may be said of every part of the country, and yet the raw material, not cotton only, but many others, are lying unwrought; the energies, mental and bodily, of the people are not half exerted for want of object; the staples are rotting, talent wasting, capital dissipating, for want of being put to their proper and obvious use. Now the manufacturer is enabled by the effect of a simple resolve of congress which saves him from foreign competition, to set his factory to work upon the raw material; he borrows a few bank notes with which he is able to induce men, women, and children, by hundreds, to labour for him at his machinery, who, in turn, are enabled thus to live comfortably, by exchanging the bank notes which they receive as wages for food with the farmer, and by and by for some of the goods which they have helped to manufacture. When the stuffs are made, the ship-owner, or shipping merchant, or wholesale dealer, or all three, purchase them from the manufacturer at a price which enables him to discharge his debt to the banks, and, after paying all his work-people, to retain a profit for himself—the new purchasers distribute them abroad—the productions of distant parts of the union are received in exchange—part is carried by the shipper to foreign countries, whose productions or money is brought home, &c. This is an individual operation, but as 'sands make the mountain,' and 'moments make the year,' so would the aggregate of such examples make the prosperity of the whole nation.

In this view we see activity, happiness, and wealth obtained, instead of the listless, desponding, poverty-stricken condition of our population at present. And all this is to flow from a single act of congress.

If this picture be justly sketched, and there be no countervailing disadvantages, surely there could be little doubt of the proper course to be pursued. But it is urged against this scheme,

1. That the act of congress discouraging importations of foreign manufactures, would destroy our remaining commerce:

2. That it would diminish the profits of agriculture, already too small for the good of the country:

3. That it would endanger or corrupt the morality of our population:

4. That it would impose a tax on the consumer of foreign manufactures, by their enhanced price before the American manufacturers are ready to supply the demand; thus taxing the many for the benefit only of the few:

Besides many other less prominent objections.

Of these in their order; and first, as to commerce.

If our commerce were now profitable and active in the degree that it has been, or nearly so; if our sails whitened every ocean as formerly, it would be madness to interfere with it or restrict its energies by any statutory regulations. But the carrying trade is lost; and we have no prospect of such a state of affairs in Europe as to give us its advantages again. We can trade only to a few countries, and the only exportable article of any importance which at present yields a profit, is *money*. But our stock of gold and silver is very limited, and when it is gone we shall have scarcely any thing to send abroad. Our staples are few though abundant in quantity, and commerce can only be prosperous and lucrative while our staple productions are exportable, or we have a carrying trade of the productions of other countries. Cotton is not now exportable so as to give any profit, and, unless the British cease to use East India cotton, it will not become so. As far as cotton is concerned, therefore, we depend upon the policy which Britain may adopt; and our commerce is at her mercy. It is not likely she will adopt the course which would be most agreeable to us. Our foreign market for wheat is equally unpromising; so that any change in the commercial situation of the country will be at least as likely to be for the better as for the worse. An act of congress prohibiting or discouraging the importation of foreign manufactured goods of wool and cotton, would interfere with the profits now made on shipments of such articles from England to this country; but who will estimate these profits for the last year, except the profits to the custom-house and the auctioneer, as any thing worth caring for in a national point of view? while, if in consequence of such an act of congress, our domestic factories are set to work, the profit even to commerce will be immense.

Why cannot we export manufactured cottons? Britain will not receive them; but South America will, and pay handsomely for them too; and the European powers, jealous as they are of England and disposed by interest and feeling to encourage our rivalry, would gladly facilitate the introduction of our fabrics into their territories in preference to those of England. I see nothing to prevent our exchanging every variety of cotton manufactures for the German linens, the Russian hemp cloths, the French silks, the South American hides and gold, and for the peculiar product of every country which does not manufacture the staples peculiar to

ourselves. The effect of such a state of things upon commerce would be most beneficial; our merchants would be fully employed, and well paid, in carrying the productions of our industry all over the world, and every turn of our spindles would bring additional wealth into the national treasury. The planter would have a safe and steady market for his cotton, and would be secured against impositions by the competition of the foreign market which would still be open to him. Nor would it require the lapse of many years to produce this result. The moment manufacturers are secured by legislative protection, they can commence their operations to every advantage. The machinery is built already, or much of it. Labour is easily procured, the raw material is plenty and cheap, and the monied institutions would gladly lend their capital to aid manufacturing enterprise, as soon as the prospects of success, opened by legislative patronage, should make it their interest to do so. But while their British rivals are allowed to send goods in any quantity here, and sell them at a less price than they could afford to make them for in England, except in a time of distress and pauperism—manufacturers cannot command credit with the banks, nor bear the effects of competition of men, in England, determined on ruining themselves and their establishments at once, rather than allow their American rivals to succeed. The commercial, therefore, no less than the manufacturing interests, demand that we should lay aside general rules to meet the particular exigence of the times.

A great portion of the foreign goods imported are sent here by the British themselves; but let any man ascertain the amount of profit made by *American* ship-owners and merchants from the importation of British goods in the last two years, and he will be satisfied that it would have been a cheap purchase for the nation, if that sum could have been given for the quantity of American manufactured goods which would have been produced within these two years, if all our manufactories had been in that state of activity which they would have been, if the importation of British goods had been prohibited.

Secondly, as to our agriculture. Once in three or four years the harvests in England fail, and they are forced to buy bread of us. It is supposed, that whatever profit we derive from that source would be lost if we refuse to take in return their manufactures; but this source of gain is, in the first place, precarious and temporary at best; and what is well worthy of observation is, that the opening of the ports of England, at such seasons, is not a measure of policy or choice, but of necessity, and they must have our wheat even if they are obliged to pay gold for it, while nothing but necessity will induce them to take it at all. The price of flour at other times would not be affected; and so long as wheat brings but one dollar a bushel, the amount of capital that can safely and profitably be embarked in agriculture must be limited so as to leave room for manufactures without injury to it. The whole quantity of wheat exported is very small, probably less than one-twentieth

of the quantity raised; all the rest is, of course, consumed at home; but manufacturing establishments would require a great deal of produce to be brought to them constantly, and form a new market for it, though of small extent; and the consumers in the manufactories would be, in a great proportion, new-comers from Europe, whose labour in the manufactories will enable them to pay the farmer well for all they eat, and who would otherwise be forced to join the competitors of the agriculturalists, and would contribute, by their industry, as farmers, to reduce the price, and, of course, the profits of agricultural productions still lower. One hundred thousand people, either brought from Europe or retained from migration to the west, and kept at work in manufactories near the seaboard, would buy and consume the produce of many acres of land, and add not inconsiderably to the amount received by the farmers for their wheat, rye, and barley.

Of that important branch of agriculture—cotton planting, it is not necessary to speak—the advantage is plain in the establishment of a domestic market.

Thirdly, of the public morals. It is said a manufacturing population is most depraved, disorderly, ignorant, seditious, and sickly; and it is urged, that to take our boys and girls from the fields and from all the wholesome virtuous regularity of rustic life, and immerse them in crowded factories, where their principles become tainted, their minds debased, and their frames enfeebled, is a cruelty that no pecuniary advantage can possibly justify, and that it were better to be poor and honest, than rich and vicious. And here our opponents, I think, look too much to the example of England, where, to be sure, their manufacturing towns present pictures of misery and human degradation most shocking and revolting to contemplation. But let us candidly inquire whether the same scenes *can* occur here; and, surely, in investigating this point, it is reasonable to look at the actual state of our manufactories, which, though trifling compared with what they may and will be, are sufficiently extensive to afford a safe criterion of the effect of such establishments. In England the manufacturers are obliged to toil sixteen hours each day, and earn a scanty pittance wholly inadequate to procure proper and healthy food, still less to obtain for them the advantages of education. Their minds, consequently, are enervated with their bodies. Here, on the contrary, the wages *must* be so high as to obtain plenty of excellent food, and to give them leisure for exercise and education. In England the manufacturer must submit to his hard lot, and drag a miserable existence, or leave it and starve. Here he may change his occupation the moment he is dissatisfied, and the western country opens to him a never failing resource against the impositions of his employer.

In England the manufactories are crowded in close built dirty towns, where the temptations to vice, in the hours of leisure, are infinite. Here the factories are placed on the borders of running

streams, remote from towns, where country air and country food contribute to the corporeal health, as quiet retirement, good schools, and meeting-houses, and the absence of evil example, do to the soundness of the principles. The beautiful windings of the Brandywine and the Chester creek abound with manufactories—the Schuylkill will soon witness as many. Steam is in England the great moving power, because they are without our rapid streams; but nature has provided for us in a different manner, and our water-power supplies at once a more salutary and more potent principle.

New Orleans is wholly commercial, Pittsburg almost entirely a manufacturing town; yet who will say that Pittsburg is less moral or less healthy than New Orleans? Philadelphia manufactures more than New York or Baltimore, yet its inhabitants are, surely, not at all contaminated; at least they consider themselves fully equal in probity and decorum to the least manufacturing city in the world; and the greatest number of manufactures are now carried on in one of the states to which we are accustomed, and justly, to attribute superior purity and regularity of manners.

Fourthly, the tax upon many for the benefit of a few. This objection is founded on a very short-sighted view of the subject. Every alteration of the tariff is, for a time, a tax on the many and a benefit to the few. The double duties enriched all that had goods on hand to which those duties were, in future, to apply. The erection of every new public building, or new ship of war, is a tax on the many, that is the nation—for the benefit of the few, that is the contractors and workmen. But it is idle and absurd, in considering great national questions, to confine our view to one, two, or three years; and if every man that buys a new coat, and gives five dollars more for it in consequence of the nonimportation of British cloth, is rendered in one, two, or five years richer by fifty dollars than he would have been if he had not been obliged to give that additional price, then the tax is for his benefit in the end, and it is granted, that unless the permanent and future effects be advantageous in a very important degree, then the whole scheme is unsound.

It is also said, that the price of labour would be enhanced so as to throw difficulties in the way of every operation of industry, by the absorption of labourers in the manufactories.

This is, I conceive, a most satisfactory reason for adopting the plan which I advocate. There is no better sign of the prosperity of a nation than the high price of labour. If you wish to fill the army, and the poor houses, and work-houses, make labour cheap—for then employment is scarce;—but to give every labourer a comfortable subsistence—to take away the temptations which poverty and want always bring—‘to scatter plenty round a smiling land’—let industry of all kinds be well paid, or, in other words, enhance the price of labour.

I shall be much pleased if some more accomplished writer would adorn these simple and inartificial suggestions with the graces of elegant diction and the charms of fanciful illustration, to render them more convincing to the multitude. Rude and unpolished as they now are, I trust that the opponents of American manufactures will not peruse them entirely without profit. W.

ART. X.—*To Indagator.*

I HAVE read, in the *Analectic Magazine* for July, with a degree of interest proportioned to the importance of its subject, your essay on manufactures; and being impressed with a conviction that its principles are erroneous, that they foster the injurious prejudices of a large portion of our citizens, and that, if adopted, they would produce the most pernicious consequences on the prosperity of our common country, I have undertaken to reply to it.

One thing I regret much, which is, that in the whole of your elaborate performance, you do not once cast a glance at the consequences of the measure you deprecate, on the national interests. Your discussions are limited by the contracted view of its effects on particular classes of our citizens. You calculate the result of farmers paying half a dollar a yard extra for broadcloth, but do not deign to turn your reader's attention to the lamentable effect of destroying the industry of the country, impoverishing it of its wealth, and fostering and cherishing the industry, the manufactures, and the governments of foreign nations, at the expense of our own, and all for the sake of a paltry saving of a few dollars per head to each of the citizens. The whole amount of our imports is only eight or ten dollars each for the people of the United States. How insignificant, then, must the saving be in the difference of prices of the few articles each individual consumes!

Your objections to the encouragement of the manufactures of your country by prohibitions and prohibitory duties, after the example of all the wiser nations of Europe, though very numerous, have no novelty to recommend them. They have in this and other countries been a hundred times repeated, and as often fully refuted. There is, in fact, hardly one of them that has not been recently obviated in the addresses of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of national industry. And had you read these addresses attentively, as you ought to have done, when you undertook to refute them, you might have reduced your list within very narrow limits.

Your objections, I repeat, being hacknied, and the refutation of them equally so, I shall be obliged to avail myself of weapons of defence that have been often brandished in the polemics of political economy. When novel arguments are advanced, there will be scope for novel replies. But trite accusations must be met by trite defences.

To give you an instance. You lay very great emphasis on the demoralizing effects of manufacturing establishments. This is a

point to be decided not by declamation, or assertion, or begging the question, but by appeals to facts, under circumstances calculated to warrant their use as a basis for reason and argument. The society, within a few weeks, by the overwhelming authority of Colquhoun, the first statistical writer in Europe, overthrew this hypothesis, and settled the question, for ever, in the minds of all men open to conviction. When you, nevertheless, adduce the same objection anew, regardless of its recent refutation, I must necessarily have recourse to the same disproof. And thus of nearly all the other items of your essay.

I offer this preface to prevent readers from expecting much novel matter, and to prevent likewise their fastidiousness from being excited by facts and arguments which they may have already seen in newspapers and pamphlets.

Res negat ornari—contenta doceri.

The objections you have marshalled are no less than fourteen:—

1. That there is danger of retaliatory measures on the part of Great Britain, if we prohibit or lay heavy duties on her manufactures.

2. That the merchants do not apply for protection, and that, therefore, the manufacturers have no claim to it.

3. That our manufactories are, and for ten years to come, will be, unable to supply the demands of the country, even for cotton and woollen goods.

4. That the manufacturing system is as yet premature.

5. That congress have no right to lay unequal burdens on our citizens.

6. That the plan proposed would encourage smuggling.

7. That the system of protecting national industry, if adopted at all, ought not to be adopted on the example of foreign nations.

8. That it would produce pernicious effects on agriculture by enticing to manufactures persons employed in the more useful labours of the field.

9. That the price of agricultural productions is already too high for want of labourers.

10. That the failure of the manufacturing establishments, during and since the war, arose from imprudence and mismanagement.

11. That the system would give rise to extortion.

12. That the high price of labour forbids us to hope for success in manufacturing establishments.

13. That the manufacturing system is a productive source of foreign wars.

14. That manufacturers are held in a state of abject slavery, and are greatly inferior to agriculturists.

Of these in the order in which they are arranged.

I. *Danger of retaliatory measures.*

‘All commerce,’ you observe, ‘is essentially founded on reciprocity, or supposed reciprocity of advantages. To encourage ma-

manufactures, it is proposed to tax high the manufactures of Europe. In return, or in revenge, if you please, they throw *discouragements* on our raw materials of cotton, rice, tobacco.' [Why omit flour?] 'What right has congress, then, to tax indirectly the staples of the southern states, for the sake of a handful of manufacturing speculators? For it is exactly the same thing whether we tax the export, or Great Britain taxes the import.'

This argument falls to the ground, when it is considered that Great Britain has recently set us the example of prohibition, by closing her ports against the importation of flour, one of our principal staples, and a most important item in our means of paying her for the immoderate quantities of her manufactures we consume. I omit the '*discouragement*' of our cotton, by the extensive importation of that article from her own dependencies. I would not be understood to condemn either of those measures. Her policy was perfectly right in both. But if such regulations of trade, as the duty of fostering and protecting domestic industry may require, be a justifiable reason for retaliatory measures, then, sir, give me leave to observe, that the exclusion of our flour would, according to your own theory, perfectly warrant us in '*throwing discouragements on her manufactures,*' '*in return, or revenge, if you please,*' for the '*discouragements*' she has '*thrown on our raw materials.*' If there be any hostility in prohibitions, or prohibitory duties, she hurled the gauntlet, and commenced the warfare, and therefore cannot, without manifest injustice, complain, if we follow her example.

Let me observe further, sir, that Great Britain precludes us from sending our cotton goods to her market by a duty of eighty-five per cent. and our leather fabrics by a duty of one hundred and forty-two per cent. Suppose, for argument sake, we were to impose similar duties on her manufactures, could she, without a disregard of consistency, be offended at our taking a leaf out of her tariff, for our advantage? Surely not. †

It may appear ludicrous to mention the prohibition of our manufactures by Great Britain. But, however wonderful an aspect it may wear to your mind, you may be assured, that if the tariff between the two countries were equalized, our manufacturers would be as well able, at no very distant day, to destroy her manufactures, by sending off their surplus quantities of goods, as hers are at present, to destroy ours, by inundating our markets with their surpluses. Our citizens are as ingenious and as industrious—our machinery is equal, and performs its operations at as little expense—our advantages of water-power are far more abundant,* and our country is just as near to theirs as theirs to ours—of course the voyage is not more expensive.

* Water-power is so scarce, comparatively, in Great Britain, that a very large proportion of the machinery of that country is worked, at an enormous expense, by steam, and, therefore, much of the success of her manufactures depends on their vicinity to the coal mines.

Combining all these circumstances together, and, moreover, taking into view the extraordinary progress we have made, within a few years, in arts and manufactures, the idea of our capacity to interfere with the British in their own markets loses its apparent extravagance.

But, waving all these considerations, you may tranquillize your fears. Our exports to Europe consist, generally, of articles of prime necessity. She takes no more than is absolutely necessary. Her wants to purchase are as strong as ours to sell.

Your general position, that 'all commerce is founded on reciprocity of advantage' is incorrect. There is little reciprocity in half the commerce of the world. Where is the reciprocity of advantage in the immense trade we carry on with India and China? Where is the reciprocity in the commerce between two countries, one of which furnishes the other with luxuries, and receives in return the necessities of life, or money? Where is the reciprocity in our trade with Great Britain, when we give the proceeds of the labour of five, ten, twenty, thirty, or forty of our citizens for that of one cotton manufacturer?

II. *Assuming that the merchants are not protected, you infer that the manufacturers have no claim to protection.*

The views you present of the conduct of the merchants, exhibit such a degree of discrepancy as will require all your skill to reconcile.

'What a contrast between commerce and manufactures! The first, except when a war is wanted, says, "let us alone!" The constant outcry of the other is, additional duties, additional prohibitions, pains, and penalties on our competitors, and monopoly, under the name of protection, for us.'

'Both the one class and the other, [the merchants and the manufacturers] consist of an *organized, restless, noisy, complaining, remonstrating, begging, petitioning, demanding, ever-craving* set of men, who, from their gregarious and associating habits, have a decided advantage over the quiet and scattered population of planters. With the merchant and manufacturer, the interest of the body is always paramount to the interest of the nation.'

I presume you regard these views as perfectly consistent. But, I confess, I have sought in vain to harmonize them. I should as soon think to combine in one person all the long train of virtues of general Washington with the treachery of Arnold, or the enchanting beauty and mildness of the graces with the horrible physiognomy of the infernal furies, as to depict a body of men, whose maxim was '*let us alone*,' by the epithets you lavish on them, '*an organized, restless, noisy, complaining, remonstrating, begging, petitioning, demanding, ever-craving set of men*.' This inconsistency, however, is only noted to evince how very carelessly you have studied the subject. It does not materially affect the question.

Let me, however, ask you, how many cases are there on record of merchants asking for war?

When you declare that 'the merchants have as strong a right to demand that their interests should be protected, as the manufac-

turers,' you fairly wish it to be inferred, that the interests of the merchants are not protected. The sentence is otherwise absurd.

You will, I trust, be surprised, and will deeply regret the superficial view you took of this subject, when you find, that the mercantile interest in this country has experienced the most fostering care of the government, and is as well protected as any interest in any country ever was.

The chief protection required by the merchants, and in the power of the government to bestow, is to their shipping. To exclude foreign shipping, for their benefit, is precisely equivalent to the exclusion of manufactures, for the benefit of our citizens concerned in that department. In the case of the coasting trade, the merchants enjoy as full and complete a monopoly as ever was granted to any body of men since the world began. This monopoly, which, when recommended for the manufacturers, excites so much horror, and furnishes such a fertile field for declamation to newspaper writers, is, without murmur or complaint, afforded to the favoured class, and thus '*the many are taxed for the benefit of the few.*' Let it, however, be distinctly understood, that I regard the policy as perfectly laudable. All that is censurable in the affair is the old story of '*straining at gnats and swallowing camels.*'

If, therefore, it should appear that our government has, not merely by prohibitory duties, but absolute prohibition, secured to our own tonnage the whole of the coasting, and, very nearly, the whole of the foreign trade, I may retort your own declaration, *mutatis mutandis*, '*the manufacturers have as strong a right to demand that their interests should be protected as the merchants.*' And you, sir, in common justice, must admit the soundness of the claim, and are bound by that justice, to defend and support it.

To remove your doubts on the subject, I annex a statement of all the tonnage employed in the commerce of this country for twelve consecutive years:

	American Tonnage.		Foreign Tonnage.
	Coasting Trade.*	Foreign Trade.†	Foreign Trade.‡
1805,	301,366	922,298	87,842
1806,	309,977	1,044,005	90,984
1807,	318,189	1,089,876	86,780
1808,	387,684	525,130	47,674
1809,	371,500	603,931	99,205
1810,	371,114	906,434	80,316
1811,	386,258	948,247	33,202
1812,	443,180	667,999	47,098
1813,	433,404	237,348	113,827
1814,	425,713	59,626	48,301
1815,	435,066	706,463	217,376
1816,	479,979	877,031	259,017
	<hr/> 4,663,430	<hr/> 8,688,388	<hr/> 1,211,622

* Seybert's Statistics, p. 317.

† Idem, p. 318.

‡ Idem. p. 319.

Grand total—Coasting trade, American tonnage,	4,663,430
Foreign trade, do. do.	8,688,388
	<hr/>
	13,351,818
Foreign trade, in foreign vessels,	1,211,622
	<hr/>
	14,563,440
	<hr/>

This table passes a strong sentence of condemnation on the hundred-times-told story of the mercantile motto, '*let us alone*;' which, I trust, you will for ever efface from your common-place book. It is totally groundless. Had the merchants been '*let alone*,' and their trade allowed to '*regulate itself*,' according to the fashionable political economy of the day, they would have been ruined. The tonnage of the United States, and the important manufacture of ships, like so large a portion of the manufactures of cottons, woollens, pottery, glass, and paper, would have fallen a sacrifice to foreign rivalry.

Of the whole tonnage employed, our own merchants possessed *ninety-two per cent.* and foreigners the remaining eight—What a shocking contrast to the situation of the manufacturers! What deplorable partiality it displays!

I boldly ask you, as a man of honour, and I ask every fair, honourable, and upright man in the nation, to assign any reason that will stand a moment's examination, why such powerful and efficient patronage should be afforded to one class of our citizens? why they should have a monopoly? why they should be protected against foreign rivals of every nation; and another class, of at least equal merit, equal claims, and equal usefulness, be abandoned to destruction by a tariff, which prohibits no manufactured article whatever, and exposes the manufacturers to the rivalry of every nation under the canopy of heaven? If you furnish satisfactory answers to these questions, you shall be my future Magnus Apollo in political economy.

The acts passed for the protection of commerce, and the mercantile interest generally, occupy a large space in our statute book. There are, probably, forty or fifty of them. In the eleventh address of the Philadelphia Society, there is an enumeration of sixteen of the most important, which, if formed into one volume, with a motto—*let us alone*—would exhibit as great a blunder as to prefix a motto from the Bible to Hoyle on Whist, or one from Barclay's Apology to a military dictionary.

I shall not enter into the detail of these acts, but refer you to the address in question, and rest satisfied with two examples of this '*let-us-alone*' legislation, which commenced with the organization of the government, and has presided over its measures down to the dignified act excluding vessels of the subjects of his Britannic majesty, coming from colonies from which ours are excluded.

This system began so early, that the second and third acts passed by congress, in 1789, were for the protection of the merchants. The one secured them a monopoly (yes, this hated and odious word monopoly) of the commerce with China; not indeed by absolute prohibition, but by duties fully equivalent to prohibition. So early was our government awake on the subject, and so early did the merchants cry out—‘*protect us.*’

Tariff of duties on teas, imported from China, by act of July 10, 1789.

	In American vessels.	In foreign vessels.
	Cents.	Cents.
Bohea, per lb. - - -	6	15
Souchong and other black teas	10	22
Hyson - - -	20	45
All other green teas - -	12	27

This act contained a great variety of judicious and laudable clauses for the benefit of the merchants, which I do not judge it necessary to particularize.

The third act, passed by the first congress, July 20, 1789, subjected vessels owned by foreigners, to a tonnage of 50 cents, while American vessels were to pay only six.

I trust these strong and decisive facts will give the *coup de grace* to the hacknied phrase ‘*let us alone;*’—that the world will in future be ‘*let alone*’ with it; and that its power to do mischief is at an end.

You assert that ‘the amount of population and property engaged at present in commerce, is at least tenfold in our country to that employed in manufactures.’

This is an extravagant assertion. It is however extremely difficult to make an exact comparison; as accurate data are not easily procurable. But we can come near enough to the truth to prove the magnitude of the error.

The exports of the United States for 27 years, beginning October 1790, and ending September 1817, were about - - - - - \$1,600,000,000*

And I will suppose the imports to exceed the exports by 25 per cent. which would amount to 2,000,000,000

Total, 3,600,000,000

Averaging per annum - - - - - 133,333,333

Mr. T. Coxe, who was appointed by the government to digest and arrange the returns of the manufactures of the United States, received with the tables of the census of 1810, and who had a better opportunity of ascertaining the truth than any other person, estimated the amount, on the fullest view of the subject, at \$172,670,000† in that year. It is not hazarding much to suppose

* Seybert’s Statistics, pp. 142, 143, 144.

† Coxe, p. 51.

that they have, since that period, doubled. I will, however, suppose that they now amount to only 300,000,000 dollars—or even only 250,000,000. And I will further suppose, that 100,000,000 are the produce of the industry of private families. With all this reduction, what becomes of your broad assertion of ‘*tenfold property*’ engaged in commerce?

With respect to the population engaged in that branch, you are at least as wide of the mark.

In 1815, within thirty miles of Providence, there were 26,000 persons employed in the cotton manufacture alone. This is a pretty strong fact against you.

In the same year, a report of the committee of commerce and manufactures, states the number of persons employed in that manufacture throughout the union, at 100,000*

And in the woollen - - - - - 100,000†

200,000

Suppose in all the other branches, 150 per cent. more, 300,000

Total, 500,000

This, it is true, is but a rough calculation. But it is, I am persuaded, rather below than above the truth.

The whole number of seamen employed in the tonnage of the United States, in 1816, was - - 70,000‡

I will make a large allowance for the persons engaged in commerce on land, and suppose them to exceed the sailors 150 per cent. or - - - - 105,000

But to remove all doubt, I shall add 50 per cent. more, 52,500

Total engaged in commerce - - - - 227,500

Now, sir, I again ask what becomes of your point blank assertion that there is ‘*tenfold the population engaged in commerce,*’ that is employed in manufactures? There is not one half. When you consider that commerce is carried on in our seaport towns alone; that in most of those towns, there are more persons employed in manufactures than in commerce; that the former are carried on in every one of the immense number of towns in the interior, and in many of them on a very large scale, you will readily perceive, that the most cursory glance would have sufficed to show you the extravagance of the idea, that there are ‘*ten times as many persons employed in commerce as in manufactures.*’

I regret that my limits compel me to bid you adieu for the present.

SULLY.

* Weekly Reg. vol. ix. p. 447.

† Idem, vol. x. p. 82.

‡ Seybert, p. 308.

ART. XI.—*Extract from 'An Autumn near the Rhine.'*

MANNERS AND SOCIAL INTERCOURSE IN GERMANY.

THE ordinary style of visiting in the little capitals is confined to *réunions particulières*, or circles in the evening; dinners being as unfrequent in private houses as they are common, and a matter of course at court. This is chiefly owing to the limited fortunes of the nobility, which are by no means adequate to ostentation and solid comfort united. Now the German noble likes both; but gives a preference to the former. The circles in the evening are pleasant and familiar; and you are received with a friendliness which proves that the want of more substantial compliments does not arise from inhospitality. One or two houses of the first nobility or ambassadors, are generally open to company every evening: once initiated, you are always welcome. The saloons are open, and tea, made in a family way, by the young mademoiselle la Comtesse, or la Baronne, is in progress from seven or eight, till nine or ten. But the want of rational topics of common interest, is the main cause that gives an insipid frivolity to conversation, equal to all that the decriers of market-towns or genteel villages, in England, can conceive. The Germans are a literary nation; but in the south of Germany, the man of literature is still looked upon as the musty old bookworm, whose habits little qualify him for the drawing room; and in the absence of his imposing company, frivolity and dulness revel. The ladies, in general, barely know the titles of Schiller's works: they have wept over Werter, know something of Kotzebue, and have sometimes studied the poetry and tales in some of the swarms of fashionable almanacks. Politics, which in England are a rallying point among the most stupid, have here no interest. The politics of the *German nation* are too vague, the politics of the *little monarchy* are matters of petty routine, which interest none but *employés* and *chancellery* clerks. The only subjects which come home to all, and which are discussed with lively interest, are the opera of last Sunday, the approaching gala in honour of some travelling highness, speculations as to the length of his stay, and whether he will or will not lodge at the hotel, from being rather too poor to pay the usual 100 louis to the servants of the palace, the prospect of a court mourning, the amours of a great or little prince, or remarks on the recent ennobling of a batch of generals' ladies, who (poor souls!) can't speak three words of French. With all the occasional languor and heaviness of the intervals between the stimulating *waltz* and the drawing-room games, this society has, however, one charm which redeems a host of defects,—that of natural good humour and the absence of pretension. The freshness of nature and simplicity, little improved by cultivation, 'tis true, but little spoilt by affectation, are often to be found here in a higher degree than in more refined and cultivated circles.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

The ordinary plan of education of German boys, from the higher down to all but the lowest classes, is at the public gymnasium; a

free school, to be found in every considerable town. They a good deal resemble the grammar-schools in our large towns, except that the ranks of the boys are even more mixed, and the system of education and discipline by no means comparable. The sons of many of the *noblesse* frequent these places of instruction; the more opulent, or judicious, have private tutors in their own houses. Latin and Greek, of course, form a principal part of their instruction; but it is a proof of the defectiveness of the system, that in spite of drilling at the gymnasium, and a residence, at least of two years, at the university, you seldom find a man in the higher ranks, who possesses more than the merest smattering of classical attainments. The professors, and some of the pastors, are almost the only tolerable scholars. The higher classes of the gymnasium are instructed, besides the dead languages, in philosophy, theology, &c. The boys are placed, on their entrance, in the class for which they appear fit, on a preliminary examination. The *noblesse* rarely send their sons to any but the higher classes, into which, a little favour often admits young barons, who are more fitted for the lowest.

ART. XII.—*New 'Tales of My Landlord.'*

[The following extracts are from the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' which, together with 'The Legend of Montrose,' form the 'Third Series' of these popular novels. The extracts are taken from a copy sent to Mr. Thomas previous to the publication of the work in Great Britain.]

CHAPTER I.

FEW have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that they will ever become public during the life of their author. Even were that event to happen, I am not ambitious of the honoured distinction, *monstrari digito*. I confess, that, were it safe to cherish such dreams at all, I should more enjoy the thought of remaining behind the curtain unseen, like the ingenious manager of Punch and his wife Joan, and enjoying the astonishment and conjectures of my audience. Then might I, perchance, hear the productions of the obscure Peter Pattieson praised by the judicious, and admired by the feeling, engrossing the young, and attracting even the old; while the critic traced their name up to some name of literary celebrity, and the question when, and by whom, these tales were written, filled up the pause of conversation in a hundred circles and coteries. This I may never enjoy during my lifetime; but farther than this, I am certain, my vanity should never induce me to aspire.

I am too stubborn in habits, and too little polished in manners, to envy or aspire to the honours assigned to my literary contemporaries. I could not think a whit more highly of myself, were I even found worthy to 'come in place as a lion,' for a winter in the great metropolis. I could not rise, turn round, and show all my honours, from the shaggy mane to the tufted tail, roar ye as it were any nightingale, and so lie down again like a well-behaved beast of show, and all at the cheap and easy rate of a cup of coffee, and a

slice of bread and butter as thin as a wafer. And I could ill stomach the fulsome flattery with which the lady of the evening indulges her show-monsters on such occasions, as she crams her parrots with sugar-plumbs, in order to make them talk before company. I cannot be tempted to 'come aloft,' for these marks of distinction, and, like imprisoned Samson, I would rather remain—if such must be the alternative—all my life in the mill-house, grinding for my very bread, than be brought forth to make sport for the Philistine lords and ladies. This proceeds from no dislike, real or affected, to the aristocracy of these realms. But they have their place, and I have mine; and, like the iron and earthen vessels in the old fable, we can scarce come into collision without my being the sufferer in every sense. It may be otherwise with the sheets which I am now writing. These may be opened and laid aside at pleasure; by amusing themselves with the perusal, the great will excite no false hopes; by neglecting or condemning them, they will inflict no pain; and how seldom can they converse with those whose minds have toiled for their delight, without doing either the one or the other.

In the better and wiser tone of feeling, which Ovid only expresses in one line to retract in that which follows, I can address these quires—

Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber, ibis in urbe.

Nor do I join the regret of the illustrious exile, that he himself could not in person accompany the volume, which he sent forth to the mart of literature, pleasure, and luxury. Were there not a hundred similar instances on record, the fate of my poor friend and school-fellow, Dick Tinto, would be sufficient to warn me against seeking happiness, in the celebrity which attaches itself to a successful cultivator of the fine arts.

Dick Tinto, when he wrote himself artist, was wont to derive his origin from the ancient family of Tinto, of that ilk, in Lanarkshire, and occasionally hinted that he had somewhat derogated from his gentle blood, in using the pencil for his principal means of support. But if Dick's pedigree was correct, some of his ancestors must have suffered a more heavy declension, since the good man his father executed the necessary, and, I trust, the honest, but certainly not very distinguished employment, of tailor in ordinary to the village of Langdirdum in the west. Under his humble roof was Richard born, and to his father's humble trade was Richard, greatly contrary to his inclination, early indentured. Old Mr. Tinto, had, however, no reason to congratulate himself upon having compelled the youthful genius of his son to forsake its natural bent. He fared like the school-boy, who attempts to stop with his finger the spout of a water-cistern, while the stream, exasperated at this compression, escapes by a thousand uncalculated spirits, and wets him all over for his pains. Even so fared the senior Tinto, when his hopeful apprentice not only exhausted all the chalk in making sketches upon the shop-board, but even executed several caricatures

of his father's best customers, who began loudly to murmur, that it was too hard to have their persons deformed by the vestments of the father, and to be at the same time turned into ridicule by the pencil of the son. This led to discredit and loss of practice, until the old tailor, yielding to destiny, and to the entreaties of his son, permitted him to attempt his fortune in a line for which he was better qualified.

There was about this time, in the village of Langdirdum, a peripatetic brother of the brush, who exercised his vocation *sub Jove frigido*, the object of admiration to all the boys of the village, but especially to Dick Tinto. The age had not yet adopted, amongst other unworthy retrenchments, that illiberal measure of economy, which, supplying by written characters the lack of symbolical representation, closes one open and easily accessible avenue of instruction and emolument against the students of the fine arts. It was not yet permitted to write upon the plastered doorway of an alehouse, or the suspended sign of an inn, 'The Old Magpie,' or 'The Saracen's Head,' substituting that cold description for the lively effigies of the plumed chatterer, or the turban'd frown of the terrific soldan. That early and more simple age considered alike the necessities of all ranks, and depicted the symbols of good cheer so as to be obvious to all capacities; well judging, that a man, who could not read a syllable, might nevertheless love a pot of good ale as well as his better educated neighbours, or even as the parson himself. Acting upon this liberal principle, publicans as yet hung forth the painted emblems of their calling, and sign-painters, if they seldom feasted, did not at least absolutely starve.

To a worthy of this decayed profession, as we have already intimated, Dick Tinto became an assistant; and thus, as is not unusual among heaven-born geniuses in this department of the fine arts, began to paint before he had any notion of drawing.

His natural talent for observing nature soon induced him to rectify the errors, and soar above the instructions, of his teacher. He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages; and, in tracing his progress, it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs, of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged, that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs, instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the license allowed to that branch of the profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum, and I am ready to depose upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is, in

fact, the tail of that quadruped; and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is represented, forms a circumstance, introduced and managed with great and successful, though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for, when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency, became dubious of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humour.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to trace the steps by which Dick Tinto improved his touch, and corrected, by the rules of art, the luxuriance of a fervid imagination. The scales fell from his eyes on viewing the sketches of a contemporary, the Scottish Teniers, as Wilkie has been deservedly styled. He threw down the brush, took up the crayons, and, amid hunger and toil, and suspense and uncertainty, pursued the path of his profession under better auspices than those of his original master. Still the first rude emanations of his genius (like the nursery rhymes of Pope, could these be recovered,) will be dear to the companions of Dick Tinto's youth. There is a tankard and gridiron painted over the door of an obscure change-house in the Back-wynd of Ganderscleugh—But I feel I must tear myself from the subject, or dwell on it too long.

Amid his wants and struggles, Dick Tinto had recourse, like his brethren, to levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste and liberality—in a word, he painted portraits. It was in this more advanced stage of proficiency, when Dick had soared above his original line of business, and highly disdained any allusion to it, that, after having been estranged for several years, we again met in the village of Ganderscleugh, I holding my present situation, and Dick painting copies of the human face divine at a guinea per head. This was a small premium, yet, in the first burst of business, it more than sufficed for all Dick's moderate wants; so that he occupied an apartment at the Wallace inn, cracked his jest with impunity even upon mine host himself, and lived in respect and observance with the chambermaid, hostler, and waiter.

Those halcyon days were too serene to last long. When his honour the laird of Ganderscleugh, with his wife and three daughters, the minister, the gauger, mine esteemed patron Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, and some round dozen of the feuars and farmers,

had been consigned to immortality by Tinto's brush, custom began to slacken, and it was impossible to wring more than crowns and half crowns from the hard hands of the peasants, whose ambition led them to Dick's painting-room.

Still, though the horizon was overclouded, no storm for some time ensued. Mine host had christian faith with a lodger, who had been a good paymaster as long as he had the means. And from a portrait of our landlord himself, grouped with his wife and daughters, in the style of Rubens, which suddenly appeared in the best parlour, it was evident that Dick had found some mode of bartering art for the necessaries of life.

Nothing, however, is more precarious than resources of this nature. It was observed, that Dick became, in his turn, the whetstone of mine host's wit, without venturing either at defence or retaliation; that his easel was transferred to a garret-room, in which there was scarce space for it to stand upright; and that he no longer ventured to join the weekly club, of which he had been once the life and soul. In short Dick Tinto's friends feared that he had acted like the animal called the sloth; which, having eaten up the last green leaf upon the tree where it has established itself, ends by tumbling down from the top, and dying of inanition. I ventured to hint this to Dick, recommended his transferring the exercise of his inestimable talent to some other sphere, and forsaking the common which he might be said to have eaten bare.

'There is an obstacle to my change of residence,' said my friend, grasping my hand with a look of solemnity.

'A bill due to my landlord, I am afraid,' replied I, with heartfelt sympathy; 'if any part of my slender means can assist in this emergence'—

'No, by the soul of sir Joshua,' answered the generous youth, 'I will never involve a friend in the consequences of my own misfortune. There is a mode by which I can regain my liberty; and to creep even through a common sewer, is better than to remain in prison.'

I did not perfectly understand what my friend meant. The muse of painting appeared to have failed him, and what other goddess he could invoke in his distress, was a mystery to me. We parted, however, without further explanation, and I did not again see him until three days after, when he summoned me to partake of the *foy* with which his landlord proposed to regale him ere his departure for Edinburgh.

I found Dick in high spirits, whistling while he buckled the small knapsack, which contained his colours, brushes, pallets, and clean shirt. That he parted on the best terms with mine host, was obvious from the cold beef set forth in the low parlour, flanked by two mugs of admirable brown stout, and I own my curiosity was excited concerning the means through which the face of my friend's affairs had been so suddenly improved. I did not suspect Dick of

dealing with the devil, and by what earthly means he had extricated himself thus happily, I was at a total loss to conjecture.

He perceived my curiosity, and took me by the hand. 'My friend,' he said, 'fain would I conceal, even from you, the degradation to which it has been necessary to submit, in order to accomplish an honourable retreat from Ganderscleugh. But what avails attempting to conceal that, which must needs betray itself even by its superior excellence? All the village—all the parish—all the world—will soon discover to what poverty has reduced Richard Tinto.'

A sudden thought here struck me—I had observed that our landlord wore, on that memorable morning, a pair of bran new velveteens, instead of his ancient thicksets.

'What,' said I, drawing my right hand, with the forefinger and thumb pressed together, nimbly from my right haunch to my left shoulder, 'you have condescended to resume the paternal arts to which you were first bred—long stitches, ha, Dick?'

He repelled this unlucky conjecture with a frown and a pshaw, indicative of indignant contempt, and leading me into another room, showed me, resting against the wall, the majestic head of sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the felon Edward.

The painting was executed on boards of a substantial thickness, and the top decorated with irons, for suspending the honoured effigy upon a sign-post.

'There,' he said, 'my friend, stands the honour of Scotland, and my shame—yet not so—rather the shame of those, who, instead of encouraging art in its proper sphere, reduce it to these unbecoming and unworthy extremities.'

I endeavoured to smooth the ruffled feelings of my misused and indignant friend. I reminded him, that he ought not, like the stag in the fable, to despise the quality which had extricated him from difficulties, in which his talents, as a portrait or landscape painter, had been found unavailing. Above all, I praised the execution, as well as conception, of his painting, and reminded him, that far from feeling dishonoured by so superb a specimen of his talents being exposed to the general view of the public, he ought rather to congratulate himself upon the augmentation of his celebrity, to which its public exhibition must necessarily give rise.

'You are right, my friend—you are right,' replied poor Dick, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; 'why should I shun the name of an—an—(he hesitated for a phrase)—an out-of-doors artist? Hogarth has introduced himself in that character in one of his best engravings—Domenichino, or some body else, in ancient times—Moreland in our own, have exercised their talents in this manner. And wherefore limit to the rich and higher classes alone the delight which the exhibition of works of art is calculated to inspire into all classes? Statues are placed in the open air; why should Painting be more niggardly in displaying her master-pieces than

her sister Sculpture? And yet, my friend, we must part suddenly; the men are coming in an hour to put up the—the emblem; and truly, with all my philosophy, and your consolatory encouragement to boot, I would rather wish to leave Ganderscleugh before that operation commences.'

We partook of our genial host's parting banquet, and I escorted Dick on his walk to Edinburgh. We parted about a mile from the village, just as we heard the distant cheer of the boys which accompanied the mounting of the new symbol of the Wallace-Head. Dick Tinto mended his pace to get out of hearing,—so little had either early practice or recent philosophy reconciled him to the character of a sign-painter.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticisms more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent, and where, as is usual in general marts of most descriptions, much more of the commodity is exposed to sale than can ever find purchasers.

Dick, who, in serious earnest, was supposed to have considerable natural talents for his profession, and whose vain and sanguine disposition never permitted him to doubt for a moment of ultimate success, threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed others, and was elbowed himself; and finally, by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset-house, and damned the hanging committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. In the fine arts, there is scarce an alternative betwixt distinguished success and absolute failure; and as Dick's zeal and industry were unable to ensure the first, he fell into the distresses which, in his condition, were the natural consequences of the latter alternative. He was for a time patronized by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the principle on which a spoilt child throws away its plaything. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow-street, where he had been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the *Morning Post* noticed his death, generously adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement, which announced that Mr. Varnish, the well-known printseller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry, who might wish to complete their collections of

modern art, were invited to visit without delay. So ended Dick Tinto, a lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the fine arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder will do well not to put his foot upon it at all.

The memory of Tinto is dear to me, from the recollection of the many conversations which we have had together, most of them turning upon my present task. He was delighted with my progress, and talked of an ornamented and illustrated edition, with heads, vignettes, and *culs de lampe*, all to be designed by his own patriotic and friendly pencil. He prevailed upon an old serjeant of invalids to sit to him in the character of Bothwell, the life-guard's-man of Charles the second, and the bellman of Ganderscleugh in that of David Deans. But while he thus proposed to unite his own powers with mine for the illustration of these narratives, he mixed many a dose of salutary criticism with the panegyrics which my composition was at times so fortunate as to call forth. 'Your characters,' he said, 'my dear Pattieson, make too much use of the *gob box*; they *patter* too much—(an elegant phraseology, which Dick had learned while painting the scenes of an itinerant company of players)—there is nothing in whole pages but mere chat and dialogue.'

'The ancient philosopher,' said I in reply, 'was wont to say, "Speak, that I may know thee;" and how is it possible for an author to introduce his *personæ dramatis* to his readers in a more interesting and effectual manner, than by the dialogue in which each is represented as supporting his own appropriate character?'

'It is a false conclusion,' said Tinto; 'I hate it Peter, as I hate an unfilled can. I will grant you, indeed, that speech is a faculty of some value in the intercourse of human affairs, and I will not even insist on the doctrine of that Pythagorean toper, who was of opinion, that over a bottle speaking spoiled conversation. But I will not allow that a professor of the fine arts has occasion to embody the idea of his scene in language, in order to impress upon the reader its reality and its effect. On the contrary, I will be judged by most of your readers, Peter, should these tales ever become public, whether you have not given us a page of talk for every single idea which two words might have communicated, while the posture, and manner, and incident, accurately drawn, and brought out by appropriate colouring, would have preserved all that was worthy of preservation, and saved these everlasting said he's and said she's, with which it has been your pleasure to encumber your pages.'

I replied, 'that he confounded the operations of the pencil and the pen; that the serene and silent art, as painting has been called by one of our first living poets, necessarily appealed to the eye, because it had not the organs for addressing the ear; whereas poetry, or that species of composition which approached to it, lay under the necessity of doing absolutely the reverse, and addressed

itself to the ear, for the purpose of exciting that interest which it could not attain through the medium of the eye.'

Dick was not a whit staggered by my argument, which he contended was founded on misrepresentation. 'Description,' he said, 'was to the author of a romance exactly what drawing and tinting were to a painter; words were his colours, and, if properly employed, they could not fail to place the scene, which he wished to conjure up, as effectually before the mind's eye, as the tablet or canvass presents it to the bodily organ. The same rules,' he contended, 'applied to both, and an exuberance of dialogue, in the former case was a verbose and laborious mode of composition, which went to confound the proper art of fictitious narrative with that of the drama, a widely different species of composition, of which dialogue was the very essence; because all, excepting the language to be made use of, was presented to the eye by the dresses, and persons, and actions of the performers upon the stage. But as nothing,' said Dick, 'can be more dull than a long narrative written upon the plan of a drama, so where you have approached most near to that species of composition, by indulging in prolonged scenes of mere conversation, the course of your story has become chill and constrained, and you have lost the power of arresting the attention and exciting the imagination, in which, upon other occasions you may be considered as having succeeded tolerably well.'

I made my bow in requital of the compliment, which was probably thrown in by way of *placebo*, and expressed myself willing at least to make one trial of a more straight forward style of composition, in which my actors should do more, and say less, than in my former attempts of this kind. Dick gave me a patronizing and approving nod, and observed, that, finding me so docile, he would communicate, for the benefit of my muse, a subject which he had studied with a view to his own art.

'The story,' he said, 'was by tradition, affirmed to be truth, although, as upwards of a hundred years had passed away since the events took place, some doubts upon the accuracy of all the particulars might be reasonably entertained.'

When Dick Tinto had thus spoken, he rummaged his portfolio for the sketch from which he proposed one day to execute a picture of fourteen feet by eight. The sketch, which was cleverly executed, to use the appropriate phrase, presented an ancient hall, fitted up and furnished in what we now call the taste of queen Elizabeth's age. The light, admitted from the upper part of a high casement, fell upon a female figure of exquisite beauty, who, in an attitude of speechless terror, appeared to watch the issue of a debate betwixt two other persons. The one was a young man, in the Vandyke dress common to the time of Charles I., who with an air of indignant pride, testified by the manner in which he raised his head and extended his arm, seemed to be urging a claim of right, rather than a favour, to a lady, whose age, and some resem-

blance in their features, pointed her out as the mother of the younger female, and who appeared to listen with a mixture of displeasure and impatience.

Tinto produced his sketch with an air of mysterious triumph; and gazed on it as a fond parent looks upon a hopeful child, while he anticipates the future figure he is to make in the world, and the height to which he will raise the honour of his family. He held it at arms' length from me,—he held it closer,—he placed it upon the top of a chest of drawers, closed the lower shutter of the casement, to adjust a downward and favourable light,—fell back to the due distance, dragging me after him,—shaded his face with his hand, as if to exclude all but the favourite object,—and ended by spoiling a child's copy-book, which he rolled up so as to serve for the darkened tube of an amateur. I fancy my expressions of enthusiasm had not been in proportion to his own, for he presently exclaimed with vehemence, 'Mr. Pattieson, I used to think you had an eye in your head.'

I vindicated my claim to the usual allowance of visual organs.

'Yet, on my honour,' said Dick, 'I would swear you had been born blind, since you have failed at the first glance to discover the subject and meaning of that sketch. I do not mean to praise my own performance; I leave these arts to others; I am sensible of my deficiencies, conscious that my drawing and colouring may be improved by the time I intend to dedicate to the art. But the conception—the expression—the positions—these tell the story to every one who looks at the sketch; and if I can finish the picture without diminution of the original conception, the name of Tinto shall no more be smothered by the mists of envy and intrigue.'

I replied, 'that I admired the sketch exceedingly; but that to understand its full merit, I felt it absolutely necessary to be informed of the subject.'

'That is the very thing I complain of,' answered Tinto; 'you have accustomed yourself so much to these creeping twilight details of yours, that you are become incapable of receiving that instant and vivid flash of conviction, which darts on the mind from seeing the happy and expressive combinations of a single scene, and which gathers from the position, attitude, and countenance of the moment, not only the history of the past lives of the personages represented, and the nature of the business on which they are immediately engaged, but lifts even the veil of futurity, and affords a shrewd guess at their future fortunes.'

'In that case,' replied I, 'Painting excels the ape of the renowned Gines de Passamont, which only meddled with the past and the present; nay, she excels that very Nature who affords her subjects; for I protest to you, Dick, that were I permitted to peep into that Elizabeth-chamber, and see the persons you have sketched, conversing in flesh and blood, I should not be a jot nearer guessing the nature of their business, than I am at this moment while looking at your sketch. Only generally, from the languish-

ing look of the young lady, and the care you have taken to present a very handsome leg on the part of the gentleman, I presume there is some reference to a love affair between them.'

'Do you really presume to form such a bold conjecture?' said Tinto. 'And the indignant earnestness with which you see the man urge his suit—the unresisting and passive despair of the younger female—the stern air of inflexible determination in the elder woman, whose looks express at once consciousness that she is acting wrong, and a firm determination to persist in the course she has adopted'——

'If her looks express all this, my dear Tinto,' replied I, interrupting him, 'your pencil rivals the dramatic art of Mr. Puff in the Critic, who crammed a whole complicated sentence into the expressive shake of lord Burleigh's head.'

'My good friend Peter,' replied Tinto, 'I observe you are perfectly incorrigible; however, I have compassion on your dulness, and am unwilling you should be deprived of the pleasure of understanding my picture, and of gaining, at the same time, a subject for your own pen. You must know then, last summer, while I was taking sketches on the coast of East Lothian and Berwickshire, I was seduced into the mountains of Lammermoor by the account I received of some remains of antiquity in that district. Those with which I was most struck, were the ruins of an ancient castle in which that Elizabeth-chamber, as you call it, once existed. I resided for two or three days at a farm-house in the neighbourhood, where the aged goodwife was well acquainted with the history of the castle, and the events which had taken place in it. One of these was of a nature so interesting and singular, that my attention was divided between my wish to draw the old ruins in landscape, and to represent in a history-piece the singular events which have taken place in it. Here are my notes of the tale,' said poor Dick, handing a parcel of loose scraps, partly scratched over with his pencil, partly with his pen, where outlines of caricatures, sketches of turrets, mills, old gables, and dove-cotes, disputed the ground with his written memoranda.

I proceeded, however, to decypher the substance of the manuscript, as well as I could, and wove it into the following Tale, in which, following in part, though not entirely, my friend Tinto's advice, I endeavoured to render my narrative rather descriptive than dramatic. My favourite propensity, however, has at times overcome me, and my persons, like many others in this talking world, speak now and then a great deal more than they act.

CHAPTER VI.

THE roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German ocean. On three

sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that toward the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and draw-bridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow court-yard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a grayish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder, or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror.

Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of living inhabitant about this forlorn abode, excepting that one, and only one, of the narrow and staunchelled windows which appeared at irregular heights and distances in the walls of the building, showed a small glimmer of light.

‘There,’ said Ravenswood, ‘sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood; and it is well that he does remain there, since otherwise, we had little hope to find either light or fire. But follow me cautiously; the road is narrow, and admits only one horse in front.’

In effect, the path led along a kind of isthmus, at the peninsular extremity of which the tower was situated, with that exclusive attention to strength and security, in preference to every circumstance of convenience, which dictated to the Scottish barons the choice of their situations, as well as their style of building.

By adopting the cautious mode of approach recommended by the proprietor of this wild hold, they entered the court-yard in safety. But it was long ere the efforts of Ravenswood, though loudly exerted by knocking at the low-browed entrance, and repeated shouts to Caleb to open the gate and admit them, received any answer. ‘The old man must be departed,’ he began to say, ‘or fallen into some fit; for the noise I have made would have waked the seven sleepers.’

At length a timid and hesitating voice replied,—‘master—master of Ravenswood, is it you?’

‘Yes, it is I, Caleb; open the door quickly.’

‘But is it you in very blood and body? For I would sooner face fifty devils as my master’s ghaist, or even his wraith,—wherefore aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith and limb.’

‘It is I, you old fool,’ answered Ravenswood, ‘in bodily shape, and alive, save that I am half dead with cold.’

The light at the upper window disappeared, and glancing from loop-hole to loop-hole in slow succession, gave intimation that the

bearer was in the act of descending, with great deliberation, a winding stair-case occupying one of the turrets which graced the angles of the old tower. The tardiness of his descent extracted some exclamations of impatience from Ravenswood, and several oaths from his less patient and more mercurial companion. Caleb again paused ere he unbolted the door, and once more asked, if they were men of mould that demanded entrance at this time of night?

'Were I near you, you old fool,' said Bucklaw, 'I would give you sufficient proofs of my bodily condition.'

'Open the gate, Caleb,' said his master, in a more soothing tone, partly from his regard to the ancient and faithful seneschal, partly perhaps because he thought that angry words would be thrown away, so long as Caleb had a stout iron-clenched oaken door betwixt his person and the speakers.

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin gray hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous courteous glance which he threw around him—the effect of the partial light upon his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travellers were too impatient for security against the rising storm, to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. 'Is it you, my dear master? is it yourself indeed?' exclaimed the old domestic. 'I am wae ye suld hae stude waiting at your ain gate, but wha wad hae thought o' seeing ye sae sune, and a strange gentleman with a—(here he exclaimed apart as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court)—Mysie—Mysie, woman, stir for dear life and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that's readiest that will make a lowe.—I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hac been received conform till your rank, as guide right is; but natheless'——

'Natheless, Caleb,' said the master, 'we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?'

'Sorry, my lord!—I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a whig's leave.—Sorry to see the lord of Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles!—(Then again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen)—Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come ahint.—No to say its our best dwelling,' he added, turning to Bucklaw, 'but just a strength for the lord of Ravenswood to flee until,—that is, no to flee, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present, when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in ony of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist

folks think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal.'

'And you are determined we shall have time to make it,' said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors, until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

'O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend,' said Bucklaw; 'let's see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that's all.'

'O yes, sir—ay, sir—unquestionably, sir,—my lord and ony of his honourable companions'——

'But our horses, my old friend—our horses; they will be dead-fundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses,' exclaimed Bucklaw.

'True—ay—your horses—yes—I will call the grooms;' and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rung again,—'John—William—Saunders!—The lads are gane out, or sleeping,' he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. 'A' gaes wrang when the master's out bye; but I'll take care o' your cattle mysell.'

'I think you had better,' said Ravenswood, 'otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all.'

'Whisht, my lord,—whisht, for God's sake,' said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; 'if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we'll hae hard eneugh wark to make a decent night o't, wi' a' the lies I can tell.'

'Well, well, never mind,' said his master; 'go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?'

'Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn;' this was uttered boldly and aloud, and, in a lower tone, 'there was some half fous o' aits, and some taitis o' meadow-hay, left after the burial.'

'Very well,' said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic's unwilling hand, 'I will show the stranger up stairs myself.'

'I canna think o' that my lord;—if ye wad but hae five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North-Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your lordship and your honourable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit'——

'It will do very well in the mean time,' said Ravenswood, 'and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable; for, if I recollect, half the roof is off.'

'Very true, my lord,' replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, 'and the lazy sclater loons have never come to put it on a' this while, your lordship.'

'If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house,' said Ravenswood, as he led the way up stairs, 'poor old Caleb would furnish me with ample means. His passion consists in representing things about our miserable *menage*, not as they are, but as, in his opinion, they ought to be; and, to say the truth, I have been often diverted by the poor wretch's expedients to supply what he thought was essential for the credit of the family, and his still more generous apologies for the want of those articles for which his ingenuity could discover no substitute. But though the tower is none of the largest, I shall have some trouble without him to find the apartment in which there is a fire.'

As he spoke thus, he opened the door of the hall. 'Here, at least,' he said, 'there is neither hearth nor harbour.'

It was indeed a scene of desolation. A large vaulted room, the beams of which, combined like those of Westminster-Hall, were rudely carved at the extremities, remaining nearly in the situation in which it had been left after the entertainment at Allan lord Ravenswood's funeral. Overturned pitchers, and black jacks, and pewter stoups, and flagons, still cumbered the large oaken table; glasses, those more perishable implements of conviviality, many of which had been voluntarily sacrificed by the guests in their enthusiastic pledges to favourite toasts, strewed the stone floor with their fragments. As for the articles of plate, lent for the purpose by friends and kinsfolks, those had been carefully withdrawn so soon as the ostentatious display of festivity, equally unnecessary and strangely timed, had been made and ended. Nothing, in short, remained that indicated wealth; all the signs were those of recent wastefulness, and present desolation. The black cloth hangings, which, on the late mournful occasion, replaced the tattered moth-eaten tapestries, had been partly pulled down, and, dangling from the wall in irregular festoons, disclosed the rough stone-work of the building, unsmoothed either by plaster or hewn stone. The seats thrown down, or left in disorder, intimated the careless confusion which had concluded the mournful revel. 'This room,' said Ravenswood, holding up the lamp—'this room, Mr. Hayston, was riotous when it should have been sad; it is a just retribution that it should now be sad when it ought to be cheerful.'

They left this disconsolate apartment, and went up stairs, where, after opening one or two doors in vain, Ravenswood led the way into a little matted anti-room, in which, to their great joy, they found a tolerably good fire, which Mysie, by some such expedient as Caleb had suggested, had supplied with a reasonable quantity of fuel. Glad at the heart to see more of comfort than the castle had yet seemed to offer, Bucklaw rubbed his hands heartily over the fire, and now listened with more complacence to the apologies which the master of Ravenswood offered. 'Comfort,' he says, 'I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself; it is long since these walls have known it. Shelter and safety, I think, I can promise you.'

'Excellent matters, master,' replied Bucklaw, 'and, with a mouthful of food and wine, positively all I can require to-night.'

'I fear,' said the master, 'your supper will be a poor one; I hear the matter in discussion betwixt Caleb and Mysie. Poor Balderston is something deaf, amongst his other accomplishments, so that much of what he means should be spoken aside, is overheard by the whole audience, and especially by those from whom he is most anxious to conceal his private manœuvres—Hark!'

They listened and heard the old domestic's voice in conversation with Mysie to the following effect. 'Just mak the best o't, mak the best o't, woman; it's easy to put a fair face on ony thing.'

'But the auld brood-hen?—she'll be as teugh as bow-strings and bend-leather.'

'Say ye made a mistake—say ye made a mistake, Mysie,' replied the faithful seneschal, in a soothing and undertoned voice; 'tak it a' on yoursel; never let the credit o' the house suffer.'

'But the brood-hen,' remonstrated Mysie,—'ou, she's sitting some gate aneath the dais in the hall, and I am feared to gae in in the dark for the bogle; and if I didna see the bogle, I could as ill see the hen, for it's pit mirk, and there's no another light in the house, save that blessed lamp whilk the master has in his ain hand. And if I had the hen, she's to pu', and to draw, and to dress; how can I do that, and them sitting by the only fire we have?'

'Weel, weel, Mysie,' said the butler, 'bide ye there a wee, and I'll try to get the lamp wiled away frae them.'

Accordingly, Caleb Balderston entered the apartment, little aware that so much of his bye-play had been audible there. 'Well, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?' said the master of Ravenswood.

'Chance of supper, your lordship?' said Caleb with an emphasis of strong scorn at the implied doubt,—'How should there be ony question of that, and we in your lordship's house?—Chance of supper, indeed!—But ye'll no be for butcher-meat? There's walth o' fat poultry, ready either for spit or brander—The fat capon, Mysie,' he added, calling out as boldly as if such a thing had been in existence.

'Quite unnecessary,' said Bucklaw, who deemed himself bound in courtesy to relieve some part of the anxious butler's perplexity, 'if you have any thing cold, or a morsel of bread.'

'The best of bannocks!' exclaimed Caleb, much relieved; 'and, for cauld meat, a' that we hae is cauld aneugh,—howbeit maist of the cauld meat and pastry was gi'en to the poor folk after the ceremony of interment, as gude reason was; nevertheless'—

'Come, Caleb,' said the master of Ravenswood, 'I must cut this matter short. This is the young laird of Bucklaw; he is under hiding, and therefore you know'—

'He'll be nae nicer than your lordship's honour, I'se warrant,' answered Caleb, cheerfully, with a nod of intelligence; 'I am sorry that the gentleman is under distress, but I am blyth that he

canna say muckle again our house-keeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours;—no that we are pinched, thank God,' he added, retracting the admission which he had made in his first burst of joy, 'but nae doubt we are waur aff than we hae been, or suld be. And for eating,—what signifies telling a lie? there's just the hinder end of the mutton ham that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the sweeter, as your honours weel ken; and—there's the heel of the ewe milk kebbuck, wi' a bit of nice butter, and—and—and that's a' that's to trust to.' And with great alacrity he produced his slender stock of provisions, and placed them with much formality upon a small round table betwixt the two gentlemen, who were not deterred either by the homely quality or limited quantity of the repast from doing it full justice. Caleb in the mean while waited on them with grave officiousness, as if anxious to make up, by his own respectful assiduity, for the want of all other attendance.

But alas! how little on such occasions can form, however anxiously and scrupulously observed, supply the lack of substantial fare! Bucklaw, who had eagerly eat a considerable portion of the thrice sacked mutton ham, now began to demand ale.

'I wadna just presume to recommend our ale,' said Caleb; 'the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thunner last week; but siccan water as the tower well has, ye'll seldom see, Bucklaw, and that I'se engage for.'

'But if your ale is bad you can let us have some wine,' said Bucklaw, making a grimace at the mention of the pure element which Caleb so earnestly recommended.

'Wine!' answered Caleb undauntedly, 'eneugh of wine; it was but twa days syne—waes me for the cause—there was as much drunk in this house as would have floated a pinnacle. There never was lack of wine at Wolf's Crag.'

'Do fetch us some then,' said his master, 'instead of talking about it.' And Caleb boldly departed.

Every expended butt in the old cellar did he set atilt and shake with the desperate expectation of collecting enough of the grounds of claret to fill the large pewter measure which he carried in his hand. Alas! each had been too devoutly drained; and, with all the squeezing and manœuvring which his craft as a butler suggested, he could only collect about half a quart that seemed presentable. Still, however, Caleb was too good a general to renounce the field without a stratagem to cover his retreat. He undauntedly threw down an empty flagon, as if he had stumbled at the entrance of the apartment; called upon Mysie to wipe up the wine that had never been spilt, and placing the other vessel on the table, hoped there was still enough left for their honours. There was indeed; for even Bucklaw, a sworn friend to the grape, found no encouragement to renew his first attack upon the vintage of Wolf's Crag, but contented himself, however reluctantly, with a draught of fair water. Arrangements were now made for his repose; and as the

secret chamber was assigned for this purpose, it furnished Caleb with a first-rate and most plausible apology for all deficiencies of furniture, bedding, &c.

‘For wha,’ said he, ‘would have thought of the secret chaumer being needed? it has not been used since the time of the Gowrie conspiracy, and I durst never let a woman ken of the entrance to it, or your honour will allow that it wad not hae been a secret chaumer lang.’

ART. XIII.—*Notoria.*

Libraries in Gemany.—Germany possesses, in about 150 of her cities, libraries open to the public. We believe it will be gratifying to our readers to present them, from the *Ephemerides* of Weimar, with an estimate of the number of works contained in some of the principal of these.

Vienna has eight public libraries, of which three only contain 438,000 volumes; viz. the imperial library, 300,000 printed books, exclusive of 70,000 tracts and dissertations, and 15,000 manuscripts:—The university library, 108,000 volumes; and the Theresianum, 30,000. The number contained in the other five are not exactly known.

The royal library at Munich possesses 400,000 volumes; the library at Gottingen, (one of the most select), presents 280,000 works or numbers, 110,000 academical dissertations, and 5,000 manuscripts; Dresden, 250,000 printed books, 100,000 dissertations, and 4,000 MSS.; Wolfenbuttel, 190,000 printed books, (chiefly ancient) 40,000 dissertations, and 4,000 MSS.; Stuttgart, 170,000 volumes, and 12,000 bibles. Berlin has seven public libraries, of which the royal library contains 160,000 volumes, and that of the academy, 30,000; Prague, 110,000 volumes; Gratz, 105,000 vols.; Frankfort on the Maine, 100,000; Hamburgh, 100,000; Breslau, 100,000; Weimar, 95,000; Mentz, 90,000; Darmstadt, 85,000; Cassel, 60,000; Gotha, 60,000; Marbourg, 55,000; Mell, in Austria, 35,000; Heidelberg, 30,000; Werningerode, 30,000; Newburg, in Austria, 25,000; Kremsmunster, 25,000; Augsburg, 24,000; Meiningen, 24,000; New Strelitz, 22,000; Saltzburg, 20,000; Magdeburgh, 20,000; Halle, 20,000; Landshut, 20,000.

Thus it appears that thirty cities of Germany possess in their principal libraries, greatly beyond three millions,

either of works or printed volumes, without taking into account the academical dissertations, detached memoirs, pamphlets, or the manuscripts. It is to be observed, likewise, that these numbers are taken at the very lowest estimate.

Libraries in France.—A similar *aperçu* of the state of the public libraries in France, is given at the end of a curious volume, lately published by M. Petit Radel, entitled, ‘*Recherches sur les Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes*,’ &c. In Paris there are five public libraries, besides about forty special ones. The royal library contains about 350,000 volumes of printed books, besides the same number of tracts, collected into volumes, and about 50,000 MSS.; the library of the arsenal, about 150,000 volumes, and 5,000 MSS.; the library of St. Genevieve, about 110,000 volumes, and 2,000 MSS.; the magazine library, about 90,000 volumes, and 3437 MSS.; and the city library, about 15,000 volumes. In the provinces, the most considerable are those of Lyons, 106,000; Bourdeaux, 105,000; Aix, 72,670; Besançon, 53,000; Toulouse, (2) 50,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Tours, 30,000; Metz, 31,000; Arras, 34,000; Le Mans, 41,000; Colmar, 30,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 40,000. The total number of these libraries in France amounts to 273; of above 80, the quantity of volumes they contain is not known. From the data given in this work, it appears, that the general total of those which are known, amounts to 3,345,287, of which there are 1,125,347 in Paris alone.

Several of the libraries in the departments are useless, from not being open to the public, and some others nearly so, from a sufficient time each day not being allowed for their admission. But the time is arrived (says the

editor), when all these establishments must cease to be useless; and probably the time is not far distant, when every chief town of a *sous-prefecture* will have a library really public.

Blackwood's Ed. Mag.

Criticism on Mr. Leslie's Painting.

Sir Roger de Coverly going to Church, accompanied by 'The Spectator,' and surrounded by his Tenants. *C. R. Leslie.*—We have already said that this is a clever picture; our second sight gives it a higher title—it is an admirable performance; and we congratulate Mr. Leslie upon having so early and so justly obtained the attention of the public, and the admiration of contemporary artists. But we must pause upon a work which has excited most interest, and offer, what we think our duty bids, some remarks on its execution, and principally on that which concerns the colouring. This we do, not only with a view to Mr. Leslie's future works, but also as attaching to many eminent artists of the present day, whose works are continually before the public. What we mean is, that the colouring, or rather the colours, supersede the *effect* of the picture, which ought to be produced, not by one medium, but by the various qualities of composition, light and shade, and colour. It is not the only instance in which the *chiaro scuro* has been sacrificed to the experiments on improved, or, we should say, exaggerated colours. Had the artist painted his yew-tree in its natural tint, he must have toned his back-ground figures and distance to a shade more conformable to the best rules of art. Having stated this, we proceed to the grateful task of pointing out the exquisite skill with which the story is told, the truth of character, and interesting variety of incident, as well as of human nature, which are introduced. The costume reminds us somewhat of Watteau, and is sufficiently removed from our era to throw a charm over the canvass. The old man, the young widow, the children nearest the worthy baronet, and the rustic coquette, are delightful, and excite the highest hopes of the young painter who conceived and executed them.

Literary Gazette.

PALINDROME.

From *παλιν* and *δρομικω*, a word, line, or sentence, which is the same, read backward or forward. Thus constructed is an inscription round the front of the church of Sandbach, in Cheshire, and in some other places.

NIYON ANOMHMA MH MONAN
OYIN.

Similarly constructed is the Latin verse:
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

And the English line:

Lewd I did live, evil did I dwell.

The word *Madam* is a palindrome.

It is related, that a noble lady, who had been forbidden to appear at the court of queen Elizabeth, on account of a suspicion of too great familiarity with a certain lord high in her majesty's favour, chose for a device upon her seal, the moon partly obscured by a cloud, with this palindrome for a motto:

Ablata, at alba.

A lawyer is said to have taken for his motto:

Si nummi, immunis.

The following line is a refinement upon the palindrome, for each *word* is the same, whether read from the first letter, or the last:

*Odo tenet mulum, mappam madidam
tenet Anna.* *Europ. Mag.*

To * * * * *

Air—Shannon Side.

THE world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom, Pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To Nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.
There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.
Believe it not—though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea,
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art,
The wild flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart!

Croaker & Co.

THE WINDMILL IN THE DISTANCE
FROM THE CHURCH



THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

ART. I.—*A Voyage of Discovery made under the Orders of the Admiralty, in His Majesty's Ships Isabella and Alexander, for the Purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the Probability of a North-West Passage.* By John Ross, K.S. Captain R.N. London, 1819. 4to. pp. 396.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

WE are but barely doing justice to this publication when we say, that it is one of the most beautifully executed volumes which, since we took up the critical pen, has issued from the press. The curiosity excited by the Arctic or Polar expeditions claimed some distinction for the first narrative of these proceedings; but, in the present instance, the thing is really so handsomely done as to demand the highest approbation. Not only is the printing clear and elegant, thus coinciding with a text perspicuous and interesting, but the scientific tables and maps are finished with infinite accuracy and intelligence, and the plates of icebergs, natives, animals, landscapes, &c. &c. are got up in a style of excellence which is truly admirable. No expense has been spared to render the work worthy of the public, and our encomium is but a faint tribute to those merits which we cannot, by copying or even description, make known to our readers.

To seamen and geographers, the information it contains must be invaluable; nor will the lovers of science, we think, rise from its pages disappointed, however much they may expect from them; nor will those who peruse books of voyages and travels merely for amusement, have cause to complain of lenten entertainment from the more generally attractive parts of captain Ross's narrative. A new people, and almost a new world is figured before them, and we trust it will be found curious in our few succeeding numbers to compare and contrast the manners of these ice-born beings with the habits of the children of the sun, with whom Bowdich, in his African mission, brings us acquainted. The cold and the hot; the peaceful and the sanguinary; the barbarian in nature's

desolation and in poverty, and the barbarian in nature's garden and in pomp; the savage of the pole and of the equator, may, we trust, be contemplated together with an increase of interest, and it shall be our pleasing task to develop them as fully as we are enabled by these extraordinary productions.

Captain Ross sets out by stating his conviction that he has proved the existence of a bay from Disco island to Cumberland straits, and set at rest for ever the question of a north-west passage in that direction. Upon this point we shall have some observations to offer in conclusion; but in the mean time think it right to record it as the main gist of this able navigator's argument, before we accompany him to latitudes still further north, which we shall do without adverting to the equipments of the vessels, the instruments for scientific purposes, &c. believing that these are sufficiently known to the public through preceding descriptions, in promulgating which the Literary Gazette has not been wanting. The instructions were, in effect, that if the *Isabella* and *Alexander* succeeded in doubling the north-east cape of America, and getting into the Pacific ocean by Behring's straits, they should, after wintering there, return, if it could prudently be attempted, by the same route: if they failed in finding the north-west passage, they were to examine the west coast of old Greenland, throw a *bottle-full of information* overboard every day after they passed latitude 65° , draw the coasts, and bring home specimens of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms, and make accurate remarks on the variations of the needle, the meteorology of these regions, and, in fine, on every thing which could add to our stock of knowledge respecting seas and lands, so little and so doubtfully understood.

On the 3d of May, after experiencing the kindest hospitality from Mr. Mouat of Gardie, the expedition sailed from Brassa, one of the Shetland isles. On the 30th, they saw the first iceberg, and on the 23d of July reached $75^{\circ} 12'$ of N. Lat. 'the highest to which ships employed in the whale trade were known positively to have penetrated.' Previous to this date, and even subsequent to it, they were exposed to the severest labours and perils in getting through the ice, and made but small progress till the 9th of August, when, in latitude $75^{\circ} 55'$ N. longitude $65^{\circ} 32'$ W. they were surprised by the appearance of several men on the ice, hallooing to the ships to fly to the sun or moon, whence they supposed these mighty monsters to have alighted. These belonged to the previously unknown tribe of Esquimaux or Arctic Highlanders, of whom all the periodical prints have since been so full. Presuming that what has been thus stated is perfectly familiar to all our readers, we shall not repeat these facts, which agree with captain Ross's accounts, but pass on to such as are new and memorable in the intercourse with this singular people.

The country to which captain R. has given the name of *Arctic Highlands*, is situated in the north-east corner of Baffin's bay, between the latitudes of 76° and $77^{\circ} 40'$ N. and the longitudes of 60°

and 72° W., thus extending on the sea-shore for 120 miles in a north-west direction; the breadth, where widest, does not exceed 20 miles, and towards the extremities is reduced to nothing. It is bounded on the south by an immense barrier of mountains, covered with ice, which takes its rise in lat. $74^{\circ} 30'$, and extends to 76° north. This barrier seems impassable. It is wild and irregular towards the shore, with cliffs 1000 feet in height, and solid ice extending for miles into the sea.

The vegetable productions of this country may be said to consist of heath, moss, and coarse grass. There is nothing like cultivation, nor does it appear that the natives make use of vegetable food. The moss, which is six or eight inches long, when dried and immersed in the oil or blubber of the seal or sea-unicorn, serves for a wick, and produces a comfortable fire for cooking and warmth, as well as for light. The heath and grass serve for food and shelter for the hares and game, which are in abundance; and the stems of heath tied together make a good handle for the whip with which they chiefly manage their dogs. These dogs, generally six a-breast, each having a collar of seal skin, two inches wide, to which one end of a thong, made of strong hide, about three yards long, is tied, the other end being fastened to the forepart of the sledge, draw the natives along with great velocity. They are managed by the whip and voice, are the only animals domesticated, are of various colours, of the size of a shepherd's dog, with a head like a wolf, and a tail like a fox, which their barking resembles, though they have also the howl of the wolf. The sledge is made chiefly of the bones of the seal, tied together with thongs of seal skin; the runners, or lower pieces, being formed of sea-unicorns' horn. They are about four feet ten inches in length, and one foot ten inches wide, with a sort of rude back, like a rustic garden chair. The whip thong is of prodigious length, being nearly twenty feet, attached to a handle of about two feet and a half.

The language is a dialect of the south Esquimaux, called Humooke. Their dress consists of three pieces, which are all comprised in the name of '*tunick*.' The upper one is made of seal skin, with the hair outside, and is similar to the woman's jacket of the South-Greenlanders, being open only near the top so as to equal the size of the wearer's face. At the bottom it is formed like a shirt, but terminating in a tongue before and behind, the hood part being neatly trimmed with fox's skin, and made to fall back on the shoulders, or cover the head, as required. This is lined in general with eider-duck, or awk skins; and this lining being close at the bottom, and open near the breast, serves as a pocket. The next piece of dress, which scarcely reaches the knee, is also uncomfortably small in the upper part, so that in stooping the skin is exposed. This is made of bear or dog's skin, and fastened up with a string. The boots are made of seal skin, with the hair inwards, the soles being covered with sea-horse hide; they reach over the

knees, and meet the middle part of the dress. The whole of these are made by the women; the needles used being of ivory, and the thread the sinews of the seal, split: the seams are so neat that they can scarcely be distinguished. In winter they wear over the whole a bear-skin cloak.

The Arctic highlanders are of a dirty copper colour, their stature is about five feet, their bodies corpulent, and their features much resembling the Esquimaux of South Greenland. They are abominably filthy, smeared and covered with rancid oil and dirt, as if unwashed from the cradle; and with matted hair which seems never to have been touched from the hour of their birth. They eat raw flesh when destitute of conveniency for cooking; and one of those who visited the ships was seen to devour the whole of a little auk in this state. The voyagers saw about eighteen of them in all, but no women, old men, or children, these being all sent up for safety to the mountains. The natives declared unanimously that there were plenty of their people towards the north, where their king, named Tulloowah, lived. Tulloowah, they said, was a strong man, very good, and much beloved. His residence was Petowack, near a large island, which can be no other than Wolstenholme island. He had a large house built of stone, nearly as large as the ship; and there were many houses near it, in which the mass of the natives lived, and paid him a portion of all they caught or found.

As far as captain R. could ascertain through the interpretations of Saccheuse, they had no idea of a Supreme Being, or of a future state, but they believed in Angekoks or conjurers, who could raise the wind and allay tempests, &c. This *Angekokship* was, however, to be acquired, and almost every family had a son initiated. From the imperfect manner in which the inquiry was carried on, and the ignorance of the language, we think it most probable that the opinions of the natives on points not easily to be explained were misunderstood, and accordingly attach little credit to the suppositions respecting their religious, or rather non-religious persuasions.

One wife is the legal allowance; but if she has no children, the man may take another, and so on a third, until they have children, and the women have the same privilege. Women are esteemed if they have a large family, and mothers are much respected by their children. Football and dancing were the only recreations witnessed. In the former our tars joined heartily in kicking about a seal skin made into a bag and filled with air, to the great amusement of both parties. Of their dancing, which two young men were induced to exhibit, the following is the description. One of them began immediately to distort his face, and turn up his eyes in a manner so exactly resembling the appearance of a person in a fit of epilepsy, that our countrymen were all convinced this accident had actually happened, and captain R. was about to call for assistance from the surgeon. They were however soon undeceived,

as he immediately proceeded to execute, in succession, a variety of extraordinary gestures and attitudes, accompanied by the most hideous distortions of countenance. Like the similar amusements of very different climates, these contained the indecent allusions which are well known to form an essential feature in the dances of many nations, in other respects far advanced in civilization. The body was generally in a stooping posture, and the hands resting on the knees. After a few minutes the performer began to sing '*Am-nah ajah*,' and in a very short time the second performer, who had been looking on the other in silence, began to distort his face, and imitate the indelicate attitudes of the first, and soon after to sing as a chorus, '*Hejaw, hejaw*.' After this had continued with increasing energy for ten minutes, the tune was suddenly changed to a shrill note, in which the words '*Wehee, wehee*,' were uttered with great rapidity. They then approached each other, by slipping their feet forward, grinning, and in great agitation, until their noses touched, when a savage laugh ended this extraordinary performance.

None of the discoveries made by the expedition has attracted or deserved more notice than the iron found in the high latitude occupied by the Arctic highlanders, and the crimson-coloured snow seen on their mountains, which, though not peculiar to them, was in infinitely greater abundance than was ever witnessed on the Alps, or in patches elsewhere. To these two subjects, so interesting to science, we shall, in the first place, direct our present inquiries, and show that our opinion respecting the meteoric origin of the iron is amply confirmed, while a new vegetable theory is brought, instead of the uric acid, to account for the redness in the snow. The natives had informed Sacchêuse that the—

'IRON was procured from a mountain near the shore; that there was a rock of it, or more, (for it could not at that time be ascertained which,) and that they cut off it, with a sharp stone, the pieces with which the blades of their knives were made.'—page 98.

On the next interview this subject was investigated, and one of the Esquimaux 'was interrogated respecting the iron with which his knife was edged, and stated that it was found in the mountain before mentioned; that it was in several large masses, of which one in particular, which was larger than the rest, was a part of the mountain; that the others were large pieces above ground, and not of so hard a nature; that they cut it off with a hard stone, (porphyry) and then beat it flat into pieces of the size of a sixpence, but of an oval shape.'

The place mentioned as the site of this phenomenon was 25 miles distant, and the natives broke all their promises to bring specimens of what captain R. believed to be, from their accounts, 'masses of meteoric iron.' The knives made of it, brought from Sowallick, or the Iron mountains, where alone it is found, have also been examined by Dr. Wollaston, and found to contain nickel, a peculi-

arity which always distinguishes such masses wherever met with. The report of this admirable chemist is as follows:

‘With respect to the iron, it appears to differ in no respect from those masses of which so many have now been found on various parts of the surface of the earth; and which, in some few instances from tradition, and in all from analysis, appear to be of meteoric origin. They all contain nickel, and this contains about the usual proportion of that metal, which I estimate between three and four per cent, as inferred from the quantity of crystallized sulphate of nickel which I obtained from it; but, though I can thus speak with decision, as to the presence of a considerable quantity of nickel, I cannot undertake to pronounce with accuracy, upon proportions deduced from so small a fragment as could be spared for this examination.’

This seems to set the question of the iron at rest. With regard to the crimson snow, of which one of the plates gives a singular and beautiful idea, as it reddens the wild features of an Arctic landscape, the following are the particulars.

‘August 17. We discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting, being apparently stained, or covered, by some substance, which gave it a deep crimson colour. Many conjectures were afloat concerning the cause of this appearance; it was at once determined it could not be the dung of birds, for thousands of these, of various descriptions, were seen repeatedly sitting on the ice and on the snow, but without producing any such effects.

‘At 2 P. M. it fell nearly calm, and I sent a boat with Mr. Ross, midshipman, and Mr. Beverly, assistant surgeon, and a party, to bring off some of the snow, and to make what remarks they could on the circumstances attending it, as also to procure specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to ascertain if this part of the country was inhabited.—They found that the snow was penetrated even down to the rock, in many places to a depth of ten or twelve feet, by the colouring matter; and that it had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. The boat returned at seven with a quantity of the snow, together with specimens of the vegetation, and of the rocks; the snow was immediately examined by a microscope, magnifying 110 times, and the substance appeared to consist of particles like a very minute round seed, which were exactly of the same size, and of a deep red colour: on some of the particles a small dark speck was also seen. It was the general opinion of the officers who examined it by the microscope, that it must be vegetable, and this opinion seemed to gain strength, by the nature of the places where it was found; these were the sides of hills, about 600 feet high, on the tops of which was seen vegetation of a yellowish green and reddish brown colours. The extent of these cliffs was about eight miles; behind them, at a considerable distance, high mountains

were seen, but the snow which covered these was not coloured.— In the evening, I caused some of the snow to be dissolved, and bottled, when the water had the appearance of muddy port wine; in a few hours it deposited a sediment, which was examined by the microscope; some of it was bruised, and found to be composed wholly of red matter: when applied to paper, it produced a colour nearest to Indian red. It was preserved in three states, viz. dissolved and bottled, the sediment bottled, and the sediment dried: these have been examined since our return to this country, and various opinions given concerning it, but Dr. Wollaston seems to concur in that we originally had, of its being a vegetable substance, produced on the mountain immediately above it. It cannot be a marine production, as in several parts we saw it at least six miles from the sea, but always on the face or near the foot of a mountain.'

We now copy the Dr.'s own words.—

'With respect to the exact origin of that substance which gives redness to the snow, I apprehend we may not be able to give a decided opinion, for want of sufficient knowledge of the productions of those regions in which it was found, but, from all the circumstances of its appearance, and of the substances which accompany it, I am strongly inclined to think it to be of vegetable origin. The red matter itself consists of minute globules from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch in diameter; I believe their coat to be colourless, and that the redness belongs wholly to the contents, which seem to be of an oily nature and not soluble in water, but soluble in rectified spirits of wine; when the globules are highly magnified, and seen with sufficient light, they appear internally subdivided into about eight or ten cells. They bear to be dried by the heat of boiling water, without loss of colour. By destructive distillation, they yield a fetid oil, accompanied with ammonia, which might lead to the supposition that they are of animal origin; but since the seeds of various plants also yield this product, and since the leaves of Fuci also yield ammonia by distillation, I do not discover any thing in the globules themselves which shows distinctly from what source they were derived. I find, however, along with them, a small portion of a cellular substance, which not only has these globules adherent to its surface, but also contained in its interior; and this substance, which I must therefore consider as of the same origin with them, appears by its mode of burning to be decidedly vegetable, as I know of no animal substance which so instantly burns away to a white ash, as soon as it is heated to redness.

'The first conception I formed as to their nature was, that they might be the spawn of a minute species of shrimps, which is known to abound in those seas, and which might be devoured by the myriads of water-fowl observed there, and voided with their dung; but, in that case, they should undoubtedly be found mixed with the exuviae of those animals, which is not fact, but they are found

accompanied solely by vegetable substances, in one of which they are actually contained. If they are from the sea, there seems no limit to the quantity that may be carried to land, by a continued and violent wind, no limit to the period during which they may have accumulated, since they would remain from year to year, undiminished by the processes of thawing and evaporation, which remove the snow with which they are mixed. I regret that the scantiness of our information does not enable us to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and can only hope that future navigators may have an opportunity of collecting materials to elucidate so curious a phenomenon.'

Having extracted all the information contained in this volume on the subject of these interesting natural appearances, we are unwilling to mix it up with other quotations. During the long day which the navigators spent in Baffin's bay, the temperature of the atmosphere was almost without variation, and they might be said to enjoy an uninterrupted summer, while most imaginations at home figured them to be freezing at the pole. And nothing could be more extraordinary than their views of nature. By means of the marvellous refraction of light, they had 'certain proof that the power of vision was extended beyond 150 miles!' Terrestrial objects, consequently, were for ever varying their appearance, sometimes increasing in altitude from 2' to 5' within an hour, sometimes seeming mere specks, sometimes long and low islands, and sometimes preserving their real shapes, perhaps of promontory or mountain. But the heavenly bodies were still more wonderful.

'August 18. Lat. 76—While the moon was in sight, she had the appearance of following the sun round the horizon, and while these bodies were passing in azimuth along the tops of the mountains, the snow which covered them, and which had naturally a yellow tinge, had then the lustre of gold, and the reflection of these upon the sky, produced a rich green tint, so delicately beautiful, as to surpass description. On the other hand, the rays of the sun darting over the tops of the mountains, came in contact with the icebergs, which appeared like as many edifices of silver, adorned with precious stones of every variety.'

Such were the magic scenes enjoyed during *a day*, which lasted from the 7th of June to the 24th of August, or 1872 hours, without the sun setting to their view.

We have already alluded to the amazing effect upon vision which was produced by the refraction of light in these high latitudes. Distant objects were wonderfully raised by it, and on one occasion it is noticed—

'The sun passing in azimuth, served to delineate them on the horizon in a distinct and beautiful manner; the reflections of light on the icebergs were particularly splendid, the emerald, sapphire, and orange, being the prevailing colours.'

What a scene to gaze upon for 140 or 150 miles round the spectator, standing in the centre of a circle where his vision embraced a diameter of 300 miles!! Other natural appearances were equally curious, if not equally grand. Here we have a vessel of ice in a boundless ocean of glaciers and optical illusions.

‘ We were (says captain R.) occasionally visited by fogs, which were, in general, extremely thick, and of a very white appearance, while in the zenith the blue sky was apparent. At this time (Aug. 18, lat. $76^{\circ} 12\frac{1}{2}'$) the thermometer is generally at the freezing point; the moment this fog touches the ropes of the ship, it freezes, and these are in a very short time covered with ice, to the thickness of a man's arm, and at every evolution of the ship it covers the deck with its fragments. In the absence of these fogs, we had sometimes the atmosphere most beautifully clear; the objects on the horizon were often most wonderfully raised by the powers of refraction, while others at a short distance from them were as much sunk. The use of the dip-sector was totally suspended, as no satisfactory result could be obtained from it. These objects were continually varying in shape; the ice had sometimes the appearance of an immense wall on the horizon, and here and there a space resembling a breach in it; icebergs, and even small pieces of ice, had often the appearance of trees; and while, on one side, we had the resemblance of a forest near us, the pieces of ice on the other side were so greatly lengthened, as to look like long low islands.

‘ Aug. 21. lat. $76^{\circ} 32\frac{3}{4}'$. Since our leaving Wolstenholme island, the ice which we met with had assumed a very different character from any we had before met with; it had generally a green tint, and appeared to have been a long time at sea, without, however, being in a state of decay: it was in huge pieces of irregular forms heaped upon each other by some tremendous force, and then frozen together.

‘ Aug. 25th, lat. $76^{\circ} 10'$. It is worthy of remark that the icebergs here were only three-fourths under water, while those to the south were five-sixths.’

This singular fact is not explained, and we are left to conjecture whether it was owing to the greater specific lightness of the water or the lesser specific gravity of the ice.

The furthest N. latitude to which the expedition penetrated is marked $76^{\circ} 97'$, when on the 23d of August they ‘ successively made out the north and south points of the land across the bottom of the bay, or inlet, which answered Baffin's description of Jones' sound.’

These they named capes Hardwicke and Caledon, and as a ridge of high mountains was seen to extend quite across the bottom of it, it was determined that there could be no passage in that direction, and they began to beat to the southward.

'At eleven P. M. a piece of fir wood was picked up: it had nails in it, and the marks of the plane and adz were also evident. This seems to prove that it must have drifted up the bay, probably by the strong southerly winds. Many seals were seen, and the tracks of bears were visible on the ice in many places.'

Otherwise the desolation was extreme—

'There was no appearance of vegetation, nor did the land appear habitable; very few birds were seen, and no whales or any other living creatures.'

Next day they made fast to the ice.

'This position was remarkable for variety in the depth of the water, and quality of the substances at the bottom. When we made fast we had 78 fathoms, soon afterwards we had 160, then 85, then 200, 150, and 185, within a short time of each other; in the shallowest water we had muddy sand and shells; at one time a small piece of coral; at 85 fathoms we had rocky bottom; at 160, stones; at 200, mud; and at 150, mixed blue and gray clay, with worms in it.'

The marks of a bear's paws in this region were of extraordinary size: the fore paw measuring fifteen by thirteen inches, and the hind paw twenty by twelve: about a fortnight after, they killed one of these powerful animals.

'When the boat was absent, two large bears swam off to the ships which were at the distance of six miles from the land; they fetched the *Alexander*, and were immediately attacked by the boats of that ship and killed; one, which was shot through the head, unfortunately sunk; the other, when he was wounded, attacked the boats, and showed considerable play, but was at length secured and towed to the *Isabella* by the boats of both ships. This animal weighed $1131\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. besides the blood it had lost, which cannot be estimated at less than 30 lbs. He was sent to the British Museum in excellent order. His length from the snout to the tail was 7 feet 8 inches—ditto, to the shoulder blade, 2. 10.: circumference of the body near the fore legs, 6 feet; ditto of neck, 3. 2.: breadth of fore paw, 10 inches; of hind paw $8\frac{1}{2}$; height, at the fore shoulder above 4 feet; tail 4 inches, the tusks $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long.'

One of these creatures, to avoid his hunters, plunged from the edge of an icy precipice 50 feet into the sea; another was seen on some loose ice, a hundred miles from land! The other animals observed were black, white, and common coloured foxes, in numbers so considerable as to offer a prospect of a good fur trade, combined with the ivory of the sea unicorn, and the teeth of the sea-horse and bear. There were also plenty of white hare, and 'The natives described an animal which they called *humminick*,*

* Captain Sabine, who seems to have quarrelled with captain Ross, says there were no traces whatever of reindeer, and translates, through Zaccheus, the description of an animal called *Umituk*, which he thinks very doubtful.

but said it was too large for them to kill; it has, by their account, a horn on its back, and is very swift, I therefore suppose it must be a reindeer. They have also an animal known to both countries by the name of *Ancarok*,* but which I cannot find to be mentioned by writers on Greenland. Saccheuse says, it is not uncommon about North-east bay and Disco bay, where its cry is continually heard at night. It is very wild, and can seldom be approached, being very active and fierce; the Esquimaux are afraid of it. He says it resembles a cat, but is three times larger, that it moves by jumping more than by running, and lives in holes and caverns in the rocks; that it eats hares and partridges, which it lies in wait for, and catches by springing on them.'

The dogs are the only animals domesticated by these Arctic Esquimaux: they are of various colours, chiefly a dark brown; of the size of a shepherd's dog, a head like a wolf, and a tail like a fox. The natives appeared to prefer the black. Weasels and mice seem to finish their known list of animals. Nor are their birds very numerous. The merlin falcon, eider duck, garrot, sea-dove, petrel, scraber, guilemot, diver, tern, and gull, almost exhaust the catalogue. A new species of gull, called xeme, was discovered, associating with the greater tern, which in its habits it nearly resembles. Of invertebrate animals a few novelties were also found; but as they were not well preserved, we shall not describe them further than by stating generally that they belonged to the Anneleides, Crustacea, Gasteropoda, and Acephela classes. A gull was shot, two feet five inches in length, which disgorged a little awk entire, and these awks were in such myriads that they covered the whole surface of the water, and sometimes the boats killed 1500 in a day for food, commonly bringing down fifteen at a shot.

In concluding our analysis of this work, it becomes our duty to deliver an opinion upon the merits of the writer, as the commander of a voyage of discovery; and while on one hand we shall have to notice some traits very honourable to his character as a naval officer and gentleman, we must, reluctantly, say that we think he has failed in the principal objects of the expedition. It seems to us that all the east side of Baffin's bay has been satisfactorily explored, but that in regard to the west coast, where, as the very name implies, there was the greatest likelihood of a *North-West* passage, we are very little better informed than we were fifty years ago. Not one of the great inlets on this coast has been sufficiently examined, and it is evident from the pains captain R. takes to set himself right, that the conclusiveness of his arguments are neither allowed by the admiralty at home, nor by his associates in the voyage. Indeed captain Sabine distinctly says, that there are seven probable inlets, the nature and termination of which are still uncertain, and the new expedition fitting out for this quarter proves, that hopes are cherished of finding a passage to the north of Cum-

* Called *Amarok* by Sabine!?

berland straits, where captain Ross conceives he has settled that there is none. We confess that we are against him in this hypothesis: he may be correct, but he certainly has not solved the problem. The very sound, the Lancaster sound of Baffin in latitude $74^{\circ} 19\frac{1}{2}'$, which was most investigated, seems to be left in as much doubt as those straits which were passed without examination. We know not what is meant by there being 'no indication of a passage,' nor does the absence of a current, of drift wood, and of a swell from the north-west, at all decide the question. After standing up this bay (if it must be called so) about eighty miles, captain R. says, 'I distinctly saw the land, round the bottom of the bay, forming a connected chain of mountains, with those which extended along the north and south sides. The land appeared to be at the distance of eight leagues: at this moment I also saw a continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the bay to the other, between the nearest cape to the north, which I named after sir George Warrender, and that to the south, which was named after viscount Castlereagh. The mountains, which occupied the centre, in a north and south direction, were named Croker's mountains, after the secretary to the admiralty. The south-west corner, which formed a spacious bay, completely occupied by ice, was named Barrow's bay.'

Notwithstanding the worthy navigator appears thus to have shut us out from all access to the Pacific in this direction, by employing the names of the whole board of admiralty and some of the cabinet to boot, we are still so sceptical as to imagine that a way through is as likely to be found in Lancaster sound, as any where else on the coast. It is strange that captain Ross should speak so positively of chains of mountains entirely crossing the bay, when his own description of the illusions caused by the refraction of light must show that vision was little to be depended upon even for the shape of objects; and surely a sailor need not have gone far from England to be aware that the most obvious and apparent obstacles of land are not always sure indications of the impossibility of discovering winding and sinuous passages by water. The river Thames would never have been sailed up from the Nore to London bridge, had such appearances been deemed infallible; and Milford Haven, from the cross-bearings of the land about it, could never be suspected from the sea-view of being aught but a small and shallow bay. On sounding too, when nearest the termination of this bay, 650 fathoms of line were out, and five new species of worms were brought up by the clamm; both of which we take to be considerable indications hostile to captain Ross's theory, though he passes over the latter in silence, and meets the former by observing, that the bays were always the deepest water on the opposite coast, and also in some parts of Norway and the Baltic. In fine, we consider, that the inquiry in this quarter utterly fails.

On the first of September, however, the boats landed a party on the southernmost cape of Lancaster's sound, called cape Byana.

Martin, and took formal possession of the country in the name and on behalf of his Britannic majesty. Of our new dominions, the following is the account:—

‘ At six, the boats returned with many specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. A white bear had been seen and wounded, but escaped by swimming to an iceberg. The skeleton of a whale was found about 500 yards above high water mark, and two small pieces of wood at a still greater distance from the sea. No traces of any inhabitants were seen, and the circumference of the bones of the whale being entire, seems to strengthen the supposition that this part of the country was not, nor had been, inhabited for a great length of time. The deer, fox, ermine, and white hare, were either seen, or proved to be in abundance, and specimens of the two latter were brought on board. It appeared from the reports of all the officers, that they landed on a shingle beach, at the mouth of a small river, which was described to be one hundred feet wide, and the water two feet deep: the bed was twelve feet deep, and several pieces of birch bark were found in it; and, at a little distance from these, another smaller river was discovered. The valleys from which these proceed, were found to be covered with verdure and wild flowers; the mountains on each side were immensely high, and covered with snow. On the SE. of the valley there was a small plain, which was also covered with verdure, and the scenery, altogether, was much more pleasing than any that had been seen during the voyage. The rise and fall of the tide was represented to be by some five, by others four, feet, but the stream was not perceptible; the water was deep close to the shore, and there was no anchoring ground found.’

To this *rather interesting account* of our *rather barren* new possessions, we have only to add that the latitude is $73^{\circ} 37'$ N. long. $77^{\circ} 25'$ W. and variation $110^{\circ} 00'$ W.

Though it appears to us that captain Ross has not succeeded in accomplishing the principal objects of the expedition, and indeed done little more than corroborate the wonderfully accurate observations of Baffin, who had no such advantages in shipping, in instruments, and in equipments; yet it should be recorded, to his honour, that, during the whole voyage, there was not a single punishment, nor one case of sickness. A trait of noble conduct, worthy of a British seaman, is also disclosed in the following, where, speaking of the newly found tribe of Esquimaux, it is stated, ‘ They could not be made to understand what was meant by war, nor had they any warlike weapons; and I gave strict and positive orders that no fire-arms, or other warlike weapons, should be shown them, or given to them on any account, and when they were with us all shooting parties were called in. They seemed to have no diseases among them, nor could we learn that they died of any complaints peculiar to this or any other country. We saw no deformed persons among them, nor could we find out that there were any.’

It is to the first sentence of this extract that we desire to point attention. Like the happy people of Loo Choo, even these rude savages are blessedly ignorant of some of the worst fruits of civilization, and captain Ross's admirable proceedings in this respect alone, entitles his name to be enrolled with that of the intrepid and illustrious Cook, whose humanity redounded, as much as his gallant perseverance, to the everlasting fame of his country.

The invention of the machine for taking soundings from the bottom of any fathomable depth, called the *Deep Sea Clamm*, is also a credit to the author of the volume before us. It consists of 'A hollow parallelogram of cast iron, (1 cwt.) eighteen inches long, six by six, and four by five inches wide. A spindle passes through it, to a joint of which the forceps are attached and kept extended by a joint bolt: when the bolt touches the ground the forceps act, and are closed by a cast-iron weight slipping down the spindle, and keeping fast the contents till brought up for examination.'

By this instrument the deepest soundings ever reached in Baffin's bay, were taken at 1050 fathoms! and it was ascertained that the bottom of the sea, like the land was very mountainous. The mud was extremely soft: Lat. 72° 23'.

'The instrument came up completely full, containing about six pounds of mud, mixed with a few stones and some sand. Although this mud was of a substance to appearance much coarser than that which we had before obtained, it was also of a much looser nature, and had in it no insects or organic remains; but a small star-fish was found attached to the line below the point marking 800 fathoms. The instrument took twenty-seven minutes to descend the whole distance. When at 500 fathoms, it descended at the rate of one fathom per second, and when near 1000 fathoms down, it took one second and a half per fathom.'

It took an hour 'for all hands' to get it up again from this prodigious depth, and the result of the experiments, by the self-registering thermometer, which it took down, proved that the water was colder in proportion as it became deeper. The temperature at 660 was 25½°; at 400, 28°; at 200, 29°; and at 100, 30°.

We cannot pass uncommended the excellence of all the nautical and philosophical observations, and the very superior manner in which they are demonstrated by the expensive tables, &c. given in this work. It is true that, owing apparently to the misunderstanding with captain Sabine, the geological and natural history departments are defective; of the former we learn little more than that gneiss and granite are the chief formations in these northern regions, and of the latter nothing beyond what has been stated in small compass, in a preceding number of the *Literary Gazette*. The facts relative to variations of the compass are more correctly and intelligently ascertained. The result is, 'that every ship has an individual attraction, which affects the compasses on board her;

different in different ships, not always progressive, but often irregular, and impossible to be reduced to rule.

‘That the point of change is not the same in different parts of a ship.

‘That the deviation does not always continue the same under the same apparent circumstances, and varies according to the point the ship’s head is on.

‘That the deviation is materially affected by heat and cold, as well as by the atmospheric humidity and density; and that the direction of the wind as well as the dip, has an irregular effect on the deviation.’

We have already noticed some remarkable natural phenomena. In latitude $74^{\circ} 19\frac{1}{2}'$, ‘in one place, nearly between cape Fanshaw and Elizabeth’s bay, two rocks, resembling human figures, of a gigantic size, were seen in a sitting posture, on the very highest peak; and as it was considerably above the clouds, their appearance was both extraordinary and interesting.’

The aurora borealis was frequently visible in September and October: occasionally all round the horizon, and sometimes ‘in the true *south*!’ These coruscations were amazingly brilliant.

We have now only to notice the return of the expedition to Brassa sound, on the 7th of November. All the journals, even those of a private nature, were claimed by the admiralty, and given up. The conduct of the officers and crews of both ships was approved of, and it was intimated that they might volunteer for the new expedition in the spring (now about to sail,) when nearly the whole embraced the offer.

The ornamental parts of the volume are beautiful and splendid; the scientific part, of the utmost value; and the whole a credit to the spirit of the publisher.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life and Campaigns of the Hon. Nathaniel Greene, Major General in the Army of the United States, and Commander of the Southern Department, in the War of the Revolution.* By Charles Caldwell, M. D. Professor of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania. 1819.

GENERAL GREENE was the son of Nathaniel Greene, a respectable anchor-smith, of the town of Warwick in Rhode Island, and was born in the year 1741. ‘Being intended,’ we are told, ‘by his father, for the business which he had himself pursued, young Greene received, at school, nothing but the elements of a common English education. But, to himself, an acquisition, so humble and limited, was unsatisfactory and mortifying. Even now, his aim was lofty; and he had a noble ambition, not only to embark in high pursuits, but to qualify himself for a manly and honourable acquittance in them. Seeming, at this early period of life, to realize the important truth, that knowledge is power, a desire to obtain it, became, in a short time, his ruling passion.

‘He, accordingly, procured, in part by his own economy, the necessary books, and, at intervals of leisure, acquired, chiefly without the aid of an instructor, a competent acquaintance with the Latin tongue.

‘This attainment, respectable in itself, was only preliminary to higher efforts. With such funds, as he was able to raise, he purchased a small, but well selected library, and spent his evenings, and all the time he could redeem from business, in regular study. He read with a view to general improvement; but geography, travels, and military history—the latter, more especially—constituted his delight. Having, also, a predilection for mathematics, and mechanical philosophy, and pursuing, in most cases, the bent of his inclination, as far as prudence and opportunity would admit, his knowledge, in the more practical departments of these sciences, became highly respectable.’

He, however, embarked in his father's line of business, and in the regular pursuit of it employed a considerable portion of his time, until he was elevated, at an unusually early age, to a seat in the legislature of his native colony. In this situation the commencement of the revolutionary war found him; and, the undisguised part which he took in promoting an appeal to arms, caused him to be dismissed from the society of friends, of which he had antecedently been a member.

He began his military career as a private in a military association of which he was the principal promoter, and which was chartered under the name of the *Kentish Guards*, and commanded by general James M. Varnum. But in the year 1775, Rhode Island having ‘raised three regiments of militia, amounting in the whole, to about sixteen hundred, and officered by some of her most distinguished inhabitants, she placed them under the command of Mr. Greene, with the rank of brigadier general, who, without loss of time, conducted them to head quarters, in the village of Cambridge.

‘Here, having, by a single act of promotion, after a noviciate of about seven months, exchanged the rank of a private, for that of a general officer, he soon distinguished himself, in his present station, and offered to others, a most salutary example. This he did in a very special manner, and, with the happiest effect, by his prompt obedience to the commands of his superiors, at a time, when that subordination, which alone can render an army efficient and powerful, was not yet established; by habits of strict and laborious attention, in the regular study of military science; and, by the excellent discipline, which he caused to be introduced into his own brigade.’—

‘On the second of July, 1775, general Washington, invested, by congress, with the command in chief of the armies of his country, arrived at the American head-quarters, in Cambridge.

‘On this occasion, in compliment to their commander, and in testimony of their acquiescence and satisfaction, in his appointment,

the army received him, with a general and brilliant demonstration of joy.

‘But it is not in public acts, where thousands are united, that loyalty and devotion are most cordially expressed. True sincerity discloses its regards, rather in whispers, than in noisy acclamation.

‘Conscious of this truth, general Greene availed himself of an early opportunity, to welcome the commander in chief, in a personal address, in which, with that warmth of feeling, and kindness of expression, which the occasion required, he avowed his attachment to his person, his admiration of his character, his confidence in his talents, and the high gratification he derived, from the prospect of being associated with him in arms, and serving under him, in defence of the violated rights of his country.

‘This incident, was the happy prelude, to a friendship between those two great and illustrious officers, which death, alone, had the power to dissolve.’—

‘During the investment of Boston, by the American forces, a state of things, which lasted for several months, no opportunity presented itself to general Greene, to acquire distinction, by personal exploit. But his love of action, and spirit of adventure, were strongly manifested: for, he was one of the few officers of rank, who concurred with general Washington, in the propriety of attempting to carry the town by assault.

‘In consequence of this, and his high estimation of his general competency, when the commander in chief, determined, at length, on a daring enterprise against the enemy, he entrusted to him the immediate command of that division of the army, which he expected to sustain, by its firmness, the severest conflict, and vanquish, by its valour, the most formidable opposition. This was the second division, which, besides some manœuvring, during the time of action, that required judgment, coolness, and skill, in the commanding officer, had orders, in the plan of attack, to assault and carry, by the bayonet, should the resistance require it, a very strong, and well guarded point. General Washington is known to have been frustrated, in his views, on this occasion, by the interposition of occurrences, over which he had no control.

‘On the evacuation of Boston, by the British army, an event which occurred about the middle of March, 1776, the American forces, in that quarter, were permitted to repose from their toils, and to exchange, for a time, the hardships, and privations, of a field encampment, for the enjoyment of plenty, in comfortable barracks.

‘But, to the mind of general Greene, this change of condition, afforded but little relaxation or respite. To his discerning eye, the contest, which had just commenced, appeared likely to be long, impassioned, and bloody. Having, from principle, embarked in it, his fortunes, and his hopes, he was solemnly resolved, never to relinquish it, but with the liberation of his country, or the term;

nation of his life. To qualify himself, therefore, to fill in it a higher sphere, and to act a more distinguished and useful part, he continued, with unabating industry, his military studies, and, as far as opportunity served, his attention to the practical duties of the field.

‘ This course, steadily pursued, under the immediate supervision of Washington, could scarcely fail, to procure rank, and lead to eminence. Accordingly, on the 26th of August, 1776, he was promoted, by congress, to the rank of major general, in the regular army. This was the day preceding the destructive battle of Long Island.

‘ In that action, so disastrous to the Americans, general ‘Greene was prevented from taking part, by a severe fit of sickness, under which he was labouring. This circumstance was deeply to be lamented, and probably contributed, in no small degree, to the misfortunes of the day.’

Upon his recovery he immediately rejoined the army, and after the loss of fort Washington, ‘ when fort Lee, with a garrison of three thousand troops, was threatened, and seriously endangered, by lord Cornwallis, at the head of a force, too strong to be opposed, general Greene, who commanded the station, fairly vanquished his lordship, in military address; and, by a prompt, rapid, and well devised movement, saved his detachment.’

He continued to signalize himself, and gained fresh laurels at Trenton and Princeton, and in the obstinate, and bloody conflict, known by the name of ‘ the battle of Brandywine,’ which soon afterwards occurred, general Greene, by his distinguished conduct, added greatly to his former renown.

‘ In the course of it, a detachment of American troops, commanded by general Sullivan, being suddenly and unexpectedly attacked, by the enemy, retreated in disorder. General Greene, at the head of Weedon’s Virginia brigade, flew to their support. So rapid was his movement, that, in forty-two minutes, he marched nearly four miles. On approaching the scene of action, he found the defeat of general Sullivan, to be a perfect rout. Not a moment was to be lost. Throwing himself into the rear, of his flying countrymen, and retreating slowly, he kept up, especially from his cannon, so destructive a fire, as greatly to retard the advance of the enemy. Arriving, at length, at a narrow defile, strongly secured, on its right and left, by thick and heavy woods, he immediately halted, sent forward his cannon, that they might be out of danger, in case of his being compelled to a hasty retreat, and formed his troops, determined to dispute the pass, with his small arms. This he effected, with complete success, notwithstanding the vast superiority of the assailants; until, after a conflict, of more than an hour, night came on, and brought it to a close. But for this interposition, Sullivan’s detachment must have been nearly annihilated.

‘ On this occasion, only, did the slightest misunderstanding, ever occur, between general Greene, and the commander in chief. In

his general orders, after the battle, the latter had neglected to bestow any special applause, on Weedon's brigade. Against this, which he considered unjust, having himself witnessed, and reported, the firmness and good conduct, of that excellent corps, general Greene remonstrated, in person.

‘General Washington replied, “You, sir, are considered my favourite officer. Weedon's brigade, like myself, are Virginians. Should I applaud them, for their achievement, under your command, I shall be charged with partiality: jealousy will be excited, and the service injured.”

“Sir,” exclaimed general Greene, with considerable emotion, “I trust your excellency will do me the justice to believe, that I am not selfish. In my own behalf, I have nothing to ask. Act towards *me* as you please; I shall not complain. However highly I prize your excellency's good opinion and applause, a consciousness, that I have endeavoured to do my duty, constitutes, at present, my richest reward. But, do not, sir, let me intreat you, on account of the jealousy, that may arise, in little minds, withhold justice, from the brave fellows, I had the honour to command.”

‘Convinced that prudence forbade the special notice, that was requested, the commander in chief persisted in his silence; and general Greene remonstrated no further. Although he continued to lament, that the gallant Virginians were deprived of the commendations so justly their due, he learnt, on cool reflection, to appreciate the motives of the commander in chief; and frankly acknowledged, that he thought them correct. Nor did he rest satisfied with this. Feeling that his conduct had been indiscreet, and his manner, at least, if not his expressions, somewhat intemperate, he lost no time in atoning for them, by an ample apology.

‘Delighted with his frankness, and magnanimity, Washington replied, with a smile, “An officer, tried as you have been, who errs but once, in two years, deserves to be forgiven. As far as I have been informed, this, which you have denominated a fault, is the first you have committed, since you have served under my command.” With that, he offered him his hand, and the matter terminated.’—

‘At this period, the quarter-master department, in the American army, was in a very defective and alarming condition. Although vast sums of money had been expended for its use, and men of high reputation appointed to administer it, yet, in every branch of it, nothing but poverty and disorder prevailed. Without a speedy and radical reform of these grievances, general Washington had pronounced it impossible for the army, in the course of the approaching summer (1778), to be adequate to an active and efficient campaign. He even doubted its ability to continue in the field. He further declared, that such a reform, could be effected only, by the appointment of a quarter-master general, of great resources, well versed in business, and possessing practical talents of the first order. When requested, by congress, to look out for such an officer, he, at once, fixed his eye on general Greene.

‘ It was well known to Washington, that the soul of his friend, and favourite officer, was indissolubly wedded, not to the duties of the staff, but of the line. Notwithstanding this, he expressed, in a conversation, on the subject, with a member of congress, his entire persuasion, that, if general Greene could be convinced, of being able to render to his country, higher services, in the quarter-master department, than in the field, he would sacrifice, at once, his partialities to his patriotism, and accept the appointment. “ There is not,” said he, “ an officer of the army, nor a man in America, more sincerely attached to the interests of his country. Could he best promote those interests in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, as I firmly believe, without a murmur, the epaulet for the knot. For, although, he is not without ambition, that ambition has not, for its object, the highest rank, so much as the *greatest good*. I have strong hopes, therefore, that he will, for a time, at least, consent to a removal from the line to the staff.”

‘ When the office of quarter-master general, was first offered to general Greene, he declined accepting it, because its duties, would necessarily lead him, from that walk of military life, of which he was most enamoured, and for which he considered himself best qualified. After a conference, however, with the commander in chief, in which the latter urged, with peculiar earnestness, the important services he would render his country, in that capacity, he consented to an acceptance, on condition, that his rank, in the army, should not be affected, by it, and that he should forfeit nothing of his right to command, in time of action.

‘ On these terms, he received the appointment on the second day of March, 1778, and entered, immediately, on the duties of the office.’

His services in this new station, are described, (and justly) as most important to the cause of the revolution, although, in the highest degree irksome and ungracious to himself, from the necessity which it imposed of abstaining from the more congenial duties of the field.

He, however, during his administration of this office, took two occasions of distinguishing himself on the field of battle. In the sanguinary contest at Monmouth, he was ‘ entrusted with the command of the right wing of the Americans, was ordered to advance on the enemy, by a route somewhat circuitous, and then attack as circumstances might direct, and distinguished himself greatly, by his judgment and skill.

‘ Although somewhat disconcerted, at first, by the unexpected retreat of the van of the army, under general Lee, he selected, notwithstanding, such an advantageous position, and made so judicious an arrangement of his troops, as to contribute essentially to the success of the day.

‘ In the course of the action, a strong detachment of the enemy, made a bold and threatening attempt, to turn the right of the American line, and attack them in flank. In this they were defeated,

by the vigilance of Greene; who threw himself in their front, and, after an obstinate conflict, drove them back, with considerable slaughter. He, also, from a well chosen and commanding position, directed, from his cannon, with great effect, an enfilading fire, against a party of the British, who were menacing the left.'—

'General Pigot, with a division of about six thousand British troops, had been, for some time, in possession of Newport, in the state of Rhode Island.

'The arrival of the French fleet, afforded a favourable opportunity, for operating against that post, both by sea and land; the only mode, in which it could be assailed, with any reasonable prospect of success.

'An expedition of the combined forces, for its reduction, was accordingly concerted; to be under the command of general Sullivan. General Greene, being a native of Rhode Island, and of high popularity and influence, in that state, it was deemed important, that he should be present, as second in command. He received orders, therefore, to proceed, at the head of a detachment of continental troops, and join general Sullivan, in the projected enterprise.

'A duty more consonant to his spirit, or more peculiarly gratifying to the feelings of his heart, could not have been assigned him.

'His return to his native state, to liberate, from military domination and rapacity, the soil his infant feet had trodden, and the patrons, friends, and associates of his youth, was hailed, by the inhabitants, with general and lively demonstrations of joy. With an alacrity and promptitude, unprecedented, in the place, the militia of the state, with several companies from that of Massachusetts, crowded to his standard, anxious to receive his commands, and signalize, in his presence, their patriotism and valour. Hope beamed from every countenance, and a confidence was enkindled in every bosom, that the hour of vengeance, on their haughty and tyrannical invaders, was at hand. In that particular section of the country, and at that moment of enthusiasm, and laudable pride, the name of Greene, was scarcely inferior to that of Washington. Although but second, or rather, third in rank, count d'Estaing being equal in command with general Sullivan, every eye was fixed on him, as the soul and tutelary genius of the enterprise. Even leading members of the society of Friends, who had very reluctantly excluded him from their communion, did not hesitate to express their sincere satisfaction, at the elevation he had attained, in the confidence of his country. They often visited him, at his quarters, partook of his hospitality, and conversed with him freely, on public affairs.

'Nor did their kindness and attention, terminate in the mere exterior of social intercourse. Through the liberality of their spirit, his table was, oftentimes, very bounteously supplied, with the choicest viands, fruits, and wines, that their farms, orchards, and cellars afforded. One of these plain gentlemen, being asked, in jest, by a young officer, how he, an advocate of peace, could reconcile

it to his conscience, to keep so much company with general Greene, whose profession was war? promptly replied, "Friend, it is not a suit of uniform, that can either make, or spoil a man. True, I do not approve of this many-coloured apparel (pointing to the officer's dress;) but, whatever may be the form or colour of his coat, Nathaniel Greene still retains the same sound head, and virtuous heart, that gained him the love and esteem of our society. As I believe it would be in vain, for me, to endeavour to persuade him to relinquish his present dress and mode of life, I have no other way to partake of his society, but to visit him, as he is; and that is a satisfaction, I am unwilling to resign."

'Another gentleman, a member of high standing, in the same society, was heard to declare, that, with the exception of his having adopted the profession of arms, his "neighbour, Nathaniel Greene, was one of the most correct, and unoffending men, he had ever known. It is true," continued he, "that he had, always, a disposition, to influence others, and make them think, and act with him; but this he never attempted, by unfair means: he did it, by convincing them, that they were wrong and he was right; and this was his custom, when he was a very young man."

'These testimonials are the more valuable, because they relate to private worth; and are furnished by men, under no temptation to deceive, who had long and familiarly known the subject of them.

'The French admiral showing a strong disposition to an abandonment of his part of the combined operations, against the enemy, general Greene, by order of general Sullivan, repaired on board his flag ship, to confer with him, and, if necessary, to remonstrate, on the subject. This he did, with great earnestness, pertinency and force; but without the effect, which the validity of his arguments was calculated to produce.'—

'The French fleet having, at length, disappeared, and the American forces being left, in a critical situation, to contend, with the enemy, single handed, the utmost policy and skill, on the part of the general officers, became requisite to save the army from ruin.'—

'After a severe action, in which the American forces manifested the utmost firmness, and fought with great effect, general Greene, predicting that a large reinforcement of the enemy, from New York, must be near at hand, advised the commander in chief of the station, to retreat from the island, without further delay.

'Providentially the advice was followed. General Greene signalized himself, by his skill, activity, and judgment, in conducting the retreat, which was but just effected, when the anticipated reinforcement, actually appeared. Had this movement, which took place, chiefly, in the night, been delayed but a few hours, the capture, or destruction of the army of Sullivan would have been inevitable.'

In the melancholy catastrophe of Andre's tragedy Greene bore also an important part. When Andre's request to be shot, instead of being hanged, was before the council of officers, his reasoning on the subject, is thus given by his biographer; "Andre," said

he, "is either a spy, or an innocent man. If the latter, to execute him, in any way, will be murder: if the former, the mode of his death is prescribed by law, and you have no right to alter it. Nor is this all. At the present alarming crisis of our affairs, the public safety calls for a solemn and impressive example. Nothing can satisfy it, short of the execution of the prisoner, as a common spy; a character, of which his own confession has clearly convicted him. Beware how you suffer your feelings to triumph over your judgment. Indulgence to one, may be death to thousands. Through mistaken sensibility, humanity may be wounded, and the cause of freedom sustain an injury you cannot remedy.

"Besides, if you shoot the prisoner, instead of hanging him, you will excite suspicions, which you will be unable to allay. Notwithstanding all your efforts to the contrary, you will awaken public compassion, and the belief will become general, that, in the case of major Andre, there were exculpatory circumstances, entitling him to lenity, beyond what he received—perhaps entitling him to pardon. Hang him, therefore, or set him free."

'This reasoning being considered conclusive, the prisoner suffered as a common spy.'

At this period of the war, the British arms had been particularly successful in the Carolinas and Georgia, and their almost entire occupation of these states, threatened the American confederacy with a fatal dismemberment. General Gates, fresh from his conquests in the north, and with his newly acquired glory still undimmed, was sent thither to repair by the potency of his genius and the magic of his name, the misfortunes which had befallen the cause of the revolution. The battle of Cambden, it is well recollected, destroyed all the fondly cherished anticipations of his success; and, it became necessary, as Washington could not be spared from the north, to send an officer that was next to him in the estimation of the country. The selection of general Greene spake audibly the public sentiment on the subject of his qualifications; and public expectation was not disappointed.

That part of the volume which treats of his exploits in the southern states, of the vast difficulties which he overcame, and the immense disadvantages under which he laboured so successfully, has necessarily, so much general history interwoven with the personal biography, that it is less easy to give an abstract from it. The battles at the Cowpens, Guilford Court-house, Cambden, Ninety Six, Eutaw, &c., are, indeed, described chiefly by quotation from general Lee's 'Memoirs.' Greene's activity and able captainship displayed in opposition to the distinguished talents of lord Cornwallis, Tarleton, and lord Rawdon, are well known, and procured him at the time a compliment as lofty, as was ever paid to the commander of an army.

"Other generals," said the chevalier Luzerne, to a gentleman of high standing, who now resides in the city of Philadelphia, subdue their enemy by the means with which their country, or

their sovereign furnishes them. But general Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign, without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since, and yet scarcely a post arrives from the south, that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage he has gained over the foe. He conquers, by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this.”

As an episode to the story of the bloody conflict at Eutaw Springs, we are presented with the following interesting relation.

‘ Two young officers bearing the same rank met in personal combat. The American perceiving that the Briton had a decided superiority, in the use of the sabre, and being himself of great activity, and personal strength almost gigantic, closed with his adversary and made him his prisoner.

‘ Gentlemanly, generous, and high minded, this event, added to a personal resemblance which they were observed to bear to each other, produced between these two youthful warriors an intimacy, which increased in a short time, to a mutual attachment.

‘ Not long after the action, the American officer returning home, on furlough, to settle some private business, obtained permission for his friend to accompany him.

‘ Travelling without any attendants or guard, they were both armed and well mounted. Part of their route lay through a settlement highly disaffected to the American cause.

‘ When in the midst of this, having, in consequence of a shower of rain, thrown around them their cloaks, which concealed their uniforms, they were suddenly encountered by a detachment of tories.

‘ The young American, determined to die rather than become a prisoner, especially to men whom he held in abhorrence for disloyalty to their country, and the generous Briton resolved not to survive one by whom he had been distinguished and treated so kindly, they both together, with great spirit and self-possession, charged the royalists, having first made signals in their rear, as if directing others to follow them; and thus, without injury on either side, had the address and good fortune to put the party to flight.

‘ Arriving in safety at their place of destination, what was their surprise and augmented satisfaction, on finding, from some questions proposed by the American officer’s father, that they were first cousins!

‘ With increasing delight the young Briton passed several weeks in the family of his kinsman, where the writer of this narrative saw him daily, and often listened, with the rapture of a child, to the checkered story of his military adventures.

‘ To heighten the occurrence, and render it more romantic, the American officer had a sister, beautiful and accomplished, whose heart soon felt for the gallant stranger, more than the affection due to a cousin. The attachment was mutual.

‘ But here the adventure assumes a tragical cast. The youthful foreigner, being exchanged, was summoned to return to his regi-

ment. The message was fatal to his peace. But military honour demanded the sacrifice; and the lady, generous and high minded as himself, would not be instrumental in dimming his laurels.

‘The parting scene was a high-wrought picture of tenderness and sorrow. On taking leave, the parties mutually bound themselves, by a solemn promise, to remain single a certain number of years, in the hope that an arrangement contemplated might again bring them together. A few weeks afterwards, the lady expired under an attack of small pox. The fate of the officer we never learnt.’

The closing campaign, although less fruitful in field service, was not without its difficulties of the most trying kind. The army suffered under every privation.

‘Greene’s own letters, at this period, present a forcible picture of the deplorable condition, to which the army was reduced, and the infinite difficulties he had to encounter in keeping the field.

“‘I would order,” says he, to the secretary at war, “the returns you require, but we really have not paper enough to make them out; not having had, for months past, even paper to make provision returns, or to record the necessary returns of the army.”

‘Again—“Since we have been in the lower country, through the difficulty of transportation, we have been four weeks without ammunition, while there was plenty of this article in Charlotte. We lay within a few miles of the enemy with not *six rounds a man*. Had they got knowledge and availed themselves of our situation, they might have ruined us.”

“‘You can have little idea of the confusion and disorder, which prevail among the southern states. Our difficulties are so numerous, and our wants so pressing, that I have not a moment’s relief from the most painful anxieties.”

“‘A great part of our troops are in a deplorable situation for want of clothing. We have three hundred men without arms; and more than a thousand so naked, that they can be put on duty only in cases of a desperate nature. We have been all winter in want of arms and clothing. The subsistence of the army is wretched, and we are without rum or any other kind of spirits.”

‘Superadded to the deep anxieties he felt on account of the suffering condition of his army, general Greene experienced solitudes exceedingly painful, from considerations of a personal nature.

“‘I was well informed,” said he, in a letter to the secretary at war, “that you had let in some prejudices to my disadvantage; such as my being more influenced by men than measures; and that, in the field, I had neither activity nor enterprise. However mortifying these things were, my pride would not suffer me to undeceive you; and such was my situation, at the time, that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, had I attempted it. My military conduct must speak for itself. I have only to observe, that I have not been at liberty to follow my own genius, until lately; and here I have had more embarrassment, than it is proper to disclose to

the world. Let it suffice to say, that this part of the United States has had a narrow escape. *I have been seven months in the field, without taking my clothes off one night!*''

When, however, at length he entered Charleston, after its evacuation by the enemy, the reception which he met was well calculated to sooth his feelings, and reward his toils. 'When, conducting into the capital the civil authority of the state, he advanced, at the head of a body of cavalry, no tongue ventured, at first, to interrupt the silence that every where prevailed. The eye seemed for a time to be the only organ capable of action. Nor was it until that was satisfied with gazing, that the lips ventured to give utterance to the overflowings of the heart.

'Expressions of admiration and gratitude, faint at first, grew louder and louder, until the vast assemblage of spectators, united in a mingled tribute of thanks, applauses, and benedictions, to him, whose wisdom and valour had stayed the desolating sword of war, rescued them from the sceptre of military despotism, and given them, in prospect, a certainty of freedom, independence, and peace.

'From every quarter congratulatory addresses were presented to Greene; banquets, balls, and other festive entertainments, public and private, were provided for his gratification; fire-works and illuminations were brilliantly exhibited; and all that a liberated and generous people, in the jubilee of their soul, could devise to amuse or delight him, were expensively prepared. To crown the whole, in places of public worship, thanks were solemnly offered to the God of battles, for the various successes of the American arms, and the signal deliverance, the city had experienced.'

He was not allowed to wear his laurels in perfect tranquillity; envy and detraction, which had not spared even Washington, soon assailed his person. The army were in great distress for supplies, Mr. Banks, the contractor, had not the credit requisite to procure them, and Greene generously pledged his private property, by becoming security. Banks proved unfortunate or fraudulent, and Greene not only lost his property, but his reputation was aspersed with the charge of mercenary views, and a participation in Banks's nefarious designs.

'An accusation,' says his biographer, 'more foul in principle, or unfounded in fact, never issued from the tongue of malice. In consequence of it, the conduct of Greene in his whole connexion with Banks, was solemnly investigated at the bar of congress, by some of the most upright and intelligent men of the nation. In this scrutiny, general Hamiton was actively concerned. The result proved, as every man of intelligence was confident it would, in a high degree honourable to the reputation of Greene. From the witnesses and documents that were examined, there appeared no shadow of ground to arraign his motives. On the contrary, their purity and the general uprightness of his character were incontestably established. An official paper containing a decision to this effect, was prepared and deposited in the archives of the nation, and

the debt for which his estate had become liable, was finally paid out of the public treasury. Many years having elapsed after his death, before this decision took place, the matter not being finally adjusted until about the year 1796, his personal influence could not be regarded as efficient in the procurement of it. It was a spontaneous act of justice by the government, in behalf of the reputation and estate of an officer, whose integrity was as spotless as his services had been pre-eminent.'

Upon his return, after the peace, to his native state, his reception was 'cordial and joyous. The authorities of the commonwealth welcomed him home, with congratulatory addresses, and the chief men of the place waited on him at his dwelling, eager to testify their gratitude for his services, their admiration of his talents and virtues, and the pride with which they recognized him as a native of Rhode Island.'

He did not remain there long, but while there, exerted his influence, energetically and successfully, in favour of the unfortunate tories, now threatened with confiscation and banishment. After a residence in Rhode Island of two years, he sailed with his family for Georgia, in October, 1785, and settled on an estate near Savannah, which had been presented to him by the state of Georgia.

Here he engaged in agricultural pursuits, possessing, from the gratitude of South Carolina, an estate on the Edisto valued at ten thousand pounds sterling; besides the plantation already mentioned, which was estimated at half of that amount; and twenty-five thousand acres of land on Duck-creek, given by North Carolina. Happy too, in domestic life, as the father of two sons and three daughters, and in the recollection of a most useful and virtuous career, he had every prospect of living many years in the rich and unalloyed enjoyment, of his well earned fame. But,

' When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With honours, bloom'd with every bliss,
How often do we see man drop at once
Our morning's envy and our evening's sigh!
Few years but yield us proofs of Death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.'

' it was the will of heaven, that in this new sphere of action, his course should be limited. The short period of seven months was destined to witness its commencement and its close.

' Walking over his grounds, as was his custom, without his hat, on the afternoon of the 15th of June 1786, the day being intensely hot, he was suddenly attacked with such a vertigo and prostration of strength, as to be unable to return to his house, without assistance. The affection was what is denominated a "stroke of the sun." It was succeeded by fever, accompanied with stupor, delirium, and a disordered stomach.

' Being in high health, at the time of his attack, his habit plethoric, and his temperament inflammatory, the disease was violent, and its progress rapid. It was a southern complaint, fiercely in-

vading a northern constitution. All efforts to subdue it proving fruitless, it terminated fatally on the 19th of the month.'

We have but few words to say by way of criticism on this book; it is rather too eulogistic for biography; a detail of such actions as those of Greene, is only loaded and encumbered, without being at all improved, by incessant praise. Every epithet of commendation is not only given, but lavished by the author upon his hero, in such immoderate profusion, that they rather interfere with the admiration which would otherwise be excited in the reader's mind. We do not mean to say that Greene did not deserve all praise, but there is an obvious and proper distinction between the style suitable to funereal eulogium, and that which is appropriate to posthumous biography; and this distinction Dr. C. has not observed. This is the most striking fault. We cannot but regret also the total absence of familiar letters and anecdotes of private life, by means of which a biographer successfully endeavours to render us familiar with the character and domestic life of his subject. Still, however, the work is a very respectable effort, in a species of composition which is too little cultivated among us, and is a valuable addition to the literature of our country. We extract the following account of some of the officers who were particularly distinguished in the Southern war, as a fair specimen of the style and manner of the work.

'Another officer, destined to figure with great lustre, in the army of the south, was colonel William Washington. An honest soldier, brave as Ajax, and scarcely inferior in personal strength, always impetuous, at times, perhaps, rash, in action, his sword was his idol; and he was calculated to execute, rather than plan. Leaving to others, the deliberations of the closet, he panted for the field; and his delight, there, was in the tumult of battle. Yet, when the nature of the service, he was engaged in, required it, he manifested, on several occasions, a ready aptitude for the stratagems of war. This officer commanded, now, a regiment of continental cavalry.

'He was the eldest son of Baily Washington, Esq., of Stafford county, in the state of Virginia; and belonged to a younger branch, of the original Washington family.

'In the commencement of the war, and at an early period of life, he had entered the army, as captain of a company of infantry, under the command of general Mercer. In this corps, he had acquired, from actual service, a practical knowledge of the profession of arms.

'He fought in the battle of Long Island; and, in his retreat, through New Jersey, accompanied his great kinsman, cheerful under the gloom, coolly confronting the danger, and bearing, with exemplary fortitude and firmness, the heavy misfortunes, and privations, of the time.

'In the successful attack, on the British post at Trenton, captain Washington acted a brilliant, and most important part. Perceiving

the enemy, about to form a battery, and point it, in a narrow street, against the advancing American column, he charged them, at the head of his company, drove them from their guns, and, thus, prevented, certainly, the effusion of much blood, perhaps, the repulse, of the assailing party. In this act of heroism, he received a severe wound, in the wrist. It is but justice to add, that, on this occasion, captain Washington was ably, and most gallantly supported, by lieutenant Monroe, now president of the United States, who also sustained a wound, in the hand.

‘ Shortly after this adventure, Washington was promoted to a majority, in a regiment of horse. In this command, he was very actively engaged, in the northern and middle states, with various success, until the year 1780. Advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and placed at the head of a regiment of cavalry, composed of the remains of three, that had been reduced, by sickness and battle, he was, then, attached to the army, under general Lincoln, engaged in the defence of South Carolina.

‘ Here, his service was various, and his course eventful; marked, by a few brilliant strokes of fortune, but checkered with two severe disasters. The first of these reverses, was at Monk’s corner, where he himself commanded; the other, at Leneau’s ferry, where he was second, in command, to colonel White.

‘ Inured to an uncommon extent, and variety of hard service, and sufficiently disciplined, in the school of adversity, colonel Washington, although a young man, was, now, a veteran, in military experience. Added to this, he was somewhat accustomed to a warm climate, and had acquired, from actual observation, considerable knowledge, of that tract of country, which was to constitute, in future, the theatre of war.

‘ Such was this officer, when, at the head of a regiment of cavalry, he was attached to the army of general Greene. The most distinguished of his subsequent achievements, will be noticed in the regular course of our narrative.

‘ One of his partisan exploits, however, the result of a well conceived stratagem, must be succinctly narrated.

‘ Having learnt, during a scouting excursion, that a large party of loyalists, commanded by colonel Rudgley, was posted at Rudgley’s mill, twelve miles from Cambden, he determined on attacking them.

‘ Approaching the enemy, he found them so secured, in a large log barn, surrounded by abbattis, as to be perfectly safe, from the operations of cavalry.

‘ Forbidden, thus, to attempt his object, by direct attack, his usual and favourite mode of warfare, he determined, for once, to have recourse to policy.

‘ Shaping, therefore, a pine log, in imitation of a field-piece, mounting it on wheels, and staining it with mud, to make it look like iron, he brought it up, in military style, and affected to make arrangements to batter down the barn.

‘To give to the stratagem solemnity and effect, he despatched a flag, warning the garrison of the impending destruction, and, to prevent blood-shed, summoned them to submission.

‘Not prepared to resist artillery, colonel Rudgley obeyed the summons; and, with a garrison of one hundred and three, rank and file, surrendered at discretion.

‘In the spring of 1782, colonel Washington married miss Elliot, of Charleston, and established himself at Sandy-Hill, her ancestral seat.

‘After the conclusion of peace, he took no other concern, in public affairs, than to appear, occasionally, in the legislature of South Carolina.

‘When general Washington accepted the command in chief, of the armies of the United States, under the presidency of Mr. Adams, he selected, as one of his staff, his kinsman, colonel William Washington, with the rank of brigadier-general. Had other proof been wanting, this alone, was sufficient to decide his military worth.

‘In private life, he was a man of unsullied honour, united to an amiable temper, lively manners, a hospitable disposition, and a benevolent heart.

‘A third officer, of great distinction, in the southern army, was colonel Howard, of Baltimore. He commanded the second regiment of Maryland regulars; and, for gallantry and firmness, decision of character, and sound judgment, was not exceeded, by any officer, of his rank, in the service of his country.

‘With great intelligence, and skill in arms, he was one of those heroic spirits, on whom general Greene reposed his hopes, during the time he was deepest in adversity, and, in his high determination, to recover the south, or perish in the attempt.

‘Although he had been in commission, first, as captain, and afterwards, as major, from the month of June, 1776, he does not appear to have been much engaged in action, until he took his station, at the head of a regiment, in the southern army.

‘Accomplished in tactics, and ripe in experience, although only, now, in his twenty-seventh year, he was, in all respects, fitted for the operations of the field.

‘Accordingly, no sooner did an opportunity for action present itself, than his valour, as a soldier, and his reputation, as a commander, became conspicuous, in the midst of the accomplished and the brave.

‘His brightest laurel was gathered at the Cowpens, where, assuming to himself the responsibility of the act, he charged, without orders, and, at the point of the bayonet, discomfited and scattered, a party of the enemy, superior in number to his own command, and consisting of the flower of the British army.

‘His interview, immediately after the action, with general Morgan, the commanding officer, was eminently interesting; and, were

other evidence wanting, shows, on how precarious a footing, stands, the reputation, and the life, of a warrior.

“My dear Howard,” said Morgan, cordially pressing his hand, as he spoke, “you have given me victory, and I love and honour you; but, had you failed in your charge, which you risked without orders, I would have shot you.”

Previously to this, colonel Howard had distinguished himself among those, who, by their gallantry and good conduct, had sustained the character of the American arms, and prevented the utter destruction of the forces, in the battle near Cambden, where Gates was defeated.

Nor was he entitled to less applause, for the spirit and judgment, which he afterwards displayed, at Guilford, Hobkirk's hill, and the Eutaw springs; at the latter of which, he was severely wounded.

But a letter, from general Greene, dated November 14th, 1781, to a friend, in Maryland, is conclusive, as to the military reputation of colonel Howard.

“This will be handed to you, says the general, by colonel Howard, as good an officer, as the world affords. He has great ability, and the best disposition, to promote the service. My own obligations to him are great—the public's still more so. He deserves a statue of gold, no less than the Roman and Grecian heroes. He has been wounded, but has happily recovered, and now goes home, to pay a little attention to his private affairs, and to take charge of the fifth Maryland regiment, recruiting in your state.

“With great respect, and esteem,

“I am, dear sir, yours,

“N. GREENE.”

Colonel Howard was born, June 4th, 1752, on his ancestral estate, near the city of Baltimore. His paternal ancestors were from England, his maternal, from Ireland. The descendant of a gentleman, easy in circumstances, his education was such as, his rank and fortune entitled him to receive.

On the conclusion of the war, he married miss Chew, daughter of the honourable Benjamin Chew, of Philadelphia.

Contented and happy, in domestic life, and much occupied, with his private affairs, he has never sought political honours, but left to others to govern the country, which he, by his valour, had contributed to set free.

He still resides on his patrimonial estate, surrounded by a large and respectable family, pre-eminent in affluence, and passing the evening of his life, in that dignified and felicitous retirement, which a high and unsullied reputation, a peaceful conscience, a cultivated intellect, and polished manners, alone can bestow.

A fourth officer, uniting, in himself, all that gives dignity and worth to the private citizen, and excellence to the commander, was colonel Otho H. Williams, also a native of the state of Maryland.

‘This gentleman was formed for eminence in any station. His talents were of a high order, and his attainments, various and extensive. Possessing a person of uncommon symmetry, and peculiarly distinguished, by the elegance of his manners, he would have graced, alike, a court or a camp.

‘Rich in that species of military science, which is acquired by experience, and a correct, systematic, and severe disciplinarian, general Greene confided to him the important trust, of adjutant general to the southern army. The services, which in this, and other capacities, he rendered to that division of the American forces, in the course of their toilsome and perilous operations, were beyond all praise.

‘He was born, in the county of Prince George, in the year 1748, and received, during his youth, but a slender education. This, he so much improved, by subsequent study, that few men had a finer taste, or a more cultivated intellect.

‘He commenced his military career, as lieutenant of a rifle company, in 1775; and, in the course of the following year, was promoted to the rank of major, in a rifle regiment.

‘In this corps, he very honourably distinguished himself, in the defence of fort Washington, on York Island, when assaulted by sir William Howe; and, on the surrender of that post, became a prisoner.

‘Having suffered much, by close confinement, during his captivity, he was exchanged, for major Ackland, after the capture of Burgoyne, and immediately rejoined the standard of his country.

‘Being now promoted to the rank of colonel of a regiment of infantry, he was detached, under the baron De Kalb, to the army of the south.

‘General Gates having been appointed to the command of this division of the American forces, he was present with that officer, at his defeat, before Cambrden; and, during the action, manifested great valour, and skill, in directing, and leading the operations against the enemy, while resistance was practicable; and, an equal degree of self-possession and address, in conducting the troops from the field, when compelled to retreat.

‘But, as an officer, his valour and skill, in battle, were among the lowest of his qualifications. His penetration and sagacity, united to a profound judgment, and a capacious mind, rendered him, in the cabinet, particularly valuable.

‘Hence, he was one of general Greene’s favourite counsellors, during the whole of his southern campaigns. Nor did any thing ever occur, either through neglect, or mistake, to impair the confidence, thus reposed in him. In no inconsiderable degree, he was to Greene, what that officer had been to general Washington, his strongest hope, in all emergencies, where great policy and address were required.

‘This was clearly manifested, by the post assigned to him, by general Greene, during his celebrated retreat, through North Carolina.

‘ In that great and memorable movement, on which the fate of the south was staked, to Williams was confided the command of the rear guard, which was literally the shield and rampart of the army. Had he relaxed, but for a moment, in his vigilance and exertion, or been guilty of a single imprudent act, ruin must have ensued.

‘ Nor was his command much less momentous, when, recrossing the Dan, Greene again advanced on the enemy. Still in the post of danger and honour, he now, in the van of the army, commanded the same corps, with which he had previously moved in the rear. But of these operations, it will be our business to speak more particularly hereafter.

‘ A military friend, who knew him well, has given us the following summary of his character.

‘ “ He possessed that range of mind, although self-educated, which entitled him to the highest military station, and was actuated by true courage, which can refuse, as well as give battle. Soaring far above the reach of vulgar praise, he singly aimed at promoting the common weal, satisfied with the consciousness of doing right, and desiring only that share of applause, which was justly his own.

‘ “ There was a loftiness and liberality, in his character, which forbade resort to intrigue and hypocrisy, in the accomplishment of his views, and rejected the contemptible practice, of disparaging others to exalt himself.

‘ “ In the field of battle, he was self-possessed, intelligent, and ardent; in camp, circumspect, attentive, and systematic; in council, sincere, deep, and perspicuous. During the campaigns of general Greene, he was uniformly one of his few-advisers, and held his unchanged confidence. Nor was he less esteemed by his brother officers, or less respected by his soldiery.”

We conclude our extracts with the following *note*, taken from the appendix.

Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence.

‘ The present work purporting to develop somewhat of the spirit and character of the people of the south, during the war of the revolution, the publication of the following curious and interesting document is so far relevant to its design.

‘ On the authenticity of the article, it is believed that a perfect reliance may be placed,

‘ With the chairman and secretary (*clerk*, as the latter is there denominated) as well as with colonel Thomas Polk, a very spirited and leading member of the association, the writer of these Memoirs was intimately acquainted; and knows them to have been capable of all that is virtuous, patriotic, and daring.

‘ Their proceedings clearly show, that while Virginia and Massachusetts are contending for the honour, of having given birth to

the *revolutionary spirit* of our country, the state of North Carolina took the lead of both, in a formal manifestation of the *spirit of independence*.

‘ We need not indicate to the reader the identity of the language, which closes the third *resolution* of the Mecklenburgh declaration, with that closing the last section of our national declaration, which was prepared and adopted more than a year afterwards.

North Carolina, Mecklenburgh County, May 20th, 1775.

“ In the spring of 1775, the leading characters of Mecklenburgh county, stimulated by the enthusiastic patriotism which elevates the mind above considerations of individual aggrandisement, and scorning to shelter themselves from the impending storm, by submission to lawless power, &c. &c. held several detached meetings, in each of which the individual sentiments were, that the cause of Boston was the cause of all; and their destinies were indissolubly connected with those of their eastern fellow-citizens—and that they must either submit to all the impositions which an unprincipled, and to them an unrepresented parliament might impose—or support their brethren who were doomed to sustain the first shock of that power, which, if successful there, would ultimately overwhelm all in the common calamity. Conformably to these principles, colonel Adam Alexander, through solicitation, issued an order to each captain’s company in the county of Mecklenburgh (then comprising the present county of Cabarrus) directing each militia company to elect two persons, and delegate to them ample power to devise ways and means to aid and assist their suffering brethren in Boston, and also generally to adopt measures to extricate themselves from the impending storm, and to secure, unimpaired, their inalienable rights, privileges and liberties from the dominant grasp of British imposition and tyranny.

“ In conforming to said order, on the 19th of May, 1775, the said delegation met in Charlotte, vested with unlimited powers; at which time official news, by express, arrived of the battle of Lexington on that day of the preceding month. Every delegate felt the value and importance of the prize, and the awful and solemn crisis which had arrived—every bosom swelled with indignation at the malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge developed in the late attack at Lexington. The universal sentiment was—let us not flatter ourselves that popular harangues, or resolves; that popular vapour will avert the storm, or vanquish our common enemy—let us deliberate—let us calculate the issue—the probable result; and then let us act with energy as brethren leagued to preserve our property—our lives—and what is still more endearing, the liberties of America.—*Abraham Alexander* was then elected chairman, and *John M’ Knitt Alexander*, clerk. After a free and full discussion of the various objects for which the delegation had been convened, it was unanimously ordained—

“ 1. *Resolved*, That whosoever directly or indirectly abetted, or in any way, form, or manner, countenanced the unchartered and

dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to his country—to America—and to the inherent and unalienable rights of man.

“ 2. *Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburgh county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby dissolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connexion, contract, or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties—and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington.

“ 3. *Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of the congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honour.

“ 4. *Resolved*, That, as we now acknowledge the existence and control of no law or legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt, as a rule of life, all, each, and every of our former laws—wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities, or authority therein.

“ 5. *Resolved*, That it is also further decreed, that all, each, and every military officer in this county is hereby reinstated to his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations. And that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz. a justice of the peace, in the character of a ‘*committee man*,’ to issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws, and to preserve peace, and union, and harmony, in said county; and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province.”

ART. III.—*Geographical Description of Florida.*

[The anticipated annexation of Florida, to our territory, renders an accurate knowledge of its geography very desirable. It is, however, but little understood. The following description is inserted to meet the public curiosity upon the subject.]

FLORIDA.

378 length { between 25° and 31° N. Lat. } Sq. miles,
228 breadth { 3° 30' and 10° 20' W. Long. } 56,500.

Boundaries.—On the north by Georgia and Alabama; on the south by the gulf of Mexico; on the east by the Atlantic, and gulf of Florida; and on the west by the gulf of Mexico, and part of Alabama.

Divisions.—This country is divided into East and West Florida; East Florida containing about 50,000, and West Florida about 6,500 square miles.

Population.—The present population does not exceed 12,000, exclusive of Indians. The inhabitants mostly reside in towns.

Chief towns.—St. Augustine and Pensacola are the only towns of much consideration.

St. Augustine, the capital of East Florida, is situated on the east coast, on the bay of St. Augustine, in latitude 30° north, and longitude $4^{\circ} 25'$ west; containing 4000 inhabitants. It is a healthy place, having a high and dry situation, with the benefits of the sea-breezes. The figure of the town is a parallelogram, laid out at the foot of an eminence on the beach; with four wide parallel streets, intersected by others of smaller dimensions, at right angles. The church of St. Augustine, with the monastery, are the most conspicuous edifices of the town. The town is well fortified; the castle St. Juan being built of stone, with four bastions, the curtains between which are 180 feet long, and 20 feet high. The buildings are fire proof, and partly casemated. St. Augustine has resisted successfully several formidable attacks.

Besides St. Augustine, there are several small villages in East Florida; the principal of which is St. Mark's, situated on the river St. Mark's, near the Apalachia bay.

Pensacola, the capital of West Florida, is situated on the west side of Pensacola bay, having a fine harbour, safe from every wind, with plenty of water. Pensacola is in latitude $30^{\circ} 28'$ north, and longitude 10° west, sixty miles east of Mobile. Its figure is a parallelogram one mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide; and it is accounted a healthy place. The entrance into the bay is fortified. The country north of the town, is watered by the Escambia, Coneuch, and Yellow rivers, rising in Alabama, and running into the bay of Pensacola.

The other villages of West Florida are *St. Joseph*, near cape St. Blaz in the gulf of Mexico; *Wells*, on the west side of St. Andrew's bay; and *Cambeltown*, seven miles northeast of Pensacola, and at the head of the same bay.

Rivers.—*Apalachicola*, the principal river of the Floridas, rises at the point where North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia, approach; and, running across the last, becomes the boundary, for some distance, between it and Alabama. Leaving Alabama, it becomes the boundary between West Florida and Georgia; and, at the mouth of Flint, flowing in from the northeast, it becomes the boundary between the two Floridas. It then proceeds towards the gulf of Mexico, and discharges itself into St. George's sound, near cape St. Blaz.

St. Mary's, rising in the Ekanfanoka swamp, runs to the Atlantic, between Georgia and East Florida.

St. John's, rises in the south of East Florida, and running north a short distance, forms Mayaco lake. This lake throws out

several small streams running east into the Atlantic, and southwest into the gulf of Mexico, but the principal outlet proceeds directly north, forming in its way four other lakes, the chief of which is lake George. At Poppa or Piccolata, it changes its direction from north to northeast, and runs into the Atlantic, near Talbot island, about midway between St. Augustine and St. Mary's. The source, situation, course, length, and outlet of this river lead to a number of reflections, in relation to the face of the country, and its internal communications. In the first place, it would appear that lake Mayaco occupies the highest point of land in East Florida; streams running from it, by various directions, into the Atlantic and gulf of Mexico. In the second place, it has formed a water communication between the northeast and southwest shores of East Florida. In the third place, there is only sixty miles distance between lake George and Espiritu-Santa bay, the rivers of the one interlocking with the waters of the other; making the communication by water from the Atlantic to the gulf of Mexico very direct and short. In the fourth place, the river St. John's is a natural reservoir, to supply canals in every part of the territory, to shorten the conveyance of merchandize, between the Atlantic and gulf of Mexico. In the fifth place, a question is suggested, *whence come the springs that supply lake Mayaco?* It is higher than the level of the Atlantic and gulf of Mexico, as is proved by water falling in rapid currents from its basin into both. There are no lands on the peninsula, higher than the lake itself, at least below the 30° north latitude, which is distant from the lake 250 miles.

This sketch not being designed to discuss, at length, physical questions, arising out of the phenomena that appear on the face of the territory, more is not intended here, than barely to excite the investigation of naturalists and philosophers. It is deemed sufficient, for the present, barely to intimate that lake Mayaco is supplied by a subterraneous channel, leading from a fountain situated in the upper regions of Georgia, perhaps in the Allegany mountains. Calculating this covert channel of the St. John's, it is perhaps the longest river running into the Atlantic.

Suwanny, another river rising in the Ekanfanoka swamp, pursuing a winding course of 200 miles, falls into the Apalachia bay. This is said to be the purest river in America, receiving in its course no tributary streams or creeks; but is supplied entirely by springs along its banks. It is 200 yards wide, and twenty feet deep; at Talaho-sochete in East Florida.

In addition to those already mentioned, of East Florida, there are, running into the Atlantic, *Naussa, India, Greenouille, St. Sebastian, St. Lucia*; running into the gulf of Mexico, *North-river, Delaware, Caxinba, Coloasa, Charlotte, New, Rocky-river, Huley's, Amajura*; running into Espiritu-Santa bay, *Tampa, Hellsborough, Manette*; and running into the Apalachian bay, *St. Mark's, and Oke-tock-onne*.

The rivers of West Florida are the *Perdido*, so called because it loses itself a short distance under ground—*Perdido-río*, signifying *lost river*, is the boundary between Mobile county, in Alabama, and West Florida; *Escambia*, *Conneuch*, *Yellow*, *St. Andrews*, *Sweet-water*, &c.

Swamps.—The great *Ekanfanoka*, called by the natives, *Oua-quaphenogau*, lies between Georgia and East Florida, and is divided between them by an imaginary line. It is estimated 300 miles in circumference, and, in a wet season, has the appearance of a vast lake, studded with islands. The soil of the islands, or firm land, in this immense morass, is indescribably rich; as is most of the marshy ground in both the Floridas. To clear, and put them into successful culture, will require immense labour.

Lakes.—The principal of these have already been mentioned in tracing the great river *St. John's* of the south.

Islands.—*Amelia*, *Falbot*, *St. Anastatia*, *Biscaino*, *Ball*, *Newcastle*, *Bradshaw*, *Tortugas*, *St. George's*, *Corn-island*, *Roebuck*, *Santa Rosa*.

Bays.—*St. Augustine*, *Smyrna*, *Chatham*, *Charlotte*, *Espiritu-Santa*, *St. Joseph*, *Apalachia*, *Pensacola*, *St. Andrew's*, *Perdido*, *St. Mary's*, *Carlos Capes*, *Carneveral*, *Florida*, *Sable*, *Roman*, *St. Blaz*, &c.

Soil.—The major part is sandy, covered with long-leaf-pine. On the rivers, creeks, lakes, and swamps, the soil is of the first quality, and produce sugar, cotton, corn, indigo, rice, &c., equal to the best lands of Georgia. Some of the islands are valuable on account of their fertility.

Produce.—In addition to those mentioned above, are, potatoes, melons, ground-peas, lemons, oranges, olives, figs, cocoa-nuts, plums, and cochineal.

Natural growth.—Immense white and red oak, the splendid and beautiful magniola, cypress, red and white cedar, crab-oak, mulberry, hiccory, sassafras, palms, walnuts, cabbage-tree, &c., grow in masses, and form in summer the most delightful shades for man and beast. The flowering shrubbery and plants of Florida, are indicated by the name of the country; and do not owe their existence to fancy. Here the busy bee and the singing birds sport in ecstasies.

Animals.—Horses, flocks of sheep, goats, herds of cattle, and droves of swine, are reared in Florida. In desert places, wild animals, such as otters, hares, rabbits, racoons, foxes, opossums, squirrels, salamanders, gophers, alligators, and various reptiles abound. The alligators are frightfully large, but generally harmless; fewer accidents arising from their voracity or ferocity, notwithstanding their numbers, than from the viciousness of many of the domestic animals.

Government.—The Floridas, lately provinces of Spain, were under the *capitania-general* of the Havanna, with military governors at *St. Augustine* and *Pensacola*, and commandants at the smaller posts. Since the treaty ceding them to the United States, 1819,

congress passed an act, authorising the president to take possession, in the event of the ratification of the treaty by the Spanish monarch, and to establish a provisional government for the territory.

Indians.—The Indians of Florida reside mostly in the neighbourhood of Apalachia bay; but, they are a vagrant people, wandering to and from the towns. They are called *Seminoles*; and, as the name imports, are *runaways* from the Creeks, and other nations to the north of Florida. Their habits are mean, little of the magnanimity of the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, &c. remaining with them. Their vagabond habits have been encouraged by an association with the vilest swindlers and cut-throats—Americans, Englishmen, and Spaniards—who have either fled hither from the justice of the law; or resorted to this scene for the sake of traffic with the Indians. This horrible band, augmented by runaway negroes, have been exceedingly troublesome to the peace and safety of the inhabitants of the south-west counties of Georgia—stealing, robbing, and murdering—until they were completely overthrown by general Jackson, in the short, but vigorous campaign of 1818.

History.—This country was discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1497. It has frequently changed masters, belonging alternately to the French and Spaniards. The French first formed a small establishment in Florida in 1564, from which they were driven in the following year, by the Spaniards, who then began to form settlements themselves. At the peace of 1763 Florida was ceded to England, in exchange for the Havanna, which had been taken from the Spaniards. While it was in possession of the English, it was divided into East and West Florida, separated by the Apalachicola. During the American war, in the year 1781, both the Floridas were reduced by the Spaniards, to whom they were confirmed by the peace of 1783. It remained in quiet possession of Spain, until the late war between the United States and Great Britain, when Pensacola was entered by general Jackson, in pursuit of the British forces, who were there sheltered and provisioned. In 1818, a war having broken out between the United States and the Seminole Indians, residing in East and West Florida, the Indians were pursued to the Spanish posts, St. Mark's, Pensacola, &c., where it being discovered that the Spanish commandants had not acquitted their neutrality, nor exerted their influence to preserve the peace, as required by the treaty relations, between the United States and Spain, general Jackson demolished the towns on Shuwanny, captured the post of St. Mark's, the town of Pensacola, and fort Barancas, and transported the governor and troops to Havanna. Pensacola was immediately restored by the president to the Spanish authority.

ART. IV.—*The Hermit in London, or Sketches of English Manners.*

[From the Journal of Belles Lettres.]

RIGID ECONOMY.

‘Thy nags—the leanest things alive—
So very hard thou lov’st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say
It cost thee more in whips than hay.’

WHEN I see half starved cattle attached to a carriage, and observe a constant succession and change of servants in the houses of the great,—when I regret to behold the unanswered petitions of the necessitous almost thrown at them, and remark that I never noticed a pauper relieved at a neighbour’s door,—I am convinced that grinding economy, the slave of pride, is the cause of all this havoc to man and beast.

Where economy, however, is only the representative of honest poverty, or is more properly mere self-denial for some laudable purpose,—for instance, to pay a parent’s debts, to disencumber an estate for a son, or to provide for indigent relatives, and those who have natural ties upon us,—I honour those who are reduced to these abnegations, and I respect the motive which occasions them.

But how few instances do we behold of self-denial, in order to rescue the name of a father or of a husband, whose ashes now repose in the tomb, from the infamy and the charge of injustice? How few fathers, like the virtuous Cremorne, consider the honour of a departed son identified with their own, and will allow no one to name him with a claim or with a reproach in his mouth! How few instances of parental, of conjugal, and of filial piety, exist in this respect! Nay, we rarely find people resort to self-denials in order to pay their own personal debts; whilst a title, or a senatorial privilege, saves them from arrest. Yet every day we see acts of barbarous, contemptible, and pinching penury, in order to pamper pride, to gild nothingness, to obtain transitory respect, which never can survive a perfect knowledge of the character, or rather, that kind of homage, of consideration, or deference which little minds pay to fine dress, fine furniture, to the skeletons of half-starved cattle, and to pining and hungry livery men just hired, or just wearing out their month of warning.

Here we behold a haughty old maid, perhaps with honourable Miss tacked to her name, whose slender pittance would keep herself and waiting-woman in comfort, leaving a crust for the poor, or the tithe of her reverence for the noblest duties of humanity; but, in order that she may give a couple of routs, and be followed daily by half-fed footmen of six feet high, the waiting-maid and livery-man must keep lent all the year round, and the poor must be driven trembling from her door.

In another quarter of the town we have the widow of high life, whose late husband’s debts and difficulties scarcely leave her enough with which to keep house; yet must her establishment be maintained—the same number of domestics, of horses, and of car—

riages, to compass which the poor quadrupeds are half fed, and the bipeds are wholly unpaid, and either fed upon promises, or upon their savings in former places, being allowed to run on an account of board wages and standing wages without any certain time of payment for either.

Here, Miss Priscilla, whose Pa was a merchant, has fortune enough for house, for servants—male and female, for hospitality, and for charity; but, then, although her charms are either invisible to all but her own partial eye, or are declining apace, yet she may make a good match, and as appearance is every thing, she must have her landau to sun herself in, and her men both in livery and out of it. For this purpose, the hospitable board must shrink into a sandwich and a glass of table-beer for self,—not at home, for poor relations,—meagre fare for her domestics, and a sparing hand for her poor cattle: add to which, coachee converts the economical allowance of corn into ale or gin for himself, and trusts to the stimulus of the whip instead of hand-feeding to get his sorry animals on; whilst the poor, who blessed the sire, now anathematize the daughter, with famished countenances and with angry looks.

Knighthood has raised sir Robert above himself. He was once the faithful picture of an honest John Bull. Substantial fare furnished the plenteous board both above stairs and below; his friends, his neighbours, his clerks, and his servants, his porters and shopmen, his dependants and the poor, all partook of his generosity; and every thing flourished. Now, he fain would be the courtier, and would act and look the nobleman.

My lady too, has suffered a metamorphosis, since she was presented at court. Now, Botolph-lane smells offensive to her nose; St. Paul's church is an eye-sore to her quality; its matin bell an impertinent intrusion on her first sleep;—she must have a house in some of the squares, (not Finsbury, for that has counting house-smoke in it, and savours of sugar and tobacco, of tea and indigo, of odious articles of traffic from the East and West Indies:) she must have her villa at Richmond or at Wimbledon, and her hot-house, conservatory, etcetera; not forgetting expensive dress and extravagant losses at play, in order to pay her *footing* amongst the nobility.

To meet all these expenditures, the open table is retrenched; state dinners are given in imitation of ministerial ones, but differing in this leading feature, that there—not a guest is asked but from some motive of interest, public or private,—not a dish but is paid for again and again; nor is there even a miserable rat about the house that does not bring his price with him. Clerks, relatives, and dependents, are either treated as inferiors, or wholly *cut*; the servants' stomachs are guaged by my lady's wants, in order to pay her play debts; the horses' appetites are measured by the hunger of coachmen and grooms, unaccustomed to half allowance or short commons, and who purloin the corn to make up the deficit; all is finery or misery, excess or starvation, (the latter always falling to

the lot of the lower hardworking class;) the poor have no longer any portion in their bowels of compassion; nor have their bowels any portion of their former allowance; all is changed, all is external pomp and internal parsimony.

Such, too, is the rage for fashion, that every thing is immolated at its shrine; so that an empty coxcomb will put his whole fortune on his back, doing injustice to all around, in order to occupy a place in the beau monde; and a vain female will spend as much on rouge, odours, cosmetics, foreign frippery, and domestic dissipation, as would keep a whole family creditably, whilst she starves herself at home, and forces her abigail either to vice or dishonesty, in order to nourish the *en bon point* of her person, and the rose upon her cheek.

I know a lady, who has such a rage for high life, that, leaving a score of unprovided kinsmen and kinswomen in Essex, she has fixed her head-quarters in town. There she has sunk her small fortune for an annuity; what used to procure a substantial dinner daily, is converted into feathers and French lace; four maid-servants are turned into one footman and a char-woman; cousin Betty's annuity pays for the share of an opera box; the fat horses have been sold for a vis-a-vis with job cattle; the cows, poultry, and favourites of the brute species, with all implements of horticulture, dairy, etcetera, are melted into a suit of pearls; whilst the pittance of the poor hires musicians for one ball. Not a fragment must be lost, in order to pay for the chalking of her floors; and the flowers, which adorn her saloon, are extracted from so many ounces diurnally purloined from the stomachs of her two established attendants; whilst she shabbily receives the card-money, in order to remunerate occasional hired domestics, who are to swell her consequence by their number, at her occasional entertainment, and to impose upon the ignorant as her regular retinue.

These gilded meannesses, and unworthy sacrifices, are, every where, and in every body, unbecoming and disgusting. They proceed from a narrow heart and shallow understanding; and are generally and deservedly punished by the detection of envy. The thin veil which covers these moral deformities is easily seen through; and contempt and derision are, not unfrequently, substituted for admiration and praise, just as those who raise a dust in order to blind their neighbours, are obscured and smothered by it themselves.

I spare the name of a dowager, whose allowance to servants is a red herring or an egg each per diem, and half a pound of coarse bread, with the smallest beer in Europe. This enables her to keep a man and a boy, and to give Madeira at her suppers; whilst port and sherry, and one male less, might have afforded one good meal to each of the inmates of her house. It happened, that the footboy's stomach making an ugly rumbling behind her ladyship's chair at supper, she gave him one of her petrifying looks, and asked him what was that vile noise which she heard? The lad (an Aberdo-

nian) answered, 'It's naething but an empty soond, my leddy.' A general titter seized her guests, among which was

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

ART. V.—*New American Poems.*

1. *New England, and other Poems*; by William B. Tappan. Philadelphia. 1819. 24mo. pp. 108.
2. *Imagination; The Maniac's Dream, and other Poems*; by Henry T. Farmer, M. D. Member of the Historical Society of New York. New York. 1819. 12mo. pp. 163.
3. *Mississippian Scenery*, a Poem, descriptive of the interior of North America; by Charles Mead. Philadelphia. 1819. 12mo. pp. 113.
4. *The Frontier Maid, or a Tale of Wyoming*; a Poem in Five Cantos. Wilkesbarre. 1819. pp. 208.
5. *The Battle of Niagara*. Second edition. *Enlarged* with other Poems; by John Neal. Baltimore 1819. pp. 272.

IF the poetical department of our national literature, has heretofore suffered under neglect and fallen into disrepute, certainly present indications seem to promise an alteration for the better.

The poems whose titles we have mentioned above, all recently published, although not perhaps destined to immortalize their authors, are all very respectable, and merit a welcome admission into the libraries of our belles-lettres scholars. The public will naturally augur well, from seeing the fearlessness with which these young, or at least new poets, put themselves forward, giving their names openly, with their productions, to the world, as an assurance of their own confidence in the merit of their poetry, and in the liberal judgment of their fellow citizens.

We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with any one of them; it is impossible to peruse the poems, however, without a conviction that the writers are our countrymen, and gentlemen of talent and cultivated taste.

The modest, and simply eloquent, preface of Mr. Tappan, particularly, is inexpressibly prepossessing. 'It is not,' he says, 'without diffidence the following productions of a youthful Muse are submitted to an impartial public. The author is conscious that individual approbation is not the criterion by which success is to be anticipated. Under the full weight of this impression, he ventures to publish these effusions, with the sincere hope, that if they do not add a sprig to the increasing luxuriance of American literature, they will not diminish the number of those who regard piety and virtue as the only sure avenues to peace and happiness.'

The poetry of this little volume is remarkable for the purity of sentiment which breathes throughout; it contains 'New England,' a poem of about three hundred lines, descriptive of the early history of the Eastern states; a number of smaller miscellaneous pieces, and a collection of 'Sacred Pieces,' in which the charms of

verse are most happily employed in the expression of religious feeling. We proceed to extract a few specimens, without selection, for all are good. And first from 'New England.'

' Say, youthful muse, how glows the generous heart,
With impulse rich, unknown to languid art,
How throbs the bosom, warmed with virtuous fire,
And kindling zeal, which fain would each inspire,
As history's ken reviews the eventful time,
When hallowed freedom sought its genial clime;*
When persecution lit her fires afar,
And meek religion fled the unequal war;
When Pilgrim-sires, a small, but fearless band,
Unfurled their banner o'er this western land;
Rapt fancy views them tread the stranger shore,
Devotion joins as each with praise adore.
With laws severe—but with demeanour mild,
They rule, the patriarchs of the savage wild;
The fruitful glebe subdued by hardy toil,
A new creation blooms on freedom's soil;
Fair rising towns, their industry confess,
The Indian vanquished, prove a Power to bless.
Each peril crushed, and freed from every snare,
Their ally Heaven—their weapon faith and prayer.
Time speeds his course, and sister-states appear,
And arts and commerce urge their swift career;
Rich agriculture waves o'er every plain,
And Ceres views a new and vast domain;
Fair heaven, approving, smiles on every toil,
And Freedom hovers o'er her native soil;
Here, at her altar beamed the sacred fire,
Whose lightning-spark a nation did inspire;
Here gleamed the brand, whose flaming disk displayed,
A phalanx firm, in freedom's cause arrayed,
Here on thy plains† the symbol was unfurled,
A constellation beaming o'er a world,
Thy fields yet stained with veteran blood, can tell
How rived thy bosom when thy children fell!
Thy soil encrimsoned with thy richest tide;
Thy chieftains brave—thy statesmen, wisdom's pride,
Thy daughters‡ aiding in their country's right,
Thy veterans hardy, patient but in fight,
All speak thy love, New-England, for the cause
Of God and Country—home, and sacred laws.
From tyrant chains, and ruthless bondage freed,
Secure in peace, bright Valour's richest meed;
With every bliss which heaven does here bestow,
New England blooms, a gem on Freedom's brow!
With gracious boon kind Providence hath blest,
Thy favoured clime, with health, enjoyment's zest,
Unscorched by burning heat and Southern blast,
The bracing North, confirms thy ruddy cast;
The glow of temperance marks thy hardy race,
And kindred morals own their honoured place.' &c.

* Landing of the Fathers.

† Battle of Lexington.

‡ In the revolutionary struggle, the daughters of New England by a voluntary sacrifice, abstaining from the use of foreign luxuries, accelerated the efforts of their husbands and fathers in the cause of liberty.

From the Sacred Pieces.

WEEP NOT.

‘ Weep not, when sad distress is nigh,
When bliss and transient pleasures fly;
When earthly blessings droop and fade,
When all is wrapt in sorrow’s shade.

Weep not, when death with cruel dart,
Pierces some idol of the heart;
When hallowed friendship decks the bier,
When tender love would claim the tear.

Weep not—for as the morning cloud,
Does nature’s radiant smiles enshroud;
But scatters soon;—these gloomy woes,
Shall flee, and all be calm repose.

Weep not—for as the floweret fair,
Is crushed with winter’s blighting air;
Pressed rudely down, it droops its head,
And all its varied hues are fled—

With opening spring, its bloom revives;
Again, the beauteous floweret lives;
Thus, when life’s wintry storms are o’er,
The friend revives, to die no more.’

THE MORNING STAR.

‘ I am the root and offspring of David, and the Bright and Morning Star. *Rev. xxii. 16.*’

‘ Benighted on the troublous main,
While stormy terrors clothe the sky;
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
And nought but dark despair is nigh—

When lo, a gem of peerless light,
With radiant splendour shines afar;
And through the clouds of darkest night,
Appears the Bright and Morning Star.

With joy he greets the cheering ray,
That beams on ocean’s weary breast;
Precursor of a smiling day,
It lulls his fears to peaceful rest—

No more in peril doth he roam,
For night and danger, now are far;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the Bright and Morning Star.

Thus when affliction’s billows roll,
And waves of sorrow, and of sin,
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within—

’Tis JESUS, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar;
He bids the raging tempest cease,
And shines the Bright and Morning Star.

From the Miscellaneous Pieces, we take the following.

THE NORTH STAR.

‘ Mild star that markest thy lonely way,
In yon expanse of cloudless blue;
Whose gem-like form and steady ray,
Attract the heedless peasant’s view,
And him whose thoughts to unknown regions stray.

Full oft the wanderer, fortune's child,
 Benighted, sad, and doomed to roam,
 Beholds with joy thy aspect mild,
 That tells of happiness and home,
 And guides him onward 'mid the trackless wild.
 Oft, too, the sea-boy marks thy beam,
 When ocean sleeps in peaceful calm;
 While o'er its breast thy gentle gleam,
 Plays wanton, and with sacred charm,
 Lulls the rapt soul in fancy's pleasing dream.
 And oft, sweet star, at even-tide,
 When all around is hushed to rest;
 My thoughts ascend and pensive glide,
 To distant climes and regions blest,
 Where wo-worn care and grief would gladly hide.
 And fancy whispers in mine ear,
 That those which once were here beloved;
 To friendship and affection dear,
 Now from this fleeting scene removed,
 Repose, bright star, in thy etherial sphere!

Mr. T. has our best wishes for his success. He has evidently powers worthy of cultivation; and with such principles and pure morality as these poems evince, we are sure those powers in their most advanced state of improvement, will always be applied so as to subserve the cause of religion, patriotism, and humanity.

In the poems of Dr. Farmer we seem to recognize the playful effusions of an elegant and cultivated mind. With less of feeling and equal purity of sentiment, there is more of classical allusion, and more variety of language than in those just mentioned. As far as we may guess a man's character by his writings, we should say, Dr. F. is an accomplished gentleman, accustomed from his childhood to polished society, and familiar with the elegant literature of the day.

His volume is very miscellaneous in its contents, so much so that we do not know how to select any thing which can be fairly called a specimen of the whole. His minor pieces are all in good taste, and are most easily extracted: we shall therefore give one or two.

TO NATURE.

'Hail! lovely stranger, clad in vernal flowers,
 Nymph of the cavern wild and mountain hoar;
 The times have past since I beheld thy bowers,
 When listless childhood spent the fleeting hours,
 Where Schuylkill's glassy wave reflects the woodland shore.
 Through youthful memory's faintly shaded screen,
 They still appear'd as lovely as before:
 For flowers though dead, and sloping hills not green,
 Are cloth'd in verdure when at distance seen,
 And Fancy lights her lamp at Memory's waning store:
 Then, Nature, I beheld thee in a dream!
 The briar-rose clamber'd o'er thy rocky throne,
 And clustering bent above a murmuring stream:
 So childhood bends attentive to the theme

Of haunted cell, where dismal torches gleam,
Or wizards dance, or dead men dwell alone.

This rifted fragment o'er the deep
In awful grandeur lowers;
Within yon cavern fairies sleep
On Ocean's sparkling flowers.
There, Mystery, in dripping shroud,
Waves her dull sceptre round—
The bolt that bursts the thunder cloud
Rends not her cell profound.

Around that cell a feeble ray
Is sometimes seen to beam;
It leads the pilgrim from his way,
O'er fen, and moor, and stream.
So Hope, thy little taper shines,
Unquench'd by winter's blast:
So he that follows soon repines,
For he's deceived at last.'

SONNET TO SORROW.

' Say, gentle Sorrow, tenant lone of night,
Where is thy mystic solitary bower?
Does Genius, there, display her beaming light,
And art thou govern'd by her fairy power?—
The vulgar soul his joy alone explores,
Where riot runs her clam'rous, noisy dance,
Or where supine eternal Dulness snores,
With senses bound in dark Oblivion's trance:
But fair refinement to thy power is given,
For thee hath youthful Genius struck the lyre;
Thou art the daughter pure of poet's heaven,
That first essay'd bright fancy to inspire;
Yes, Sorrow! in thy bower of drooping vines,
The star of fancy gleams and genius shines.'

The poem entitled 'Mississippian Scenery,' is of a totally different character, yet quite as respectable in its way. Mr. Mead has not endeavoured to enrich his verse with allusions to mythology, nor to make any display of learning, neither does he appeal to the reader's predilections for subjects already associated with notions of poetry and romance; but aims (successfully, we think) at a poetical description of the most interesting features of our western states and territories, and a delineation of the future prospects of those regions.

The poem, he says, was 'chiefly the production of my contemplative hours, spent in various seclusions of solitude, where the smiles of nature upon the borders of a wilderness remote from the gay and giddy circles of society, were the principal objects on which my mind could expatiate with delight. And even in those wild retreats, where the eye is not deluded with the vain display of pride and ostentation, and where the innocent propensities of the heart are not encumbered with the imposing restrictions of fashion, etiquette, and false politeness, there is something highly interesting to the contemplative mind. The topographical features of the western country, and what belong to the vegetable kingdom, were objects calculated to enliven the gloom of solitude, and throw addi-

tional delights in the way of my poetic pastime. In tracing the scenery of the Mississippi, I have not confined myself to the shores of that river, but have endeavoured to give a general survey of the whole expanse of country watered by its concentrating branches.

‘ The regions through which I have stretched my perambulations seem particularly calculated to elicit reflection and interest imagination. A wide range for the exercise of curiosity lies open. The numerous monuments of aboriginal antiquity, and what seem to be the relics of the ancient arts and civilization of a people who have totally escaped the retentive grasp of history, present themselves as so many objects floating upon the surface of the dark ocean of oblivion. In looking back through the dim vista of departed ages, towards the early state of things in the western world, the mind is lost in the dark mazes of doubt and uncertainty. A kind of pensive melancholy is all that we can enjoy in reflecting on what might have occurred in former times in those immense regions, which have, from the creation of the world till within a few centuries ago, been unknown to the nations of other continents. But as we look forward from the national eminence which we have already attained, the prospect before us is highly interesting, and calculated to awaken the most pleasing sensations of national pride and anxiety. A progressive emigration is daily stretching the western limits of our republic into the wilderness, and adding to the sovereignty, new sources of wealth and power.’

We extract the following as a specimen of the author’s manner.

‘ From where dividing mountains meet the clouds,
In hoary grandeur and in sylvan shrouds,
Missouri travels, and remotely drains
Ten thousand floods from unfrequented plains.
Through shady realms his rapid torrents roar,
And wash unseen the wood-encumber’d shore.
From lands afar his darksome waters roll,
Through gloomy wilds where painted Indians stroll.
With fancy cheer’d, with solitude imprest,
I view those wide expansions of the West.
My wand’ring muse in depths of woods regales,
Where Sol and Cynthia only light the vales:
There in Columbia’s regions wrapt in shade,
And dark with trees e’er since the world was made.
No lofty domes nor temples there are giv’n,
With glitt’ring spires high pointing up to heav’n.
There agriculture never found its way,
And beaming science never cast a ray.
There barb’rous nations still pursue their game,
And the rude Indian woos his tawny dame.
No gardens there, in flow’ry charms array’d,
Unfold their blossoms to the blooming maid;
No fruitful orchards rural charms display,
Nor sportive lambs in green savannas play.
But as I look beyond some future years,
The scene is chang’d; a brighter scene appears.
Columbia’s bosom drops its rude attire,
And AGRICULTURE seems to triumph there,

With peace and plenty flowing from her hand,
She strips the forest from the smiling land.
The trees, though stubborn, to her mandates yield,
And wolves resign to playful lambs the field.
At her approach the scythes and sickles glance,
And through the soil the clumsy ploughshares dance;
While useful arts, which laurel wreaths entwine,
Make ev'ry workshop in each village shine.
Science shall give community a glow,
And kindle smiles 'mid scenes of want and wo;
Instead of dark and dismal shades, shall rise
More pleasing scenes to greet the stranger's eyes.
Ceres shall cheer each solitary plain,
And throw around her fruitful showers of grain;
Rich fields of harvest rise within the vales,
And breathe their fragrance to the western gales.
Each well stor'd mansion with an open door,
Receive the wand'rer and the foodless poor.
O'er Indian mounds the Christian temples rise,
And lift their spiral grandeur to the skies.
Tall waving poplars grace the green retreat,
And drooping willows shade the rural seat.'

'In lone retreats of solitude appear
The hand of God, in every object near;
The earth's green verdure and the dew-drop's glow,
His power, his skill and omnipresence show.
'Tis he who makes night's portals wide expand,
And pours a flood of day o'er sea and land.
And when the sun meridian heights regains,
And spreads effulgence through the etherial plains;
'Mid all his works our rolling orb of day
With dazzling charms is but one feeble ray.
When light but faintly lingers in the West,
And weariness invites us all to rest,
By his decrees the evening gently throws,
Her sable curtains o'er our soft repose.

'When waves on waves in wild commotion rise,
And flash the foaming surges to the skies;
Or when the storms are hush'd, the waves uncurl'd
Spread a smooth surface o'er the wat'ry world,
All nature rul'd by universal laws,
Declare a God is the eternal cause,
Of all that move in ocean, earth, or air;
That life proceeds from his creative pow'r;
And that to him belong our grateful praise,
From love-warm'd hearts and unaffected lays.

'Where heav'n-built battlements of rocks arise,
And point their glittering summits in the skies,
Columbia's Genius of celestial grace,
O'er realms below has fixed her resting place;
She looks on Europe with compassion's gaze,
And to the world repeats her welcome lays.
"Come here, ye needy; see what treasures lie,
In shady worlds beneath the western sky.
From where drear winter chills the lap of May,
And icy lakes reflect the face of day,
To blooming shores, fann'd by the tropic gales,
Where o'er the land eternal spring prevails,

My empire lies. From where th' Atlantic roars,
 I stretch my regions to the western shores.
 The mountains, plains, the lakes and rivers fair,
 Are all the subjects of my guardian care.
 Where states are form'd, my splendid cities rise,
 And lofty structures penetrate the skies;
 I've led my children to the scenes of war,
 And shower'd them laurels upon victory's car;
 Freedom's celestial flame taught them to fan,
 And guard from tyranny the rights of man;
 The rights of conscience to them all I've given,
 Free as the air they breathe, or light of heav'n.
 My hardy subjects, generous, bold, and free,
 Now wave my banners over every sea;
 My commerce rolls to every distant shore,
 And kings and despots dread my rising pow'r."
 High o'er the land, with wings of light unfurl'd,
 Thus speaks the Genius of the western world;
 And beckoning with her bright celestial wand,
 Invites the pilgrims to her happy land,
 Where nature's gifts with moral bounties join,
 To make with comfort every cottage shine.

' Ye landscapes of the west, what charms are yours!
 Green waving forests, and wide wastes of flow'rs,
 In wild luxuriance beautify the vales,
 And lend sweet exhalations to the gales.'

The Frontier Maid, unlike the others, is sent forth anonymously; it is an imitation professedly of the style of Walter Scott, and its subject is the melancholy fate of the settlement at Wyoming, already the theme of more than one poet. The author has done himself injustice by allowing his poem to be printed in a very coarse and unhandsome style. He was not aware of the vast advantage of typographical elegance, nor how much indifferent poetry on thin foolscap is made better by being transferred to hot-pressed and wire wove paper.

We cannot say quite so much in direct praise of this poem as of those we have spoken of, yet as a tale it possesses no little interest. But of the poetry let the reader judge for himself, by an extract.

' Oh, who, amid the passions' strife
 Has clasp'd the heart's first stake in life,
 With interchange of hopes and fears,
 And holy vows, and prayers, and tears,
 And will not say, 'tis heavenly sweet
 When lovers in their sorrows meet?

Yes, the lov'd voice, whose accents mild
 Have had, for years, the magic power
 To thrill the heart with throbbings wild,
 In such a drear and sacred hour,
 Gives to each hope it would employ
 A touch of heavenly light and joy!

And though the heart in softness melt,
 With joys and griefs before unknown;
 Yet then are glory's breathings felt
 And feeling takes its loftiest tone;

For spurning grov'ling cares control,
Glowing, and bright, and pure, the soul
To noble acts, in such an hour,
● Will spring with more than mortal pow'r.

' Ah! few and swift the moments seem
That sport o'er love's delightful dream!
The clock in ancient Leslon's hall
Has told the hour—'tis duty's call—
And Howard has his rifle grasp'd,
And oft his weeping love has clasp'd
To calm her heaving sigh;
But vainly does the chief essay
To kiss her falling tears away;
Their fountain swells too high—
And she abroad perforce will stray,
To marshal him upon his way.

' Oh 'tis an hour when weeping love
Might smile amid its wo:
The Heav'ns are all in peace above,
And all seems calm below.—

"Return, belov'd," the warrior said,
"And oh, those tears restrain;
Nor let me think thy heart dismay'd
By terrors weak and vain;
For sure, this mild and beauteous night,
Thou hast no cause for pain;
While o'er the hills I speed my flight,
With bounding step, and heart as light,
To meet my gallant train."—

"Nay, why this haste? Indeed 'tis soon,"
The weeper murmur'd still,
"Oh rest, but till the waning moon
Looks o'er the eastern hill:
For fearful now is hill and glen,
So desolate and drear;
But sweet will be the moonlight then,
Thy lonely path to cheer."

"Dear Edith, 'tis our hour to part,"
The warrior mildly said, &c.

The 'Battle of Niagara' was before the public in its first edition with every possible disadvantage which its worst enemies, or the enemies of its author, if he have any, could have devised. It was worse than anonymous, for a ridiculous name was attached to it, together with a ridiculous motto—as if on purpose to deter every one from reading the poem. It was, however, evident to all that had, notwithstanding, curiosity to look into the work, that it was the production of a mind gifted with a considerable share of poetic talent. And it indicated such ease in versifying, or rather such an unwillingness to refrain from versifying, even at the expense of frequent repetition of the same idea, that we did not doubt the writer would soon appear again, and probably to more advantage—as his first essay was rather a proof of the possession of powers than of their exertion.

Accordingly, we have now before us the second edition '*enlarged*'—and otherwise much improved, with the poet's real name

annexed—the motto changed—and a preface, in which he, with great good humour, acquaints us with part of his own history, and the history of this poem. His *palinode* is very candid. 'The first edition, he says, 'was crowded and disfigured with innumerable errors—chiefly typographical, however; though in some cases, whole lines were left out, by myself, I dare say, in copying my manuscript for the press; and, from a long process of continual interpolation and refinement, whenever the whim seized me, the repetitions and extravagancies were about as numerous, as all the rest of the blunders together.'

The title page too he acknowledges 'has been universally, indignantly, and I must say, *justly* censured. The plain truth of the matter is this. I *am* ashamed of it: I *was* ashamed of it, from the first moment it was written; but having been much excited, where I had no business to be, under circumstances, which cannot be explained in this place,—I abandoned my first purpose, which was to print it with a modest title, under a fictitious name; and adopted the rascally burlesque, which now disgraces the volume. It was severely censured when I *began* to blush for it; but *then* I had too much obstinacy to acknowledge my folly, or to atone for it.'

'I have been baited too, for disingenuousness, as others have chosen to call it—but, as it really is, for falsehood—lying—in the preface.—I deserved it. I did wrong. Yet, as it was anonymous, mostly true, and, as I then thought, though I now think differently, *innocent*, because not malicious, my conscience did not reproach me—or I would have burnt the book, and the hand that wrote it too, before I would have been guilty of such a thing. To show the sincerity of my compunction, with the hope that the former preface will be forgotten, I shall put my real name in black and white, at the bottom of this, and thereby, hold myself responsible for its truth.'

He is very much displeased with the Port Folio and the Analectic Magazine for not having reviewed his poem, and with the inhabitants of Philadelphia, because they would not come to the Washington Hall to hear him recite it—but if his strictures were at all likely to excite the smallest disposition to speak of him less favourably, another part of his preface would more than counter-balance the effect, and incline us to treat him with the utmost respect and good will. We mean the disclosure that he is a particular and intimate friend of the Rev. Mr. Pierpoint, author of the 'Airs of Palestine'—and that he was instigated by that gentleman to undertake the 'Battle of Niagara.'

Of Mr. Pierpoint, and any one whom he distinguishes by his friendship and approbation, we shall always have great pleasure in speaking in terms of unqualified respect. His 'Airs of Palestine' have not received even justice at the hands of his countrymen. We say it the more freely, because this Journal, under other auspices, was accessory in exciting an unreasonable prejudice against that work, which contains as much good poetry, to say the

least, as is to be found in the productions of any living American poet. We trust he will accept our *amende*, which is perfectly disinterested and sincere.

The 'Battle of Niagara' is entirely without plot;—as far as we can understand it (for it is exceedingly mysterious, 'and all that')—indeed the author scorns plots, and thinks them as ill placed in descriptive poems as in a song. We may therefore seek any where for a specimen—the following is among the best parts:—

'Hark!—that sweet song!—how full of tenderness!
O, who would breathe in this voluptuous press
Of lulling thoughts!—so soothing and so low;
Like singing fountains in their faintest flow—
It is as if some holy—lovely thing,
Within our very hearts were murmuring,
The soldier listens, and his arms are prest
In thankfulness, and trembling on his breast:
Now—on the very window where he stands,
Are seen a clambering infant's rosy hands:
And now—ah heaven!—blessings on that smile!—
Stay, soldier stay—O, linger yet awhile!
An airy vision now appears, with eyes—
As tender as the blue of weeping skies:
Yet sunny in their radiance, as that blue,
When sunset glitters on its falling dew;
With form—all joy and dance—as bright and free
As youthful nymph of mountain Liberty:
Or naked angels dreamt by poesy:
A blooming infant to her heart is prest;
And ah—a mother's song is lulling it to rest!
A youthful mother! God of heaven! is there
A thing beneath the skies, so holy or so fair!

'A single bound!—our chief is standing by,
Trembling from head to foot with ecstasy—
'Bless thee!' at last he murmured—'bless thee, love!
'My wife!—my boy;'—Their eyes are raised above.
His soldier's tread of sounding strength is gone;
A choking transport drowns his manly tone;
He sees the closing of a mild, blue eye,
His bosom echoes to a faint low cry;
His glorious boy springs freshly from its sleep;
Shakes his thin sun-curls, while his eye-beams leap,
As half in fear—along the stranger's dress—
Then—half advancing—yields to his caress;—
Then—peers beneath his locks, and seeks his eye,
With the clear look of radiant infancy,
The cherub smile of love, the azure of the sky.

'The stranger now, is kneeling by the side
Of that young mother;—watching for the tide
Of her returning life;—it comes—a glow
Goes—faintly—slowly—o'er her cheek and brow;
A rising of the gauze that lightly shrouds
A snowy breast—like twilight's melting clouds—
In nature's pure, still eloquence, betrays
The feelings of the heart that reels beneath his gaze.

'She lives! she lives—see how her feelings speak,
Through what transparency of eye and cheek!

Her colour comes and goes, like that faint ray,
 That flits o'er lilies at the close of day.
 O, nature, how omnipotent!—that sigh—
 That youthful mother, in her ecstasy,
 Feels but the wandering of a husband's eye.
 Her lip now ripens, and her heaving breast
 Throbs wildly in its light, and now subsides to rest.'

'Come, Glory, come! Let's chant the soldier's dirge;
 Step from thy thrones, and from thy clouds emerge!
 Bring thy black cypress clotted in the shade;
 Of weeping-willow let a wreath be made,
 To crown the warrior-brow, that lately sought
 Thy battle-laurel; him who lately fought
 Reddest and fiercest, where the war-god sung;
 Where the loud death-sobs came, and falchions rung;
 Twine him a heavy garland! steep it well;
 And mutter o'er its gloom thy darkest spell;
 With broken heart-strings, be it, twisted round;
 Tread it in wrath upon the soaking ground;
 And where the stagnant blood lies deepest, there
 Complete thy curse—the chaplet of despair!
 Call back his spirit from the eternal bar;
 Show him that clotted foliage—talk of war;
 Wake thy swift bugle, let it sing away
 Freshly and clear, like clarion of the day!
 Loosen thy banners on the mountain winds!
 Call up thy thunders!—while thy hot hand binds,
 That wreath around his mad, consuming brain—
 Tell him 'tis his reward!—will he complain
 Of wasted life—of bloody hand arrayed
 In sacrifice for thee?—when blade met blade;
 And man met man, and like the desert beast,
 That bleeds and battles 'till his breath has ceased;
 Toiled dark upon the mount to spread the vulture's feast.'

A shorter poem entitled 'Goldau, or the Maniac Harper,' comprised in the same volume, although the author deems so slightly of it as to place it undistinguished among the 'other poems,' is, we think, a very superior production to the preceding one. The village of Goldau in Switzerland, was destroyed by the sudden fall of part of mount Rosburg, in 1806. This incident Mr. Neal has made the ground work of his poem—and his 'Maniac Harper' is a youth whom he supposes to have lost all the objects of his affections in that calamity. The idea is a good one, and is very well managed—it only needs the exercise of that 'last and hardest art, the art to *blot*' to render it a very beautiful poem. The opening is thus:

'Upon a tranquil—glorious night,
 When all the western heaven was bright;
 When, thronging down the far blue dome,
 The sun in rolling clouds went home;—
 There wandered to a goatherd's cot,
 A youth, who sought to be forgot;
 Who many a long and weary year
 Had breath'd his prayer and shed his tear.
 Beneath his look of cloud was seen,
 Somewhat, that told where fire had been;

For yet, a sorrowing beam was there;
 A beam—in mockery of despair;
 A beam that gave enough of light
 To show his soul had set in night.
 His step was slow—his form was bowed;
 But yet his minstrel air was proud;
 Upon the mountain height he stood,
 And looked abroad o'er wave and wood
 Yet glowing with the blush of even,
 And answering to the hues of heaven,
 With such a melancholy grace,
 He seemed as thus he stood alone,
 Like some young prince upon his throne—
 The genius of the lofty place!

' And this would be while yet the fire
 Enkindled by that wondrous lyre,
 Was quivering on his downcast lash,
 Just like the dying tempest flash!
 And those who felt their bosoms swell
 Beneath the working of his spell:
 Who felt that young enchanter's might,
 Whose incantations woke the fight,
 And taught to peasant hearts the feeling
 That mounts to hear the trumpet pealing,
 Then—deemed the youthful minstrel there,
 Familiar with the strife had been;
 And that his sad, appealing air—
 His darkened brow—his bosom bare—
 His haughty port of calm despair—
 Enthusiasm—genius were—
 And never but in warriors seen!

' But those who knew him, knew full well
 That something terrible once fell
 Upon his heart, and froze the source,
 Whence comes enthusiasm's force—
 Something of icy touch that chills
 The heart-drops of our youthful years;
 Something of withering strength that kills
 The flowers that Genius wets with tears—
 Fetters the fountain in its flow;
 Mildews the blossom in its blow;
 And breathes o'er Fancy's budding wreath
 The clotting damps of early death;
 That spreads before the opening light—
 (The sunshine of the heart!)
 A cloud that tells of coming night,
 And chills the warblers in their flight,
 That twinkling gayly to the skies,
 With piping throats and diamond eyes,
 In unfledged strength depart.'

' The sunset was his favourite hour;
 His eye would light—his form would tower;
 And kindle at departing day,
 As if its last, and loveliest ray
 Would win his very soul away;
 And there were those, who, when he stood,
 Sublime in airy solitude,
 Upon his mountain's topmost height,
 With arms outstretch'd, to meet the light—

With form bowed down, as if it were
 In worship to the fiery air;
 Who—had he been from eastern climes,
 From sunnier hills—in earlier times—
 When thus he bowed him to the sky—
 Had charged him with idolatry;
 For when he bowed he bowed in truth;
 His adoration was the thought,
 And worship, that from heaven is caught
 When genius blossoms in its youth.

‘Twas feeling all, and generous love
 The reaching of the soul above;—
 The intellectual homage pure,
 That is sincere, and will endure:
 It was the offering of the heart,
 The soul—and pulse—and every part,
 That’s noble in our frames, or given
 To throb for suns, or stars, or heaven;
 The spirit that is made of flame,
 For ever mounting whence it came;
 The pulse that counts the march of time,
 Impatient for the call sublime,
 When it may spring abroad—away—
 And beat the march of endless day—
 The heart, that by itself is nurst,
 And heaves, and swells, ’till it hath burst;
 That never yields—and ne’er complains—
 And dies—but to conceal its pains,
 And the bright, flashing, glorious eye
 For ever open on the sky,
 As if in that stupendous swell
 It sought a spot, where he might dwell,
 And pant for immortality.’

We take leave for the present of these American bards, from *all* of whom we shall be glad to hear again. Let them proceed—with a just confidence, in their own powers, joined with a conviction of the indispensable necessity of industry and a free application of the ‘*limæ labor*’—indispensable to the greatest minds as well as to the least—and they cannot fail to add nobly to their own reputation and that of their country.

ART. VI.—*Milton and Homer contrasted and compared.*

POETRY is the most antient of the fine arts. For, it preceded statuary, architecture and eloquence. It is the best of the fine arts; for, painting illustrates its scenes; sculpture immortalises its heroes; and music is only its hand maid, although she sometimes appears more beautiful than her mistress.

Poetry is the rarest of the fine arts. Is not the art rare, which touches with propriety and power, every feeling of the soul, agitates our bosoms with fear and hope, keeps the imagination glowing, and the soul expanding? Yet this is poetry. The true poet carries in his bosom, a lyre, strung with each of the passions; which he can tune to the treble of hope or the bass of despair.

Upon his harp play fancy and reason.—We all carry within us this lyre, differently strung. In some it responds the sweet notes of joy; in others the dull tones of fear. But in one breast, fancy will usurp all the strings, and reason bind the fingers of fancy in another. Favoured must he be, the wildness of whose fancy is curbed by the sobriety of reason, and whose torpid reason is aided by the liveliness of fancy. Happy country, which produces one such man. Fortunate Greece, where Homer was born, and envied England, the birth place of Milton.

The *lives* of Milton and Homer present some points of analogy, and others of contrast. Both were poets in youth. Both were travellers, both were musicians, and both were blind. Both possessed a diamond genius, and both were men of erudition. For Homer early drank of the wells of Greece and of Egypt, and Milton exhausted the springs of the South, the East, and the North.—But Homer was never enriched by the poems of Milton, while Milton could repeat the *Iliad*.—Milton, with difficulty sold his immortal poem, the labor of ten years, for five pounds; while Homer sung his rhapsodies, accompanied by the harp, to admiring circles, whose warm applauses afforded a sweet foretaste of future fame.

Of the productions of mind the Epic Poem stands preeminent, because it requires the union of those streams of Genius, which flow in every other channel of literature. Homer and Milton probably first formed the *narration* of their poems. This, critics have said, should be one, whole, great.

The *narration* of the *Iliad* is one; it sings the wrath of Achilles. That of *Paradise Lost* is one; for it pictures the effects of man's disobedience.—Each fable is a whole. The one begins with the retirement of Achilles; its intermediate part relates the subsequent ill-success of the Greeks, and it concludes with the capture of Troy.—The other commences with the lapse of the angels, which draws on the middle part, Adam's fall; and this leads to the conclusion, his expulsion from Eden. The story of each poem is great. All nations, when Homer wrote, were well acquainted with the ten years' siege of Troy. The first song of the nurse to her babe was the song of Troy. The first story told the warlike boy, was the wrath of Achilles; and the last recollections of the silvered head hovered round the plains of Ilium.

Was the narration Homer selected great? What will you call that of *Paradise Lost*, which relates the expulsion of one third of heaven, the ruin of earth, and the peopling of the infernal regions? Its foundations are, literally, laid in hell. Its superstructure rises through and above the earth; and, as it describes man's exaltation to a celestial paradise, its dome is in Heaven.

After the story the *machinery* arrests our thoughts. In the *Iliad*, the gods and goddesses of Elysium, the guardians of the earth, with heroes and heroines compose the personages. But how do the Dianas and Pans of the forest, the fawns and dryads of the groves, diminish and disappear before that Being, who

‘—— with the majesty of darkness round,
Covers his throne.’

Diomede, that war-comet, is not more portentous in counsel than he, who, rather than

‘Be less than God cared not to be at all.’

And the dews of persuasion, distilled from Nestor’s tongue, are not sweeter than the honey of eloquence, that dropped from the lips of Belial.

Over both poems, moral and religious instructions are scattered; and episodes, imagery, similes and descriptions checker them with diversity.

The moral of Homer is political; that of Milton religious; the former demonstrates the folly of earthly princes; the latter the goodness of the prince of all.

The *verse* of each is heroic, and if the Ionic numbers of Homer are harmony, the Iambic diction of Milton is melody.

In contrasting the *epithets* of Homer and Milton, we may observe Homer has fewer sentimental than descriptive epithets. If he speaks of Juno, you hear of her white arms; Helen is only a black-eyed damsel, and Bryseis a rosy-cheeked nymph. But Milton annexes to his substantives, a weighty adjunct. Thus you read of ‘darkness palpable’—‘missive ruin’—‘damp horror’—which are not only living but winged words.

Contrast their heroes’ *speeches*. The second book of Milton, which opens with a debate, in the regions below, affords specimens of eloquence. In Moloch,

‘Whose sentence was for open war,’

you discover an inventive imagination and plausible reasoning.—On the other hand, Agamemnon loads with indifference a hero, or an army with irritating reproaches; and Homer suddenly checks his captains in battle, that they may pronounce orations, graced with all the beauties of style, and studded with the gems of rhetoric: while Belial, in the debate of Pandemonium,

‘Than whom, a fairer spirit lost not Heaven,’

interweaves philosophy and ethics in his peaceful address; and is at once so beautiful and sublime, you start to think of such eloquence in hell.

Figures are the loopholes, through which we see nature. They are the windows of a literary edifice. Both these poems are span-gled with metaphors and images; but Milton does not abound with such clusters of similes as Homer. Hence the one was more the child of nature; the other of art. In Homer’s personification, Chimæra is a compound monster, breathing flames of sulphur; but one of Milton’s porters at Hell-gate, is a

‘Grisly terror, that shape had none:’

an image, as Shakspeare’s are, ‘come, hot from hell.’ Both however seem to use comparisons and similes, with all the figures of

thought and diction, merely as machinery to throw off the exuberance of their genius.

In *descriptions*, omitting that of creation, and the garden of Eden, together with Homer's minor battles, the last grand struggle between the Greeks and Trojans may be contrasted with that of the angels on the plains of Heaven. Homer's gods leave Olympus. Jupiter himself descends to Ida. The foundations of the hills tremble—the mountains shake—Troy totters—Pluto, king of the Infernals, affrighted, leaps from his throne. But mark, how Milton,

‘Heaved the ridges of grim war in Heaven’—‘when
‘Fell the hail of iron globes’—‘and when by turns were hurled
‘Chained thunderbolts and mountains.’
‘Down spirits fell by thousands. Shields and helms
‘And helmed heads angel on archangel rolled,
‘Such contest was in heaven.’

Of the conspicuous characters in the poems before you, a moment's attention is requested to one of the principal, and to two of the most finished in each.—Achilles you find a brave, a cruel, a selfish hero. That he was brave, his exploits testify. His cruelty is seen in attaching Hector to his chariot wheels, and thrice dragging him around the city of Ilium. His destitution of patriotism appears in his withdrawing himself and his troops from the campaign, for the sake of Bryseis. Such was the hero of the Iliad. He had a lion's heart without his magnanimity. But Milton has drawn him,

‘Who, above the rest, in shape and gesture
Proudly eminent, stood like a tower’—

in colours so interesting, as to excite hatred, horror and admiration. When he assumes an angel's garb to play the hypocrite, or like ‘a cormorant, sits in a tree,’ meditating our parents' downfall; or descending at night, sits

‘Squat, like a toad, close at the ear of Eve
Assaying by his dev'lish art to reach
The organs of her fancy.’

Who does not hate him?—when he exclaims

‘Me miserable! which way shall I fly?
Infinite wrath and infinite despair.
Which way I fly, is hell. Myself am hell.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear.
All good to me is lost. Evil, be thou my good.’

Whose blood is not chilled with horror? But Milton's lyre responds differently, when the fallen archangel

‘—— rears himself upright
From off the billows of the fiery flood,’

throwing his ponderous shield, like the moon, upon his shoulders, while his staff, ‘to equal which the tallest pine were but a wand,’ supported his uneasy steps. When this string is touched, our hearts respond admiration. O! what a picture this of angelic nature, wrecked by the storm of ambition.

It remains only to contrast Hector and Andromache with Adam and Eve. You find Hector, a magnanimous friend; a dutiful son; a kind husband; a tender father—with the bravery of a hero uniting the feelings of a man. The beauteous Andromache is also a loving wife; an affectionate mother.—But from these masterpieces of antiquity, permit me to turn your attention to those

‘Two, of far nobler shape, erect and tall,’
who inhabited Eden.

‘His fair large front and eye sublime declar’d
Absolute rule.’

‘Grace was in all her steps: Heav’n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.’

When Adam led her to the bower, Milton has described inanimate nature, giving signs of gratulation.

‘Fresh gales
And gentle airs whispered it to the woods,
And the evening star hasted to light his
Bridal lamp.’

What lake ever returned so sweet an image to a Naiad of antiquity, as when Eve, bending down to look, saw a shape in the water, bending to look on her.

‘She started back.—It started back.—But pleas’d,
She soon returned. Pleased, it returned as soon.’

In their hymns and adorations, where both sing and call all nature to join them, Milton’s verse turns, like the gates of Heaven, on hinges of gold. Oh, had the angels who ministered in Eden, sung half so sweetly as Milton has to us; could our first parents have found under the tree of knowledge a copy of *Paradise Lost*, surely they could never have fallen. So entertaining, impressive and sublime are his thoughts; so melodious, sweet and harmonious his numbers.

But have these immortal poets no faults? Are there no clouds in the sky? Yes, and behind them the sun illumines the world. We find in the *Iliad* some tedious speeches and prolix narrations. But these errors have long since been covered by the moss of antiquity.—Milton’s ideas are also sometimes obscure, but it arises from the barbarous medley of language he found.—In admitting then that Milton and Homer have nodded and sometimes slept, we do injustice to neither. Their nods and their slumbers are the wakings of other men; and when they occasionally descend from their sublime flight in the clouds, it is to afford relief to our minds. But they rest, like the Eagle, only on the highest pine, or the mountain’s brow; but this their rest, is lofty repose.

Upon the whole, Homer’s verse is more equal than that of Milton’s. Milton’s is often more melodious and more prosaic than Homer’s. So in sentiment, Milton very often rises higher, but Homer never sinks so low as Milton. But then Homer had no divine books, while the Bible is the cupola to Milton’s edifice.—It must however be remembered that Homer is usually read in a

translation, which, like the statue of Prometheus, however elegant, is a lifeless statue. It is Pope, not Homer, who is admired. Homer's fire was kindled in Greece, and burns only in Greek; and Homer's soul is to be found only in Homer's Iliad.

Milton was a lion who spurned kidling beauties; but Homer polished pebbles with so much skill, they have continued to sparkle for three thousand years; and, to compare small things with small, they are like those firedrops emitted from rockets, after their explosion, high in air, which appear so perfectly pure, and of such crystalline transparency. Homer could embellish his poem, in consequence of the ignorance of early ages, only with the surface of the earth, with 'plant, fruit or flower;' whereas Milton, aided by the chemist, entered earth's very centre; and, after ransacking her laboratory, brought up gems and gold. Homer painted nature newly dressed from her Creator's hand, tinged with rainbow hues; but Milton, beside the storehouse of nature, which art in England had improved, had recourse to those repositories of knowledge, which have been accumulating for twenty seven hundred years; and, as astronomy among other sciences, had wonderfully improved, Milton could spangle his poem, with more constellations, and richer clusters of stars than Homer.—Homer had no music to enliven his poem; but finer than the notes of Orpheus are the tones of Milton. Those drew earth's created things, 'rocks, waters, woods;' but, at the song of Milton's spirits, the constellations, a moment, forgot to wheel their courses.

If Homer was the Nile, fertilizing the countries, through which he passed; Milton was the ocean, surrounding the earth, and receiving the Nile, a tributary to his bosom. If Homer seized the pencil of the muses, Milton has surely stolen the pen of the angels. Both were indeed the high-priests of nature, admitted to her inmost recesses, and taught her most sacred mysteries.—Homer lit his torch at her lamp; but Milton seized her lamp, and then carried off her lyre.

Well might seven cities dispute the honour of Homer's birth, and Alexander weep at the tomb of his hero! Well might his footsteps be followed by the Grecian youth while he lived; and his grave be covered with lilies and roses, by the same hands when he died.—But Milton's birth-place is fixed; and it is a melancholy pleasure to know, where his grave was dug. At the 'turf, which pillow-ed his head,' were seen, not the youth of Greece nor Alexander of Macedon; but the Muses themselves hovered around his grave, and strewed the flowers of paradise over his tomb.—Well might the islands of Greece see altars rise to Homer's memory, and sacrifices offered him, as to an Immortal. Our religion forbids us to offer sacrifices, and to build altars to man; but let us thank God for the gift of Milton.

ART. VII.—*Letters from Godwin to a young American.*

The first one of the following Letters was inserted in this Journal about a year ago, but is repeated for the sake of presenting the whole in an unbroken connexion. The rest have never before been in print.

No. I.

Skinner Street, February 12, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR.—I inclose to you the letter I proposed to write to you. Having written it, (such is the whimsical result of the habits and self-importance of an author) I cannot be satisfied that it should be your property alone. I shall print it in some form or other. I hope you will forgive me for this. I pay you the same compliment, (to compare small things with great) that Mr. Burke paid to M. Dupont, to whom his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* were originally addressed. I will therefore request you not to give copies, or suffer copies to be made, of my letter on this side the Atlantic, the consequence of which might be to take the power of printing it in my own way out of my hands.

It appears from yours of the 18th ult. that your plans are still to a considerable degree unfixed for the next two years, after which you propose to return to——.I hope, whatever they may be, they will not exclude from the remainder of you European excursion another residence in London, when I shall expect the pleasure of knowing you more fully and more intimately than I have hitherto done.

Make my kindest remembrances to Mr. ——: tell him I will write to him soon.—Believe me to be your very sincere friend,
William Godwin.

Letter of advice from Mr. Godwin to a young American on the course of studies it might be most advantageous for him to pursue.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have thought, at least twenty times, since you left London of the promise I made you, and was at first inclined to consider it as you appear to have done, as wholly unconditional, and to be performed out of hand. And I should perhaps have proceeded in that way; but that my situation often draws me with an imperious summons in a thousand different directions, and thus the first heat of my engagement subsided. I then altered my mind, and made a resolution that you should never have the thing you asked for, unless you wrote to remind me of my promise. I thought within myself, that if the thing was not worth that, it was not worth my trouble in performing. * * * * *

And, now that you have discharged your part of the condition I secretly prescribed, I am very apprehensive that you have formed an exaggerated idea of what I can do for you in this respect. I am a man of very limited observation and inquiry, and know little but of those things which lie within those limits. If I wished to form an universal library, I should feel myself in conscience obliged to resort to those persons, who know more in one and another class of literature than I did, and to lay their knowledge in

whatever they understood best, under contribution. But this I do not mean to undertake for you; I will reason but of what I know; shall leave you to learn of the Professors themselves, as to the thing to which I have never dedicated myself.

You will find many of my ideas of the studies to be pursued, and the books to be read, by young persons, in the *Enquirer*, and more to the same purpose in the Preface to a small book for children, entitled, 'Scripture Histories given in the words of the Bible,' in two volumes, 24mo.

It is my opinion, that the imagination is to be cultivated in education, more than the dry accumulation of science and natural facts. The noblest part of man is his moral nature; and I hold morality principally to depend, agreeably to the admirable maxim of Jesus, upon our putting ourselves in the place of another, feeling his feelings, and apprehending his desires; in a word, doing to others, as we would wish were we they, to be done unto.

Another thing that is a great and most essential aid to our cultivating moral sentiments, will consist in our studying the best models, and figuring to ourselves the most excellent things of which human nature is capable. To this purpose there is nothing so valuable as the histories of Greece and Rome. There are certain coldblooded reasons that say, that the ancients were in nothing better than ourselves, that their stature of mind was no taller, and their feelings in nothing more elevated, and that human nature in all ages and countries is the same. I do not myself believe this. But if it is so, certainly ancient history is the bravest and sublimest fiction that it ever entered into the mind of man to create. No poets, or romance-writers, or story-tellers, have ever been able to feign such models of an erect and generous and public spirited and self-postponing mind, as are to be found in Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. If the story be a falsehood, the emotions, and in many readers, the never-to-be-destroyed impressions it produces, are real: and I am firmly of opinion, that the man that has not been imbued with these tales in his earliest youth, can never be so noble a creature, as the man with whom they have made a part of his education stands a chance to be.

To study the Greek and Roman history it were undoubtedly best to read it in their own historians. To do this, we must have a competent mastery of the Greek and Latin languages. But it would be a dangerous delusion to put off the study long, under the idea that a few years hence, we will read these things in the originals. You will find the story told with a decent portion of congenial feeling in Rollin's *Ancient History*, and Vertot's *Revolutions of Rome*. You should also read Plutarch's *Lives*, and a translation into English or French of Dionysius' *Antiquities*; Milford for the *History of Greece*, and Hooke for that of *Rome*, are writers of some degree of critical judgment; but Hooke has a baleful scepticism about, and a pernicious lust to dispute, the virtues of illustrious men, and Milford is almost frantic with the love

of despotism and oppression. Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, and Blackwell's *Court of Augustus* are books written in the right spirit. And if you do not soon read Thucydides in the original, you will soon feel yourself disposed to read Sallust, and Livy, and perhaps Tacitus, in the genuine language in which these glorious men have clothed their thoughts.

The aim of my meditation at this moment is to devise that course of study that shall make him who pursues it independent and generous. For a similar reason, therefore, to that which has induced me to recommend the histories of Greece and Rome, I would next call the attention of my pupil to the age of chivalry. This also is a generous age, though of a very different cast from that of the best period of ancient history. Each has its beauty. Considered in relation to man, as a species of being divided into two sexes, the age of chivalry has greatly the advantage over the purest ages of antiquity. How far their several excellencies may be united and blended together in future time, may be a matter for after-consideration. You may begin your acquaintance with the age of chivalry with St. Palaye's *Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalrie*, and Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*. Cervantes' admirable romance of *Don Quixote*, if read with a deep feeling of its contents, and that high veneration for and strong sympathy with its hero, which it is calculated to excite in every ingenuous mind, is one of the noblest records of the principles of chivalry. I am not anxious to recommend a complete cycle of the best writers on any subject. You cannot do better perhaps in that respect, than I have done before you. I always found one writer, in his occasional remembrances and references, leading to another, till I might, if I had chosen it, have collected a complete library of the best books on any given topic, without being obliged to recur to any one living counsellor for his advice.

We can never get at the sort of man that I am contemplating, and that I would, if I could, create, without making him also a reader and lover of poetry. I require from him the glow of intellect and sentiment, as well as the glow of a social being. I would have him have his occasional moods of sublimity, and if I may so call it, literary tenderness, as well as a constant determination of mind to habits of philanthropy. You will find some good ideas on the value of poetry in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, and the last part of Sir William Temple's *Miscellanies*.

The subject of poetry is intimately connected with the last subject I mentioned, the age of chivalry. It is in the institutions of chivalry that the great distinctive characteristics of modern from ancient poetry originate. The soul of modern poetry, separately considered, lies in the importance which the spirit of chivalry has given to the female sex. The ancients pitted a man against a man, and thought much of his thews and sinews and the graces and energy which nature has given to his corporeal frame. This was the state of things in the time of Homer. In a more refined age they

added all those excellencies, which grow out of the most fervid and entire love of country. Antiquity taught her natives to love women; and that not in the purest sense; the age of chivalry taught her subjects to adore them. I think quite contrary to the vulgar maxim on the subject, that love is never love in its best spirit but among unequals. The love of parent and child is its best model, and its most permanent effect. It is therefore an excellent invention of modern times, that, while woman by the nature of things must look up to man, teaches us to regard woman, not merely as a convenience to be made use of, but as a being to be treated with courtship and consideration and deference.

Agreeable to the difference between what we call the heroic times, and the times of chivalry, are the characteristic features of ancient and modern poetry. The ancient is simple, and manly, and distinct; full of severe graces and heroic enthusiasm. The modern excels more in tenderness, and the indulgence of a tone of magnificent obscurity. The ancients upon the whole had more energy; we have more of the wantoning of the imagination, and the conjuring up a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds.

It is not necessary to decide whether the ancient or the modern poetry is best; both are above all price; but it is certain that the excellencies that are all our own, have a magnificence, and a beauty, and a thrilling character that nothing can surpass. The best English poets are Shakspeare and Milton and Chaucer and Spenser. Ariosto is above all others the poet of chivalry. The Greek and Latin poets it is hardly necessary to enumerate. There is one book of criticism, and perhaps only one, that I would recommend to you, Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature. The book is deformed indeed with a pretty copious sprinkling of German mysticism, but it is fraught with a great multitude of admirable observations.

The mention of criticism leads me to a thought which I will immediately put down. I would advise a young person to be very moderate in his attention to new books. In all the world I think there is scarcely any thing more despicable than the man that confines his reading to the publications of the day; he is next in rank to the boarding-school miss, who devours every novel that is spawned forth from the press of the season. If you look into reviews, let it be principally to wonder at the stolidity of your contemporaries, who regard them as the oracles of learning.

One other course of reading I would earnestly recommend to you; and many persons would vehemently exclaim against me for doing so—Metaphysics. It excels perhaps all other studies in the world, in the character of a practical logic, a disciplining and subtilising of the rational faculties. Metaphysics, we are told, is a mere jargon, where men dispute for ever without gaining a single

step: it is nothing but specious obscurity and ignorance. This is not my opinion. In the first place, metaphysics is the theoretical science of the human mind: and it would be strange if mind was the only science not worth studying, or the only science in which real knowledge could not be acquired. Secondly, it is the theoretical science of the universe, and of causation, and must settle, if ever they can be settled, the first principles of natural religion. As to its uncertainty, I cannot conceive that any one with an unprejudiced mind can read what has been best written on free-will and necessity, on self-love and benevolence, and other grand questions, and then say that nothing has been attained, and that all this is impertinent and senseless waste of words. I would particularly recommend bishop Berkeley, especially his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, and Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*, and Hartley's *Observations on Man*. Your own Jonathan Edwards has written excellently on free-will; and Hutcheson and Hazlitt on self-love and benevolence. The title of Hutcheson's book is, *An Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions and Affections*, and of Hazlitt's, *An Enquiry into the Principles of Human Action*. No young man can read Andrew Baxter's *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*, without being the better for it.

It is time that I should now come to the consideration of Language. Language is as necessary an instrument for conducting the operations of the mind, as the hands are for conducting the operations of the body; and the most obvious way of acquiring the power of weighing and judging words aright, is by enabling ourselves to compare the words and forms of different languages. I therefore highly approve of classical education. It has been often said by the wise men of the world, what a miserable waste of time it is, that boys should be occupied for successive year after year in acquiring the Greek and Latin tongues! How much more usefully would these years be employed in learning the knowledge of things, and of making a substantial acquaintance with the studies of men! I totally dissent from this. As to the knowledge of things, young men will soon enough be plunged into the mire of cold and solid realities, those things that it is the calamity of man that he should be condemned to consume so much of his mature life upon; and I should wish that those who can afford the leisure of education, should begin with acquiring something a little generous and elevated. As to the studies of men, if boys begin with them before they are capable of weighing them, they will acquire nothing but prejudices, which it will be their greatest interest and highest happiness with infinite labor to unlearn. Words are happily a knowledge to the acquisition of which the faculties of boys are perfectly competent, and which can do them nothing but good. Nature has decreed that human beings should be so long in a state of nonage, that it demands some ingenuity to discover how the years of boys of a certain condition in life, may be employed innocently, in acquiring good habits, and none of that appearance of

reason and wisdom, which in boys surpasses in nothing the instructions we bestow on monkies and parrots. One of the best maxims of the eloquent Rousseau, is where he says, the masterpiece of a good education is to know how to lose time profitably.

Every man has a language that is peculiarly his own; and it should be a great object with him to learn whatever may give illustration to the genius of that. Our language is the English. For this purpose then I would recommend to every young man, who has leisure, to acquire some knowledge of the Saxon and one or two other Northern languages. Horne Tooke in his *Diversions of Purley*, is the only man that has done much towards analysing the elements of the English tongue. But another, and perhaps still more important way, to acquire a knowledge and true relish of the genius of the English tongue, is by studying its successive authors from age to age. It is an eminent happiness we possess, that our authors from generation to generation are so much worth studying. The first resplendent genius in our literary annals is Chaucer. From his age to that of Elizabeth we have not much; but it will be good not entirely to drop any of the links of the chain. The period of Elizabeth is perfectly admirable. Roger Ascham and Golding's translation of Mornay's *Trewnesse of the Christian Religion*, are among the best canonical books of genuine English. Next come the translators of that age, who are worthy to be studied day and night by those who would perfectly feel the genius of our language. Among these, Phaer's *Virgil*, Chapman's *Homer*, and sir Thomas North's *Plutarch* are perhaps the best, and are, in my opinion, incomparably superior to the later translations of these authors. Of course I hardly need say, that lord Bacon is one of the first writers that has appeared in the catalogue of human creatures, and one of those who is most worthy to be studied. I might have brought him in among the metaphysicians; but I preferred putting him here. Nothing can be more magnificent and impressive than his language; it is rather that of a god, than a man. I would also specially recommend Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the writings of sir Thomas Browne. No man, I suppose, is to be told that the dramatic writers of the age of Elizabeth are among the most astonishing specimens of the human intellect. Shakspeare is the greatest, and stands an immense distance from all the rest. But, though he outshines them, he does not put out their light. Ben Jonson is himself an host: of Beaumont and Fletcher I cannot think without enthusiasm; and Ford and Massinger will deserve to be studied.—Even French literature was worthy of some notice in these times, and Montaigne is entitled to rank with some of the best English prose-writers, his contemporaries.

In looking over what I have written, I think I have not said enough on the subject of modern history. Your language is English; the frame of your laws and your law-courts is essentially English. Therefore, and because the English moral and intellec-

tual character ranks the first of modern times, I think English history is entitled to your preference. Whoever reads English history must take Hume for his text. The subtlety of his mind, the depth of his conceptions, and the surpassing graces of his composition, must always place him in the first class of writers. His work is tarnished with a worthless partiality to the race of kings that Scotland sent to reign over us; and is wofully destitute of that energetic moral and public feeling that distinguishes the Latin historians. Yet we have nothing else on the general subject, that deserves the name of composition. I have already spoken of the emphatic attention that is due to the age of chivalry. The feudal system is one of the most extraordinary productions of the human mind. It is a great mistake to say that these were dark ages. It was about this period that logic was invented; for I will venture to say that the ancients knew nothing about close reasoning and an unbroken chain of argumentative deduction, in comparison with the moderns. For all the excellence we possess in this art, we are indebted to the schoolmen, the monks and friars, in the solitude of their cloisters. It is true, that they were too proud of their new acquisitions, and subtilized and refined till occasionally they became truly ridiculous. This does not extinguish their claim to our applause, though it has dreadfully tarnished the lustre of their memory in the vulgar eye. Hume passes over the feudal system and the age of chivalry, as if it were a dishonour to his pen to be employed on these subjects, while he enlarges with endless copiousness on the proofs of the sincerity of Charles the First, and the execrable public and private profligacy of Charles the Second.

Next to the age of feudality and chivalry, the period of English history most worthy of our attention, lies between the accession of Elizabeth and the Restoration. But let no man think that he learns any thing, particularly of modern history, by reading a single book. It fortunately happens, as far as the civil wars are concerned, that we have two excellent writers of the two opposite parties, Clarendon and Ludlow, beside many others worthy to be consulted. You should also consult as many lives of eminent persons connected with the period then under your consideration, as you can conveniently procure. Letters of state, memorials, and public papers are in this respect of inestimable value. They are to a considerable degree the principal actors in the scene, writing their own history. He that would really understand history, should proceed in some degree as if he were writing history. He should be surrounded with chronological tables and maps. He should compare one author with another, and not put himself under the guidance of any. This is the difference I make between reading and study. He that confines himself to one book at a time may be amused, but is no student. In order to study, I must sit in some measure in the middle of a library. Nor can any one truly study, without the perpetual use of a pen, to make notes, and ab-

tracts, and arrangements of dates. The shorter these notes, and the more they can be looked through at a glance, the better. The only limit in this respect, is that they should be so constructed, that if I do not look at them again till after an interval of seven years, I should understand them. Learn to read slow—if you keep to your point, and do not suffer your thoughts, according to an old phrase, to go a wool-gathering, you will be in little danger of excess in this direction. * * * * *

My best wishes attend you.

No. II.

Skinner Street, March 19, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,—Whatever was left imperfect in your second letter, as to my Paper of advice, is fully made up in your last, and I am more than satisfied.

The question you ask, why am I silent in this paper on the subject of politics? is a very natural one, and I will give you an ingenuous answer. The person who asked my advice as to the course of his studies, I naturally concluded had some respect for my literary character; and I therefore thought it superfluous (as far as it could be avoided) to repeat any thing I had said in my public writings, or to refer directly or indirectly to any thing therein treated. Even the person, who without ever having known me, should have sufficient respect for my advice to make it in any degree his compass to steer by, would hardly, I thought, be so indolent or indifferent, as not to inquire what I had myself written for the amusement, improvement, and instruction of my species generally. The species of composition denominated novel, a sort of prose-epic, and in my opinion a memorable addition to the stock of human literature, which with a few exceptions, did not assume its present consummate form till the age of Fielding and Richardson: but I am a writer of novels; and for that reason principally I was silent under that head. I have also written on the science of politics; and though my work is twenty five years old, I am sorry to say, I am grown very little wiser under that article: if I had to write my work over again, I could correct many errors, but scarcely any thing that strikes my mind as fundamental. In my inquiry concerning Political Justice, I have not only laid down, as well as I was able, the principles of moral and political truth, but have also made a point of commemorating, and delivering a candid and sincere judgment respecting almost every considerable political writer that fell in my way. What therefore could I have added in my Letter of advice, to what in that work I have delivered?

I inclose you a copy of my letter, printed on a sheet of paper, which I caused to be so printed, merely because it has happened to me very many times to have the same request made to me by young men, which from you, occasioned the writing these pages; and I thought it might save some trouble, and be the means of some good, to have the paper always at hand, to give away to any person to whom I judged it might be desirable. This copy is sent

merely to gratify your private curiosity: as I would not be the means, or appear to be the means, of checking any additional sale which the insertion of my letter might bring to Mr. Constable's magazine. * * * *

No. III.

Skinner Street, April 27, 1818.

————— You say that 'since the arrival of my paper, you have been sedulously engaged in the study of the old English authors, and of the classics.' I am not sure that this is right as to the first. I had some doubts on this point when I penned my advice; that is, I doubted whether it was right for readers in general, though I was sure that what I put down was reasonable for you. For I was obliged to consider in writing, though I did not name the consideration, that part of your object was to collect books, and that you could not suddenly add old and scarce books to your collection when you were once fixed in ————. I cannot better express the ground of my doubt above conveyed, than by a quotation from Ben Jonson's Discoveries. He says, 'Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be clearest; as, Livy before Sallust, Sidney before Donne. And beware of letting them taste Gower and Chaucer at first, lest falling too much in love with antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language only.' Now if there is any thing in this caution of Ben Jonson, he and his contemporaries are now somewhat obsolete to us, as Chaucer was to him. The best model perhaps for a modern English style, would be a due mixture and medium of Burke and Hume, adding, when you have gained this substratum, as much wealth from the elder writers, as may be consistent with this platform and system in building.

Again, as to what you say of the classics, I have some doubt about the indiscriminate use of your pen in making translations. I know it is good in part, for this is the sure way of discovering whether we perfectly understand our author. But, I know also, that we ought frequently, while we read books in another tongue, to forget for the time that there is any other language than that we are reading. It is thus we shall come to relish their idiom; while on the other hand, if we are continually seeking for equivalent phrases in English, we shall go on much as children do in beginning to talk or write French, whose phrases and construction are English, and the words only borrowed from our neighbour tongue.

I am also inclined to disapprove the very limited list of classics you now set down. Latin and Greek are not to be laid aside, as we lay aside our old clothes. My own method through the greater part of my life has been, to devote at least one hour of every day to the classics, and by this means I found the book-shelves of my

brain enlarging, till at last the classics made an appearance not altogether despicable. I hope you do not mean to shut out the poets.

You say, 'Is there a condition of life more replete with enjoyment, than that of a young man, with moderately independent circumstances, &c. &c. &c.?' I say, in reply, 'Is there a condition of life more full of the noblest promise of honour and usefulness, and therefore more replete with enjoyment, than that of a young man, with certain qualities of the head and heart, *who no revenue has but his good spirits and inborn energies to feed and clothe him?*' I have tried the one; you are about to try the other. Both have their disadvantages and their temptations. But yours, I am afraid, is the most dangerous. Man is a creature of so frail and feeble a texture, that we want *all appliance and means to boot*, and even in some degree the stimulus of stern necessity, in addition to our own original good dispositions, to make us do our duty fully, and not sometimes be found like a faithless centinel, sleeping upon our post. See what you can do to counteract this evil! May your slumbers be short, conducing only to the infusion of new vigour, and not partaking of that lethargy, in which our powers, our honour, and ourselves, are momentarily in danger of being lost without remedy.

You will think it strange in me, if I mention a new book, and by an Aikin. The book is miss *Aikin's* Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth. It is a book of no great strength and still less depth. But it contains a vast deal of interesting, and some curious information, that is brought together in no other book. * * * *

No. IV.

Skinner Street, June 29, 1818.

————— I congratulate you upon your good fortune, in being in the British Islands at the time of a general election. This is an instructive, and, in some respects, an animating spectacle. Perhaps I have not fully considered all the advantages and disadvantages of the two modes: but I dislike the French scheme of the people electing an elective body, and then these electors electing the legislature, and that other scheme of some of our reformers, that the members of a county shall be elected by a ballot to take place in every little district and market-town on the same day. I am pleased with the open avowal our electors make of their sentiments. I am pleased with the sympathy excited in their breasts by their general congregating to the place of election, thus reviving (though alas! but once in seven years) the practical and healthful feeling, that they are freemen. I am pleased with the scene of an election protracted for four or five days, and thus nourishing the love of what is right, by some degree of uncertainty and suspense respecting the event. I am an enemy to mobs; but this sort of mob, or confluence of mankind, expressly directed by the law, and terminating in a specific act, seems to me to be deprived of the sting, the terror, and the hot-blooded, savage, and dangerous feeling, attendant on bodies of men, called together at their

own pleasure, and chusing for themselves the sort of exertion to which their power shall be directed. * * * *

No. V.

Skinner Street, July 24, 1818.

————— You ask me my sentiments respecting the writers generally called the English classics. Let us see who they are. I suspect that at the head of them are Pope, Swift, and Addison. These were all admirable writers, though greatly inferior to the great writers of the age of Elizabeth. They are, however, worth studying, and are even in some respects entitled to a priority, as being to a great degree standards of the language now in use. It is perhaps impossible to excel Pope in his kind, that is, as a man delivering in metre the dictates of good sense, and a certain obvious species of observation on life and manners, seasoned and rendered acute by all the poignancy of an elegant sort of wit and sarcasm. Addison wants strength; but his deficiency in that respect is compensated, in a great degree, by his delicacy and refinement. His humour, wherever displayed, and most of all in his character of sir Roger de Coverly, is inimitable. The third of these men, Swift, is vastly the greatest. The depth of his observation, a quality very scarce in that age, is astonishing, and is most of all displayed in his *Gulliver's Travels*. There is not a page of that book, that you may not read six times, before you see all that is in it. And this is rendered more surprising by the unaffected simplicity and plainness with which he delivers himself there, and in all his writings. Congreve, the contemporary of Pope, Swift, and Addison, is also worth your attention. Dr. Conyers Middleton, though something later, is fully entitled to class with these, whom he exceedingly surpasses in copiousness and energy. These are the genuine standards of English style.

You may study the writers since that age, as you may study the writers before, as enlarging the stores of our tongue; but they are to be viewed with a certain caution. They are not our standards. Hume is in a high degree subtle and elegant. Burke is a profound thinker, and a powerful declaimer; but his declamation is over-ornamented and over-done. Johnson is the worst of this trio. We may read him however, sometimes for admiration, still oftener as a melancholy example of something, *not* to be imitated.

Rousseau is very nearly the best writer of the middle part of the last century; the writer from whose works we may derive the greatest degree of profit.

Montesquieu was a man of great talents. His best work is his *Persian Letters*, written in his youth. His *Spirit of Laws* is overrun with affectation. Every sentence is an epigram. And of him we say more truly, what Johnson says of Shakspeare's punning; 'An epigram is the Cleopatra for which he loses the world, and is content to lose it.'

I have answered your letter. I am at this moment incessantly occupied in my answer to Matthews on Population, which, I believe, I mentioned to you before you left London.

I think I ought to have named Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury with the authors of the age of Addison, though greatly inferior as standards to those already mentioned. Bolingbroke is manly, but the garden of his language has never felt the pruning hook: the branches of his eloquence choke each other like the branches of a forest. Shaftesbury is a most elegant and amiable thinker, but with perpetual affectation. He dances so much, that he is not able to walk.

No. VI.

Skinner Street, September 11, 18'8.

———— I have looked three times through the Letter of Advice, to endeavour to discover where I have said, 'Read the great English poets; but do not neglect any of the rest.' But as Shylock says, 'I cannot find it; it is not in the bond.' If your quotation had stood, 'Do not neglect the rest,' I should have said, 'I did not write it, but it is my sentiment.' But 'do not neglect *any* of the rest,' is certainly too much for me.

With respect to your choice of them, if you are guarded by common fame, you will not materially err; and it will be good that you should somewhat use your own independent judgment, in saying, 'This has been praised too much; and this not enough.' You will have much aid in your decision, if you make Shakspeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spenser your standards. The old poets I should recommend for their language, their depth of thinking, and their strength of phrase. I have given you a tolerable list of dramatic poets; and if you grow fond of them, you will feel prompted to read their poetical compositions, not in the dramatic form, and those of the men they tell you they loved. You will hardly miss Dryden and Pope, or even the melancholy Cowley. Remember what I have said, that 'I have always found one writer in his occasional remembrances and references leading to another,' and trust yourself to that. The living poets I would wish to have some of your attention, but 'I would have a young person to be very moderate in his attention to new books.' That is the vice of your country.

You ask me for 'a summary view of the distinguished characteristics of the ages of Elizabeth, Anne, and George III. both for poetry and prose.' That is a large question; and I beg to postpone it. I have furnished some hints towards an answer in former letters.

I recommended the other day in a letter to a young author, whose talents I respect, to undertake a book, to be called the *Lives of the Commonwealth Men*. My list extended to ten names; Milton, Algernon Sidney, Martin, Vane, president Bradshaw, president Scott, his successor in office, Ludlow, Henry Nevil, Henry Ireton, Robert Blake. This would be a choice book for an American to read, though no American could write it as it ought to be written. England in all her annals has produced no men, as public characters, worthy to be ranked with these—not even an eleventh to be added to these ten. They were all to their last breath

devoted to the principles of republicanism, and looked upon monarchy with that generous horror and contempt, which, abstractedly considered, every enlightened and impartial man must regard it. Now every reader that almost at all deserves the name, ought in some degree to play the part of an author, and collate the materials of a subject, nearly as if he were going to treat of it in a book. The materials of the Commonwealth History of England lie principally in a few authors; Clarendon, Ludlow, Whitlocke, Mrs. Hutchinson, Clement Walker, sir Henry Vane, Trials of the Regicides, and Noble. To be sure, he who would have his collection complete, should add to these, Rushworth's and Thurloe's Collection of State Papers, and as many of Milton's, and the other notable pamphlets of the time as he can meet with. The whole would not amount to fifty volumes.

I should have answered your letter dated August 20, sooner, but for other occupations, and still more for ill health.

Very truly and sincerely yours,
William Godwin.

P. S. I believe I ought to add, as a matter of taste, that you might apprehend my idea, that I confined the scheme of the book to one volume.—Of my heroes Scott was hanged, Bradshaw and Ireton were gibbeted after death, Algernon Sidney and Vane beheaded, Martin was a prisoner twenty years, and Ludlow an exile thirty years, at the end of which time they died.

List of books recommended to the same person by Stephen Lee, Esq. librarian to the Royal Society.

Mathematics.—Simson's Euclid, Robinson's Conic Sections, Bridge's Algebra, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and Mechanics, Bonnycastle's Arithmetic, Le Croix, Cours de Mathematiques, Woodhouse's Trigonometry, Hutton's Mathematics,* Mathematical Tracts, and Mathematical Dictionary, Cagnoli's Trigonometry, Newton's Principia, La Place, Mecanique Celeste, Brook Taylor's Elements of the Linear Perspective, Robinson's Elements of Mechanical Philosophy,† Taylor's Logarithms, Callet's ditto, Hutton's ditto.

Physico-Mathematics, and Mechanical Arts.—Prony, Architecture Hydraulique, Nicholson's Carpenter's New Guide, Joiner's Assistant, Principles of Architecture, Mechanical Exercises, Student's Instructions in the Five Orders, Stalkart's Naval Architecture, Steed's ditto, Vince's Astronomy, Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, Biot, Precis (ou Traité) Elementaire de Physique Experimentale, Montucla, Histoire de Mathematiques, Smeeton's Works, Singer on Electricity, Berthoud, Traité d'Horlogerie, Paynant, Traité de Geoderie.

Natural History, Agriculture, &c.—Linnæus, Systema Naturæ, Shaw's Zoology, Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, Kaimes' Gentleman Farmer, Reports of the Board of Agriculture, Arthur Young's

* Dr. Hutton considers the American edition the best.

† Edition by Brewster.

Experimental Farmer, Cuvier, Anatomie Comparatif, Blumenbach's Comparative Anatomy by Lawrence, Kirby's Entomology, Wood's Conchology, Smith's Introduction to Botany, Block's Ichthyology, Bakewell's Geology, Parkinson's Organic Remains of a Former World.

Miscellaneous.—Russel's History of Modern Europe, Pinkerton on Medals, Biographical Dictionary by Chalmers, Dictionnaire Historique, Blan's Chronology, Johnson's Dictionary, Lowth's Grammar, Murray's Grammar, Elegant Extracts, La Harpe, Lycée, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, Locke on the Human Understanding, Eustace's Classical Tour, Encyclopædia Britannica, Encyclopedie Methodique, published in parts.

Course of Law Study, by the late lord Ashburton (Mr. Dunning).

1. Hume's History of England, particularly observing the rise, progress, and declension of the feudal system. Minutely attend to the Saxon government that preceded it, and dwell on the reigns of Edward I, Henry VI, VII, and VIII, James I, Charles I, and II, and James II.

2. Blackstone. On second reading turn to the references.

3. Mr. Justice Wright's Tenures.

4. Coke upon Lyttleton, especially every word of Fee Simple, Fee Tail, Life, and Years.

5. Coke's First and Second Institutes, with serjeant Hawkin's Compendium.

6. Coke's Reports and Plowden's Commencing; and in succession the Modern Reporters.

Additions to this list, by an eminent Irish barrister.

Sullivan's Lectures on the Feudal Law, Cruise's Digest, Gwillim's edition of Bacon's Abridgment, particularly the head of leases for years, as explanatory of the different heads in Coke; Gilbert on Rents, and on Replevins, Phillips on Evidence, last edition, Reeves' History of the Common Law.

ART. VIII.—ODE, SAID TO BE BY LORD BYRON.

Published in the same volume with 'Mazeppa.'

OH Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—any thing but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
Oh! agony—that centuries should reap

No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
 Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;
 And every monument the stranger meets,
 Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
 And even the Lion all subdued appears,
 And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
 With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
 The echo of the tyrant's voice along
 The soft waves, once all musical to song,
 That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
 Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
 Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
 Were but the overbeating of the heart,
 And flow of too much happiness, which needs
 The aid of age to turn its course apart
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
 But these are better than the gloomy errors,
 The weeds of nations in their last decay,
 When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
 And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;
 And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
 The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
 When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
 And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
 Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
 Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away:
 Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
 To him appears renewal of his breath,
 And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;
 And then he talks of life, and how again
 He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak,
 And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
 And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
 That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
 And so the film comes o'er him—and the dizzy
 Chamber swims round and round—and shadows busy,
 At which he vainly catches, flit, and gleam,
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
 And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
 That which it was the moment ere our birth.

'There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
 Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
 The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
 The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
 Hath taught us nought or little: still we lean
 On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
 Our strength away in wrestling with the air;
 For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts
 Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
 Are of as high an order—they must go
 Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
 Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
 What have they given your children in return?
 A heritage of servitude and woes,
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
 What! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
 O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
 And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;
 Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
 And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?

All that your sires have left you, all that Time
Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
Spring from a different theme!—Ye see and read,
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,
Are worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd,
By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd
Gushing from Freedom's fountains—when the crowd,
Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
And trample on each other to obtain
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they plough'd
The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:—
Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause,
Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth
Cities and generations—fair, when free—
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
When Venice was an envy, might abate,
But did not quench, her spirit—in her fate
All were enwapp'd; the feasted monarchs knew
And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
Although they humbled—with the kingly few
The many felt, for from all days and climes
She was the voyager's worship;—even her crimes
Were of the softer order—born of Love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread;
For these restored the Cross, that from above
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;
Yet she but shares with them a common wo,
And call'd the “kingdom” of a conquering foe,—
But knows what all—and, most of all, we know—
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,

Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
 Full of the magic of exploded science—
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
 Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
 The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
 Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

School for Naturalists and Botanists.—The king of France has lately created, on the proposition of the minister of the Interior, a school for young naturalists; it is attached to the *Jardin du Roi*, and directed by the professors of that establishment. The intention is, that after having received instruction sufficient, these students should visit different parts of the world, at the expense and for the advantage of the state.

The excursions they will undertake will be conformable to Itineraries traced by the professors; avoiding countries already sufficiently known. All their researches will be directed to useful ends. This institution, which promises happy results, is a seed, in its nature abundantly prolific; but, which eventually may develop itself to the great profit of the philosophic world: and perhaps may prove the germ of an association of naturalists, in more countries than one.

Universal Alphabet.—M. Volney, peer of France, well known by former works, has lately published a volume on the application of the European alphabet to the languages of Asia; he describes it as an elementary work, useful to all travellers into the oriental continent. This writer had already published a tract entitled *Simplification of Eastern languages, or a new and easy method of learning the Arabic, the Persian, and the Turkish languages, by means of the European characters.* Paris, 1793.

By means of the Roman alphabet with certain additional signs, the author proposes to express all the Asiatic idioms, and thereby to facilitate our researches into the dialects, the history, the sciences, the arts, and the immense literary treasures of Asia; at the same time, these acquisitions would support and enlarge the commercial connexions of Europe with the original country of the human race.

This work is dedicated to the Academy at Calcutta. The first part of it comprizes the definitions as well of the general system of sounds pronounced, as of the system of letters, or signs by which those sounds are expressed. In the second part the author considers all the vocal enunciations and tones used among Europeans. They amount to nineteen or twenty vowels, and thirty-two consonants, almost the same as those of the richest languages of Asia; the Sanscrit particularly, according to several of its alphabets.

The twenty-five, or twenty-six letters of the Roman alphabet are not adequate to the notation of all the variations of voice. But this alphabet has the valuable advantage of offering the most simple forms, and of being employed throughout Europe, in America, and in all the European colonies of Asia. M. Volney proposes to render it universal, by obtaining from itself other simple signs, necessary to mark additional sounds.

In the third part of his work, the author reduces his theory to practice, by applying it to the Arabic alphabet, which is one of the most complicated of the Asiatics, though not so vicious in its application as the thousand-hyphen'd Sanscrit. The same process applies to the Turkish, the Persian, the Syriac, the Hebrew, the Ethiopian, &c.; and even to Sanscrit and the Chinese.

The curious in etymology will find in this work many new and learned applications of the powers of the letters: and we have somewhat enlarged on its nature, because it may prove extremely useful to the preparatory studies of our youth destined for Asia; not to notice the additional assistance it may afford to the practical conduct and advantage of gentlemen, whose situations oblige them to daily intercourse with Asiatics of various provinces, some of whose languages are acquired with difficulty, or but imperfectly, after much labour and time spent in studying them.

GREECE.

State of Literature.—The progress of that civilization which is the constant attendant or consequence of letters, continues to be rapid. The number of schools of the second order, Gymnasia, augments daily. The principal establishments of the kind are at Smyrna, at Kydonios (a small town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, opposite the island of Lesbos) and in the island of Chios. A young man, a native of Kydonios, mentioned above, has staid long enough in the printing-office of M. Didot, at Paris, to perfect himself in the art of printing. Also, a daughter of the professor of the Gymnasium in that town, named Erianthia, not more than eighteen years of age, has translated into modern Greek, Fenelon's work on

the Education of Daughters. The inhabitants of Chios have held meetings for the purpose of raising subscriptions in order to establish a public library.

HOLLAND.

Public Instruction: gratis.—We learn from the last annual Report of the Schools for giving gratuitous instruction at Amsterdam, that in the eleven schools of this description, three thousand six hundred and fifty children received the rudiments of education, *gratis*: to which may be added, about eight hundred others who received instruction in the evening schools.

Interesting New Publications.

The Addresses of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of National Industry—collected in one vol. 8vo. pp. 276.—M. Carey and Son.

The History of the Lives of Abelard and Heloisa, with their genuine letters, &c. by the Rev. J. Berington, with a beautiful coloured plate.—Republished by Abm. Small.

Baine's History of the Wars of the French Revolution, &c. with notes and an original history of the late war between the United States and Great Britain. Embellished with thirty-seven portraits and fifteen maps, &c. 4 vols. 8vo. —M. Carey and Son.

A Summary Geography of Alabama. By E. H. Cummins, Esq.—W. Brown.

Mr. B. Warner has in the press the third edition of Guthrie's Geography, revised and improved.

[It is from this new work we extracted the geographical description of Florida, in this No. p. 203.]

M. Carey and Son have in preparation a very elegant and useful publication—a new edition of 'Lavoisne's Genealogical, Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Atlas, with eleven new historical, and twenty-six geographical maps, and about seventy charts.

National Atlas.—Mr. H. S. Tanner, being engaged in constructing maps of the several states of the Union, intended for the New American Atlas, now publishing, and, with a view of rendering the work complete and acceptable to its patrons, solicits information on the subjoined particulars:

The recent alterations in the boundary lines of counties and townships.

New counties; their seats of justice and distance from the state capital.

Post offices, if established since the year 1818.

The latitude and longitude of new towns, and other important points.

Roads and projected canals, with the names of the streams, &c. which they are intended to connect.

Minerals, and mineral springs of recent discovery.

Soil, products, and face of the country.

Natural curiosities.

Indian antiquities, with the origin of Indian names.

The principal bridges, water-falls, and lighthouses.

The head of sloop navigation, on the principal streams.

The altitude, situation, and course of mountains, with their local names.

Errors in existing maps, with hints for their correction.

. Information on any of the above heads, or other intelligence which will contribute to the accuracy of the work, will be thankfully received by the publishers, Messrs. Tanner, Vallance, Kearny, and Co. Philadelphia.

It is our wish to give a complete list of late and proposed American publications,—but it is impossible unless the publishers will supply the requisite information. A catalogue of all the productions of the American press for the last year, would be curious and interesting, and might prove useful to the booksellers themselves. Communications from them, as well as from all authors and compilers, are therefore, to this end, respectfully invited.

THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1819.

ART. I.—*Essay on the Necessity of Improving our National Forces.* By William Theobald Wolfe Tone, formerly Officer of Light Cavalry, Aid-de-camp in the French service, and Member of the Legion of Honour. New York, 1819.

THIS is an exceedingly well written pamphlet, remarkable for the eloquence with which the author has given expression to his views of a subject involving a momentous question of national policy. He has borne a part in the great military struggles of Europe, and aims at communicating for the benefit of this, his adopted country, the information which his experience abroad has enabled him to acquire.

Whether his views be sound or chimerical, we are equally indebted to him for the motive of his publication, and he supports his theory, it must be confessed, with very cogent and sensible arguments.

The object of the pamphlet is to show to the people of this country how false is the security in which they now repose, on the subject of the continuation of peace, and their ability to meet a war without preparation. It is a warning voice calling on us to behold the enormous military power of Great Britain, her immense resources and formidable preparations, her grasping ambition, and the probability of our being engaged in a second and more arduous conflict with her, and strenuously recommending active and extensive preparations for such an event, by the increase of our fortifications, army, arsenals, and military schools.

It would be impossible for us to enter upon an examination of these topics without touching on questions that belong to party politics, with which we have nothing to do, and it is difficult even to approach such subjects without walking '*super ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*' We shall therefore merely give a few extracts by way of recommending the work to the attention of our readers.

The author begins by considering the important change which a few years have wrought in the military strength and national po-

licy of Britain. And on this subject we are induced by the eloquence of his first chapter, to present it entire.

‘ A French engineer of distinguished talent, chevalier Dupin, has lately travelled through England to examine into the present state of her military establishments. The view which that able officer has given of her recent military improvements, and of the immense means of hostility collected in her arsenals, is calculated to inspire every reflecting mind with the most awful forebodings. However selfish her policy may have been, however offensive her pride, whatever evils she may have inflicted upon himself, or upon his country, still every friend of reason, justice, and liberty, must confess that the world owes incalculable benefits to England. Her constitution, however imperfect and overpraised, afforded the first model of a liberal government, sanctifying the individual rights and the individual independence of man. English principles, and English laws, laid the foundation of American freedom. To see that country rapidly exchanging the character of a free nation for that of a military power, must strike even her greatest enemies with melancholy reflections.

‘ The causes of this unfortunate change are easily traced. When France, towards the conclusion of the last century, broke the shackles of a weak and vicious government, the jealous selfishness of England took the alarm; some statesmen may have perceived and justly feared, that France, delivered from its feudal trammels, would soon have eclipsed England; the short-sighted and bigoted hatred of the common people did not look so far, and they were more honest in their open aversion. But the cry that France must be put down, and government strengthened for that purpose, was nearly universal. The generous voice of the few who sympathised with the cause of liberty in every part of the world, was drowned by the general clamour, and all opposition to government became unpopular. Europe was paid, was armed by England, and from the Caucasus to the pillars of Hercules, torn from her foundations and hurled upon France. Inexperienced in the formation and march of a free government, the French on their side were obliged to forego their attempts for establishing it on a firm and regular foundation; terror at such a universal attack forced them also to strengthen their executive, and the crimes of Robespierre and the jacobins, and the military reign of Napoleon, were thus brought, were even forced on by the efforts of England and continental Europe, to crush the rising liberties of France.

‘ But these efforts soon recoiled upon themselves. When France was forced to become a military nation, she found in her old establishments and institutions a strength which the world had not foreseen. She possessed the only corps of scientific engineers and the best artillery in Europe, her arsenals were provided on the grandest scale, a triple line of fortresses, the eternal monuments of Vauban’s genius, covered her frontiers, and all these establishments had been fostered and improved with constant care since the

age of Louis XIV. The inexperience and indocility of her troops, was almost compensated by their enthusiastic valour; the science of war and of tactics had been a subject of study and meditation to her officers for two centuries, and after some defeats, they were able to face, to beat, to conquer all their enemies. Europe was subdued; a splendid despotism, from Russia to Spain, erected on the ruins of those powers who well deserved their fate, and the face of affairs so reversed, that England, in her turn, had to stand alone, the combined hostility of the world.

‘ She was saved by her naval force, and insular situation, and her people certainly displayed a constancy which, had the origin of the contest been of a purer and more liberal nature, would have reflected immortal glory on her name. But the cry for strengthening the government was stronger than ever, the most alarming encroachments upon the liberty of the subject and purity of the constitution, were viewed with indifference—the end sanctified the means. The government availed itself fully of the occasion, and laid the foundation of a military despotism, perhaps as formidable to the exterior, but certainly as well calculated to overpower all opposition of the people at home, as that of the great ruler of France. The faults of Napoleon, that cooled the French in his cause, and inspired the subject nations with the desire and hope of retrieving their liberty; his disasters in 1812 and 1813, the combined efforts of Europe, at length overturned his colossal power, and closed at least for the present the bloody and brilliant scene of the revolution.

‘ And what has been the result? England, like France, has become a military power; she has subverted her rival, and crowned her arms with military fame. But she has lost, perhaps irretrievably lost, that character and those institutions which made her greatness and her glory. Or rather under an improved form and better auspices they have emigrated across the Atlantic.

‘ The world in general is scarcely yet aware of the total change which has taken place in the character of England, in her constitution, and in the relative rank which she holds amongst nations. England was a rich, industrious, free, and enlightened country; her manufactures, trade, and agriculture were equally flourishing, and she was strong by her navy, her opulence, and the proud, firm, and independent character of her people. Her army was insignificant both in its numbers and quality, but the bravery and patriotism of her citizens secured her against foreign invasion. The yoke of the English weighed heavy upon the countries subject to them; they were cruel and harsh masters, and arrogant and overbearing to strangers; there was a great deal of corruption in their government, but it had not spread universally amongst the middling and lower classes.

‘ Exteriorly, England had little or no influence, and when the government attempted to interfere in the contests of continental Europe, their measures were generally unpopular. A blind and root-

ed hatred against France was the only sentiment which sometimes roused the passions of the people, and turned them aside from their true interests, peace, commerce, and industry. Jealous of their small military establishment, they carefully kept it down, and the only part they took in European wars, was by assisting with subsidies those sovereigns, who courted them for that purpose in the most humble style.

‘ At present, since the blind passions of the people have enabled the government to form a powerful army, they have actively interfered in all the contests and interests of Europe, and with Russia, direct the whole machine of its political system. British blood has been poured as prodigally as Napoleon poured that of the French; British armies have appeared in every quarter of the world, and their empire has spread over the globe in every direction. The influence of the cabinet of St. James has been uniformly exerted to put down the spirit of liberty and improvement, and Saxony, Genoa, Italy, Poland, Norway, as well as France, have been pressed under its iron weight, or betrayed by its fallacious promises. In Spain it has supported Ferdinand and the inquisition. In short, England is no longer the proud and independent country she was; like that of all the great empires that have successively appeared in the world, her government is oppressive and despotic at home, ambitious, grasping and rapacious abroad.— England was considered as the bulwark of liberty; she is become one of its chief oppressors.

‘ The change which has taken place in the interior, is not at first visible to the cursory view of a traveller. The high and finished state of the cultivation, the beauty, luxury, and opulence which shine all around, the immense profusion of wealth, the perfection of the manufactures, the busy bustle of trade, the ingenious and universal application of machinery to every useful purpose, and the prodigies which it effects, give to the whole country an appearance of unparalleled plenty and prosperity. But a very little observation discloses the melancholy fact, that this is forced and artificial. Such is the weight of the taxes and charges, that without the most incessant activity, labour, and industry, the people must starve. Anxious about their very existence, they are grown callous and indifferent on every other subject; and delicacy, honour and principle, love and regard for liberty, proper pride and independence of character, the honest peculiarity of the old Englishman, are almost lost in the exclusive and universal ardour for gain. The precariousness of the means of livelihood in all the industrious classes is inconceivable; the farmer, trader, and manufacturer live on their capital, the labouring poor are in a state of the most abject misery and distress, and the number of paupers and criminals has consequently augmented in such a frightful ratio, that it baffles calculation and passes belief.

‘ The corruption of the administration, and its prodigality and tyranny, from the ministry, great sinecure placemen, and borough-

mongers, down to the tax-gatherer, excisemen, titheman and spy, their arbitrary measures, the suspension of the habeas-corpus act, and consequently of the liberty of the press, the national debt, the abuses of the banking system, and multiplication of forgeries, the multiplication of poor-rates, pauperism and crimes, have been too ably and too frequently exposed to require any comments upon them here. Loaded with debt, and corrupted to the very core, the people and government of England are, at this day, the most profligate and unprincipled as well as the most powerful and splendid in the world. They are miserable and unsatisfied under all their greatness, and must be so under every change of situation. War cannot make them worse, peace cannot make them better. Loud as the public misery made them call for peace at the close of the late contest, a most numerous and influential party wish again at this day for war, because they did not find in the cessation of hostilities those benefits which they expected, because, great as were the charges of war, it gave them a *monopoly* of trade, which they are fast losing, and because the rising industry of other nations is entering in competition with theirs, and requires to be stopt.

‘ Such is the present situation of England, such is the result of the old clamour of the infatuated people, France must be put down, government must be strengthened. France has been put down, and England is reduced, at least, at home, very nearly to the situation of France some time before the revolution. On the ruins of her independence and of her principle, is raised the enormous edifice of the executive power and military despotism. But the world, we repeat it, and the people of America in particular, are not aware on what a military power that despotism is founded—nor of the complete change which has taken place in the military system of that country. It is well known that in the last war, her armies were prodigiously augmented, that they were actively thrown in the contest, that one great general like another Marlborough appeared at their head, and that a number of able officers were formed under him; that they obtained splendid victories, and conjointly with the other nations of Europe overturned the empire and military ascendancy of France. This, however, is not all, and those who are aware of no greater change, when they see successive acts passed for reducing the numbers of the army, think that every thing is gradually returning into its ordinary channel.—But it must be observed:

‘ 1st. That a military spirit has been created in the nation, almost as universal as it was in France under Napoleon. The uniform has become fashionable and honourable, in a country where no drum was allowed to be beaten in the city of London, and every young man, if he does not enter the army or navy, aspires at least to belong to some militia, volunteer, or yeomanry corps.

‘ 2d. That military services are become the surest road to titles, honours and dignities. A number of peerages have been distributed in the army, and the order of the Bath, organized on the model

of the legion of honour; an innovation for which Walpole or North might have lost their heads.

‘3d. The composition of the army has been greatly ameliorated. The venality which disgraced the administration of the duke of York in the time of the famous Mrs. Clarke has been corrected. Although promotions by purchase or family interest still exist in the subaltern ranks, yet a number of able officers have risen by service or seniority in the last war, and the government has an ample choice of subjects to fill all high and commanding posts. The artillery and engineers will hereafter be exclusively recruited with instructed officers from the military schools. The discipline, the armament of the troops, their clothing and equipment, have been equally ameliorated on the model of the French army.

‘4th. A good staff has been organized. That service was in its infancy in Britain at the beginning of the war, and was organized in its present form by some French emigrant officers, Messrs. Tromelin, Phelippeaux, &c. That staff is carefully maintained.

‘5th. It may be seen from the work of Mr. Dupin, with what sedulous care and attention the British government maintain and improve all their military and naval establishments, how they have organized and keep in readiness for action the most complete, effective, and numerous *materiel*, that was ever possessed by a military power, and what importance they attach to the diffusion and improvement of military education, principally in the corps of their engineers and artillery. This improvement can scarcely yet be perceived. Many years must elapse after the creation of military schools, before their influence can be felt in the army. The old officers, however uninstructed and inefficient, cannot be displaced to put young men in their room. The polytechnic school in France has scarcely yet exerted a sensible influence on the improvement of those branches of the military profession, which it was destined to recruit, and which indeed were already carried to a high state of perfection before the revolution by the fostering care of the government since the days of Louis XIV. The British engineers, on the contrary, ranked very low in the estimation of the best judges, but their government is forming the elements of a new corps in their military schools. Their artillery is better.

‘6th. Although the British government have disbanded some corps of infantry and cavalry which they can easily recruit again; although to satisfy the clamours of the reformers and economize their finances, they may disband some more, yet they carefully keep up their military institutions, and a mass of troops sufficient to awe any opposition at home, and in case of war, to embody in their ranks any number of recruits, and to communicate to them their spirit and their discipline. I do not exactly know the present force of the British army. But without including their colonial service in the East Indies, in Africa and America, I believe the whole mass of their European troops of all kinds, will not be found

under 200 battalions of foot and 200 squadrons of horse, a force more than sufficient for these purposes. As if the exclusive devotion of these troops to the government that pays them, and from which they expect recompenses and promotion, if their total indifference to public spirit and patriotism be doubted, let it be remembered *how easily they have been turned out against the people on recent occasions.*

‘ However strongly the power of the British government may be built on such an army, and on such a navy, they do not exclusively rely upon them. In the first place the very abuses of their administration, its prodigality, and the number of people who live on the interest of the national debt, have intimately connected with their cause a great mass of ‘the population, who must stand or fall with them. The ramifications of political corruption reach the lowest ranks of society. In the next place, the splendour and brilliancy of their successes have attached to them a numerous class, who forget the loss of their liberty, dazzled by the external glory to which the British name has been raised. With a parliament composed, organized and drilled as the British parliament is at this day; with such a mass of ready instruments in such a needy and unprincipled population; with such an army and such a navy at the disposition of government, what is to become of English liberty? It is time for other nations to look to theirs. For what will that government do with the military force and spirit which they have created, France was obliged, in the same circumstances, to keep her army employed in foreign war and conquest.

‘ Let it not be imagined that the financial embarrassments of Britain will prevent her from following that course. Whatever be the distress of the people, whatever ruin war may bring upon them, the government are taking another ground, and rendering themselves independent of its support. If they create so numerous a class, exclusively devoted to their interests; if they can only secure enough to pay and maintain a force that will keep down the people, what need the ministry care for their murmurs, their distress, and their ruin. When their army acquires the same superiority over the other armies of Europe which the French possessed in the time of Napoleon; when their navy surpasses the collected naval force of the rest of the world, they need no longer subsidize foreign nations; they can even abridge their means and liberty, their industry and trade, draw contributions from them, and support their own forces at their expense.*

* ‘ The finances of Great Britain present certainly an artificial and imaginary wealth, which, like the collection of electric fluid, may be discharged at a single shock. Is the artificial credit of her paper money boundless and exhaustless? We know that she can never pay off her debt, but she can afford to increase it at will, by paying the interest with an imaginary and fictitious value, whilst her trade and industry, additionally loaded, must diminish, and those of the rest of the world increase? The approaching resumption or non-resumption of cash payments, will perhaps decide this question; but this is not the only view in which it should be considered.

‘ This forced, artificial and unnatural situation, cannot however last long. Despotism and corruption universally produce decay. In losing her liberty and her principles, England has lost her real strength and her real glory, and exchanged them for the vain and momentary blaze of military fame and usurping empire; an empire not founded on the love and respect of nations, but on force; an empire which can only be supported by force, and must fall some day or other by the same means that raised it. She has already lost on the continent of Europe, that veneration which accompanied her name when it was always linked with the ideas of freedom, justice, and sound policy. Like the statue of Nebuchadnezzar, the splendid edifice of her despotism is topped with gold, armed with brass and iron, but reposes on a foundation of sand and of clay. When founded only on a military force, however excellent, numerous and well appointed, every power is subject to the chances of fortune. An awful example has lately shown to the world in what an instant such an edifice may be crushed. And melancholy indeed

‘ The wealth of England is not entirely artificial: The knowledge, the general instruction, science and industry of the people, is wealth; her excellent soil and agriculture, is wealth; the power of machinery, applied to her manufactures, was, several years ago, equal to the labour of 100,000,000 of able men; this is very great wealth; and the actual riches and merchandize existing in the country, the cities, roads, canals, &c are also wealth. Great and terrible will be the shock of national bankruptcy; but after it, this real wealth will remain, increased in its value, and the reproducing powers, freed from the immense load with which they are charged, may possibly begin to act with renovated energy. Every individual in Britain will be ruined; but from the great mass of information, and the habits of activity and industry which exist in that country, its commercial credit may be retrieved, its losses repaired, before trade has decidedly run in another channel, provided the government does not turn those very means in another direction; and afford, in war and plunder, a career to the desperate enterprise of the people.

‘ If this great change should be accompanied by an amelioration of the government, it should be desired by all good men, and especially by all good Englishmen. But if that government survives the shock, it will, for a time, be stronger than ever. Freed from its load of debt, it will have the unembarrassed disposal of means, less in appearance, but more in reality. Its stores of destruction are laid in, and exist; its navy and army, with all their immense *material*, exist, and are devoted to them; their numbers pass 300,000 men. An official return of the 25th January, 1819, laid before the house of commons, states the troops of the line alone at 109,810, non-commissioned officers and privates, 5852 officers, and 14,276 horses, of which 15,258, with 7516 foot guards serve in England, 18,923 in Ireland, 18,280 in India, &c. Add to these the navy, colonial corps, the native troops of Hindostan, the Hanoverian army, &c. and this is the state of peace.

‘ They will be enabled to strengthen this army, by the very misery of the people; and thousands after thousands of starving wretches, when England ceases to be a manufacturing and industrious country, will seek for employment in its ranks, and be maintained at foreign expense. That government exerts at present its power, by the expensive system of corrupting the people; it may then throw off the mask, and rule by open force. In the mean time, it has interested almost every class, in keeping up the deception; even the poor, empowered to vest in the public funds, as corporate bodies, the economies which they had laid up in the saving banks, are thereby interested in maintaining the present system. Those economies were stated, in the course of last year, to have amounted, in England alone, to 1,254,000*l.* sterling.’

will be the situation of England in such a case; her riches, her industry, her wealth and prosperity, her principles gone; her people impoverished and corrupted, lost to all delicacy, scruple, and morality, and accustomed to luxury and profusion. There is certainly an immense mass of information, of talent, of science and industry in England; but, as in France, all these qualities will have been exclusively applied to the service of the government, or all who join talent to honesty will have emigrated long before.

‘How much more respectable was the name of England, how much more solid her power, when with a small army, a navy scarcely equal to that of the Dutch, but a government strong by the support of a free, energetic, and enlightened people, she stood the bulwark of European liberty, against the ambition of Louis XIV. Under all her apparent greatness, she is really weaker in the love of her people for their country, in their moral courage and principle, than she was thirty years ago. Thus, when the power of Napoleon stretched from Cadiz to Moscow, when a million of armed veterans stood at his command, and the treasures of Europe were at his disposal, France was really weaker, as was proved by the event, than when confined between Belgium and the Pyrenees, divided at home, without an army, without a navy, without finances, almost without a government; but animated by the young enthusiasm of hope, and the love of liberty.

‘But it must be remembered, that before the catastrophe of Moscow, the power of Napoleon had repeatedly crushed all opposition from the frontiers of Spain, to those of Russia. It had risen to its acmé, just before its fall, and no human foresight could have fixed the moment of its decline. In the same way England can do incalculable mischief in the world before she falls.

‘It behoves America, for her own sake, for the sake of that world, where she stands the last and only asylum of liberty and of its friends and martyrs in every country; the sanctuary, where the flame of freedom is yet cherished and kept alive, to watch the progress and march of this great power, a power infinitely greater than that of Napoleon. The jealousy of England is chiefly directed against her. The English know right well, that their naval supremacy, on which their greatness depends, has ultimately more to fear from America, than from the rest of the world. They cannot reach to the sources of her prosperity, nor finally prevent her progress; it depends on causes which it is not in the power of England, nor even of man, to change; on her geographical position, her immense territory, her free government, and the enlightened character of her people. But they can stop it for a time; they can give it severe checks, and it behoves America to stand upon her guard.

‘To prove these positions, to show the necessity of organizing an efficient defensive force in America, and to point out some of the principles on which such a force should be founded, such are the objects of the present Essay. I am aware that the very examples which I have just quoted, of France and of England, who both

lost their liberties by over-augmenting that military force, which they had been obliged to raise for purposes of self-defence; I am aware that these examples may be turned against me, and that they have excited a very just and proper alarm in this free country. But that the situation of America is radically different from that of France or England, and that her military force, founded on different principles, and differently composed and organized, can never endanger her liberties, even when improved and strengthened so as to protect her effectually, I shall also endeavour to prove.'

The second chapter comprises a military analysis of the late war between the United States and Great Britain, in which the author contends that our attack on Canada was very injudiciously managed, and that the strength of our enemy was not fully put forth. This discussion is important, and deserves the serious attention of all the members of our national legislature,—but we must refrain from remarks or citations when the subject appears to belong so exclusively to politicians. He contends in the sequel that the militia is wholly insufficient for our defence, and that no apprehensions ought to be entertained of danger to our liberties from an enlarged standing army. Finally, he proposes as our wisest policy to increase the scale of our military preparations by additional fortifications, roads, canals, and military schools, to amass a collection of topographical surveys, charts, &c. in the war office, to augment our arsenals, founderies, &c. and to promote the study of military science. On this last head he remarks:

'The duties of an officer of infantry are not confined to the exercises and manœuvres of his troop; these are intelligible to the most vulgar capacity, easily learned, and easily directed. But his cares must be extended to every thing that concerns its welfare; he must be the father of his company; the cleanliness, temperance, morality, and health of his men are under his daily inspection; their service, order and discipline he should constantly superintend; their instruction direct, nor disdain to enter into all their little interests, and all the details of their clothing, feeding, lodging, armament and equipment, &c. If the captain and officers of every company do not keep a constant and watchful eye over these details, the waste and profusion of the regimental administration can never be remedied by the exactness or vigilance of any superior authority. A good captain should form the spirit of his men, and by attending with zeal and inclination to their interests, he will secure, sooner than by any improper weakness or indulgence, that affection and respect, which a soldier should feel for his chief, in every well regulated army.

'These cares, with the study of his particular service in every situation, and a general acquaintance with the whole theory of the art of war, should be common to every officer. But in the artillery, the previous information required is still more extensive, the details of service are more numerous, and the objects of inspection more important. If indeed the duty of the artillery officer be con-

fixed to the direction of a fixed battery, or command of a company, he may learn it by rote, and that may suffice for the service of the militia, and the defence of fixed positions on the coast. But if he wishes to understand his profession theoretically, he must acquire much previous mathematical learning, and receive a scientific education. Nor is there any part of the sublimer theory of tactics to which he should be a stranger; the principles of fortification he should understand, either to attack or defend them with success, and the tactics of the field, to co-operate in them with effect. As the ordnance department is a branch of the artillery, the fabrication and inspection of all kinds of arms, makes a part of his attributions, and he must be versed in all the process of their manufacture.* It is absurd to think of creating such a corps at the moment of war; it has required centuries to carry it to perfection in Europe.

‘The profession of the engineer requires still more learning and study, as much indeed as those which are called the learned professions, the lawyer’s, physician’s, or divine’s. There is scarcely a branch of natural philosophy which should be totally foreign to his studies; the laws of mechanics, the force

* In the course of this work, I have always considered the ordnance department as distinguished from the artillery; but why they are thus divided in two departments I could never understand. England is the only country of Europe where this disposition exists, either because it was so established at first, or because it was thought that the immense quantity of armament which that country fabricates, required a separate corps, occupied with no other functions. But even in England this system is vicious. The advantage of uniting these functions in the artillery is obvious and clear. The best judges of the fabrication of arms are those who use them and try them constantly: the theory of that fabrication which requires such accurate and experimental knowledge, is best improved by practice, and the practice by theory. The corps of the artillery loses much of its value by this division of its labours; it becomes a mere corps of cannon firers.

‘In France (and the artillery in all the rest of Europe was more or less modelled upon the French) the young officer destined to that service, after two or three years of preparatory studies, spend two years at first in the polytechnic school to acquire general mathematical information, and as many afterwards in the school of application of mathematical science, to the particular service of the artillery. He entered then as second lieutenant, into an arsenal, to study and practise the fabrication of armament, powder, projectiles, fireworks, &c. He passed into a regiment of artillery as first lieutenant: when promoted to the rank of captain in second, he returned to the arsenals, and when he rose to the first captaincy, took the command of a company. On his next promotion, he became a *sous directeur* of artillery, and superintended the fabrics; he then passed to the command of a battalion or squadron of heavy or light artillery, to the direction of an arsenal, the command of a regiment, &c. The construction of all batteries and military reconnaissances, conjointly with the engineers, the administration of the armament and warlike approvisionnement of armies, the erection of temporary bridges on pontoons, made part of his attributions. Thus, in the course of his service, an officer of artillery became perfectly acquainted with the fabrication of armament in the arsenals and all its theory, with its properties and use in the field, with the command and administration of troops, both of horse and foot, and was a finished officer by the time that he had reached the higher ranks of his profession. The artillery furnished excellent staff and general officers: Napoleon, Pichegru, and Marmont were formed in that service. In this point of view it would be of invaluable use in America.

of chemical compounds, the specific weight and gravity of every substance which he may employ, should be familiar to him. He should be acquainted with the whole theory of tactics, to judge, at one glance, of the military properties of a country; he should be fertile in resources and inventions, ready at drawing a survey, and levying a map, prompt in calculating, and accurate in balancing the means and object, expense, time, and materials requisite even for a sudden work. His profession, in short, is one of the most profound and practically useful of the branches of human learning; his talents may be pre-eminently serviceable in time of peace, applied to those internal improvements by which commerce, agriculture and manufactures are equally benefitted, and in time of war his services are indispensable. Exact surveys, by pointing out the proper places, and proper means of defence, save at such moments an incalculable expense to the nation, which would have been thrown away on useless and ill-designed works. England, with laudable spirit, is endeavouring at present to form a good corps of engineers; but in America, the fruits of such an establishment would be incomparably greater; for in no country can works be erected of such magnitude, of such benefit to posterity, and to the world; works to immortalize the name, and excite the disinterested ambition of any engineer. The genius of that useful corps should not be cramped by an illiberal and short-sighted parsimony, their feelings disgusted from the service, and their conceptions rendered useless. Our engineers should be numerous and instructed, organized on the most efficient footing, and maintained on the most liberal system; for every good engineer who retires, is a real loss to the country.

It is not perhaps doing justice to colonel Tone to quote him thus disjointedly, but if these extracts excite a curiosity to read the entire pamphlet one end will be gained. His concluding remarks are these:

‘The result of all these observations and of this whole work is, that to have a good army on a system adapted to our government and circumstances, we should form and entertain a great number of good officers, and then we may safely reduce the number of our soldiers; that to avoid the necessity of creating and instructing new corps, we should rather diminish the force than the number of our brigades and battalions, and organize them so as to incorporate readily in their ranks any reinforcements which circumstances may require, such as the probable means of the enemy, the nature of those means, and the mode of attack which he may adopt. Those brigades, supported and flanked by the militia, whose courage they would confirm by their own steadiness, would prove sufficient for our defence on every important point. The militia would serve as excellent light troops to guard them, and watch and harass the enemy. How far it might be proper to add to each brigade a small detachment of light dragoons and riflemen, and

one or two field pieces, are military questions, which the experience of the brave officers, employed in the last war and acquainted with the topography of the country, can best resolve.

Our present establishment is clearly insufficient for these purposes, and if further reduced, will become absolutely useless. It comprises only nine full battalions and about 300 officers of infantry. In time of war, we shall need a division of the army at New-Orleans, supported by the militia of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee. The militia, well organized, may perhaps suffice for the defence of Florida, Georgia and Carolina, but the Chesapeake will require a strong division of the army to cover our national establishments, the seat of government, and the rich shores of the bay. (Maryland should be attached to this division.) In our northern department, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, (to which the Illinois and Missouri territories should be attached,) require a division of the army to garrison our Indian frontier to the Yellow Stone river, and in time of war, heading the militia of those states, pour upon Upper Canada. Another will be required on the Hudson, on the Delaware, in New England, covering Boston and Rhode Island, and another on the northern frontier of New York and Vermont. It is evident that 40 battalions and 1000 officers will scarcely be sufficient for this service, even if the militia be so improved as to give some reliance on its service and co-operation. It is not necessary that we should therefore maintain that number, small as it is, in time of peace, but we should always have the means of completing it immediately on the approach of war.

For that purpose we might maintain twenty battalions, reduced to half the number of privates, a force little superior to what we maintain at present, but fully officered, and even attach to each of them a certain number of supernumerary officers. As soon as we determine on raising the army to the war establishment, these battalions should be completed, organized in brigades and divisions, and encamped, whilst the supernumerary officers and sub-officers, detached with some chosen soldiers, receive and incorporate the recruits and organize twenty other battalions. If the military depots be amply provided with arms, clothing, equipment, field equipages, &c. it is inconceivable in how short a time this may be done. I have seen corps thus formed with good elements, ready to appear in the field in the course of a few weeks. The number of officers required in such an organization of the army will occasion a trifling augmentation in its expense, but of no moment, when compared with the advantage of having all its *cadre* ready formed at the moment of war. The economy of time and expense, thus procured, will be understood by all who know the value of foresight and order, and the superior quality of such troops, by all military men. In fact, new corps will otherwise be no better at first than the militia, and cannot support it.

‘ I need scarcely add that depots of ordnance, arms and ammunition, approvisionnement and forage, clothing and equipment, should be formed at the same time, and placed at a secure distance behind the armies, with some safe and easy communication between them. All roads and canals, necessary for the armies to communicate, should be opened, and the time requisite for such movements be calculated with precision.

‘ We may then securely brave any invasion of our territory; for before the enemy can have made an impression on those important points, which deserve to attract his efforts, and which will, by that time, be fortified, a corps of experienced soldiers, led by military chiefs, and supported by the militia of the neighbouring states, will move against him; and we trust that, in the contest, the spirit of patriotism and the consciousness of the noble cause which they defend, will ensure victory to our troops and to the American flag.

‘ We cannot however entirely prevent England from harassing our coasts by small predatory expeditions, putting us thereby to great trouble and expense, and fatiguing our militia by frequent duty, marches and countermarches. But we can severely retaliate upon her. Our numerous privateers and our navy can pursue and almost destroy her trade on every sea, alarm her on her own coasts, and oblige her to divide her naval forces in every quarter. We can menace her colonies, we can conquer Canada. Invasion and conquest may seem a measure contrary to our republican institutions. But in fact this movement would be a defensive measure; for by the natural situation of Canada, the British keep our whole northern frontier from Maine to Illinois in a constant state of alarm, and carry their hostilities in every part of it, oblige us to maintain on that immense frontier a great naval and military force, divide our means and attention, and surround our country; whilst, by occupying Quebec, or Montreal, or any single point on the eastern extremity of that line, we secure the whole of our northern, and western frontier for ever, and are enabled to turn all our means and attention to the protection of our sea-coast. The rest of Canada must fall under the well managed efforts of any one of our western states. We trust that, by a system of defence thus organized and conducted, Britain would soon be weary of a fruitless and hopeless contest, where the only injury she could do us, interrupting our trade, would be returned upon her tenfold, and where she would find herself unable to stop the progress of our country, or hurt its vital interests.

Such, in the moment of war, will be the result of forming a good military establishment. But is it necessary, even in time of peace, that the army should remain a dead load upon the nation? Undoubtedly not. The life of a soldier should be a life of constant labour and exercise. Turn these to the public account. The Romans occupied with incessant labours, never suffered from diseases in their armies, whilst in Europe they are more destructive than war. And the listless indolence of a garrison life, in the wilderness of our

frontiers, would be insupportable, without some employment, to keep up the health and spirits of the soldier.

‘ In summer they should be employed under the direction of engineers in opening roads and canals, and constructing bridges and fortifications. The axe and shovel should be as familiar to their hands as the musket and bayonet. And as the officers should all be acquainted with the elements of field fortification, these habits would be of incalculable value in time of war. In the intervals of labour, military exercises, swimming, shooting at a mark, &c. should fill every moment, and the scrubbing, polishing, and all the coxcombry of dress with which they are kept occupied in Europe, be given up. It is a fact, however ridiculous, that elegant white undresses were given to several British regiments of cavalry, to employ the soldiers in cleaning them. Nothing should be plainer than a soldier’s dress. Convenience and uniformity should be its sole beauty.

‘ It will be highly useful to accustom them to remain under tents during a part of that season. Tents were latterly quite unknown in the French army. During five years service I never saw one. Curtailling all the necessaries of life in that manner, certainly facilitated the rapidity of our movements, but at an immense waste of health and life.

‘ The leisure of winter should be consecrated to forming the moral character and habits of the soldier, and instructing him theoretically in his service. The sub-officers especially should be examined on all the branches of their duty. Regimental schools on the Lancasterian plan, where all the soldiers should be taught at least to read, write, and account, regimental libraries for the use of the officers, where books of history, geography, mathematics, and all kinds of military works should be at their disposal, would be of incalculable benefit, and serve to substitute the habits of decency, order, discipline and morality, to that drunkenness, to that gambling and dissipation in which ignorance and indolence so frequently plunge the military. Libraries might even be established for the men; it is done in England. That idea might be carried much farther. These schools might be of use to the neighbouring population, in those remote districts where our troops are usually quartered, and the regiments become centres of morality and instruction, instead of being, as they usually are, centres of vice and corruption.

‘ And would an order of men so constituted and so employed be dangerous to the liberties of their country? Would the money expended in qualifying them to lead and direct the efforts of their inexperienced fellow-citizens, in the moment of danger, be wasted? No. Far from forming a heterogeneous element in the constitution of the republic, such an army would be the most powerful instrument of her defence in time of war, and in time of peace a most useful, respectable and honourable class of citizens. If attacked by regular and disciplined forces, we must have forces of the same

nature to repel them, and if it is better to have a good than a bad army, better to beat than to be beaten, we must train and discipline them in time of peace to render their service effective in time of war.

‘Let us, therefore, in viewing the ambitious and disorganizing designs of Britain, her immense means, her preparations for warfare, and the rapid improvements of her military system, neither abandon ourselves to supine indolence, remain unarmed and unprepared until the blow be struck, nor yield to terror and despondency on measuring the present disparity of our forces. Let us beware of any insidious attack against our union; let us never separate our interests, but organize ourselves, and fortify our frontiers, diffuse military knowledge by means of our military schools, and remedy the radical defects of our militia system, foster the infant establishments of our navy, and give every encouragement to those brave men who defend the republic in the hour of danger. Let us not take parsimony for economy, nor indolence for security, and we have nothing to fear. We have the noblest country and cause to defend that ever nerved the hand or fired the heart of patriot soldier. The future happiness and liberty of the human race are perhaps confided to America. She will not betray the trust. If we do not fail to ourselves, we may defy every enemy, and support against an opposing world the standard of freedom and Washington.’

ART. II.—*Newly Discovered Antiquities in Arabia Petraea.*

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

WHEN the graphic illustrations of the ruins of Palmyra, by Wood and Dawkins, made their appearance, the public received them as surprising discoveries; so little had the western regions of Asia been visited by European travellers after the time of the *Holy Wars*. Since the publication of those enterprising artists, scarcely any important addition has been made to their information: for the travels of Dr. Clarke are too much interwoven with speculative dissertations to be trusted on all occasions; nor did he deviate so far from the common tracks of the caravans, as to have it in his power materially to enlarge our knowledge, even had he been sufficiently free from hypothetical opinions to have done so to advantage. But we have now reason to expect, that the world will soon be gratified with still more striking illustrations of other and *more superb antiquities* than those which it owes to Wood and Dawkins.

Mr. Bankes, who has visited some of the most celebrated scenes in Arabia, intends, we understand, to publish, on his return home, an account of his excursion to Wadi Moosa (the valley of Mossa), with engravings of the drawings which he made of the hitherto-undescribed excavated temples there; as well as of the ruins of *Yar-rasch*, which excel in grandeur and beauty even those of Palmyra and Balbec.

This gentleman, in company with several other English travellers, left Jerusalem for Hebron, where they viewed the mosque erected over the tomb of Abraham; an edifice constructed in the lower part of such enormous masses of stone, (many of them upwards of twenty feet in length,) that it must be ascribed to that remote age in which durability was the principle chiefly consulted in the formation of all edifices of the monumental kind.

They then proceeded to Karrac, through a country broken into hills and pinnacles of the most fantastic form, and along the foot of mountains, where fragments of rock-salt indicated the natural origin of that intense brine, which is peculiarly descriptive of the neighbouring waters of the Dead Sea.

Karrac is a fortress situated on the top of a hill. The entrance is formed by a winding passage, cut through the living rock. It may be described, like all the other castellated works in the possession of the professors of the Mahomedan religion, as a mass of ruins. The mosque is in that state; and a church which it also contains, as well as the ancient keep or citadel, are in a similar condition. In the vicinity, the travellers saw several sepulchres hollowed out of the rock; and they found the inhabitants of the place a mingled race of Mahomedans and Christians, remarkably hospitable, and living together in terms of freer intercourse than at Jerusalem. The women were not veiled, nor seemed to be subject to any particular restraints.

Mr. Banks and his companions, after leaving Karrac, sojourned for a short time with a party of Bedouen Arabs; by whom they were regaled with mutton boiled in milk, a circumstance which will remind our readers of the command in Exodus, chap. xxiii. v. 19: 'Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk.' But we must not here pause to comment on biblical antiquities.

After quitting the tents of these Bedouens, they passed into the valley of Ellasar, where they noticed some relics of antiquity, which they conjectured were of Roman origin. Here again they rested with a tribe of Arabs. The next day they pursued their journey, partly over a road paved with lava, and which, by its appearance, was evidently a Roman work; and stopped that evening at Shubac, a fortress in a commanding situation, but incapable, by decay, of any effectual defence against European tactics.

In the neighbourhood of this place, they encountered some difficulties from the Arabs, but which, by their spirit and firmness, they overcame; and proceeded unmolested till they reached the tents of a chieftain called *Eben Raschid*, who took them under his protection. This encampment was situated on the edge of a precipice, from which they had a magnificent view of Mount Gebel Nebe-Haroun, the hill of the prophet Aaron, (*Mount Heri*;) and a distant prospect of Gebel Tour (*Mount Sinai*), was also pointed out to them. In the fore-ground, on the plain below, they saw the tents of the hostile Arabs, who were determined to oppose their passage to Wadi Moosa, the ruins of which were also in sight.

Perceiving themselves thus as it were waylaid, they sent a messenger to the chief, requesting permission to pass; but he returned for answer, that they should neither cross his lands nor taste his water. They were in fact in the land of Edom, to the king of which Moses sent messengers from Kadish: 'Let us pass (said he), I pray thee, through thy country: we will not pass through the fields, or through the vineyards; neither will we drink of the waters of the well: we will go by the king's highway; we will not turn to the right hand nor to the left, until we have passed thy borders.' But Edom said unto him: 'Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword.' *Numbers*, xx. 17-18.

The travellers, after some captious negociation, at last obtained permission to pass; but not to drink of the waters: they did not, however, very faithfully observe this stipulation, for, on reaching the borders of a clear bright sparkling rivulet, which had occasioned so much controversy, their horses would taste the cooling freshness of its waters, and Eben Raschib, their protector, insisted also that the horses should be gratified. On crossing this stream, they entered on the wonders of *Wadi Moosa*.

The first object that attracted their attention, was a mausoleum, at the entrance of which stood two colossal animals, but whether lions or sphinxes they could not ascertain, as they were much defaced and mutilated. They then, advancing towards the principal ruins, entered a narrow pass, varying from fifteen to twenty feet in width, overhung by precipices, which rose to the general height of two hundred, sometimes reaching five hundred, feet, and darkening the path by their projecting ledges. In some places, niches were sculptured in the sides of this stupendous gallery, and here and there rude masses stood forward, that bore a remote and mysterious resemblance to the figures of living things, but over which, time and oblivion had drawn an inscrutable and everlasting veil. About a mile within this pass, they rode under an arch, perhaps that of an aqueduct, which connected the two sides together; and they noticed several earthen pipes, which had formerly distributed water.

Having continued to explore the gloomy windings of this awful corridor for about two miles, the front of a superb temple burst on their view. A statue of Victory, with wings, filled the centre of an aperture in the upper part, and groups of colossal figures, representing a centaur, and a young man, stood on each side of the lofty portico. This magnificent structure is entirely excavated from the solid rock, and preserved from the ravages of the weather by the projections of the overhanging precipices. About three hundred yards beyond this temple they met with other astonishing excavations; and, on reaching the termination of the rock on their left, they found an amphitheatre, which had also been excavated, with the exception of the proscenium: and this had fallen into ruins. On all sides the rocks were hollowed into innumerable chambers and sepulchres; and a silent waste of desolated palaces.

and the remains of constructed edifices, filled the area to which the pass led.

These ruins, which have acquired the name of *Wadi Moosa*, from that of a village in their vicinity, are the wreck of the city of *Petra*, which, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, was the residence of a monarch, and the capital of *Arabia Petræa*. The country was conquered by Trajan, and annexed by him to the province of Palestine. In more recent times, Baldwin I, king of Jerusalem, having made himself also master of *Petra*, gave it the name of the Royal Mountain.

The travellers having gratified their wonder with the view of these stupendous works, went forward to Mount Hor, which they ascended, and viewed a building on the top containing *the tomb of Aaron*; a simple stone monument, which an aged Arab shows to the pilgrims. Having remained in this spot, consecrated by such great antiquity, they returned next morning, and again explored other portions of the ruins of *Petra*; after which they went back to *Karrac*. They then turned their attention to other undescribed ruins, of which they had received some account from the Arabs; and finally, proceeded to view those of *Ferrasch*, which greatly exceed in magnitude and beauty those of *Palmyra*.

A grand colonnade runs from the eastern to the western gates of the city, formed on both sides of marble columns of the Corinthian order, and terminating in a semi-circle of sixty pillars of the Ionic order, and crossed by another colonnade running north and south. At the western extremity stands a theatre, of which the prosænum remains so entire, that it may be described as almost in a state of undecayed beauty. Two superb amphitheatres of marble, three glorious temples, and the ruins of gorgeous palaces, with fragments of sculpture and inscriptions, mingled together, form an aggregate of ancient elegance, which surpasses all that popery has spared of the former grandeur of Rome.

From the same source that we collected these brief conversational notices, we have received a literal translation of a Bedouen love-song, that would even furnish ideas of delight to the elegant author of *Lalla Rookh*.

Bedouen Love-Song.

The morning star has not yet appeared, nor the beams of the moon retired; nor has the dew yet begun to rise from the valley, but my soul beholds my love. She comes in white robes fairer than the flower of the jessamine: her breath is sweeter than new milk, and her eyes sparkle like those of the gazelle when the day is falling. How weary is the time till she comes. Her tardy steps fill my bosom with throbbings. Come, fairest of beauty, come, is my cry till she appears.

We trust that the narratives of these bold and adventurous researches, will not be limited to the description of the remains of antiquity; objects to which the generality of English travellers have been too apt to pay exclusive attention: for, although consi-

derable light has been thrown on the manners of the Arabs, by the members of the Roman Propaganda, as well as by the missionaries of the Jesuits, we are still greatly in want of some liberal account of the Arabic mind. The tales of Arabia are well known to all readers as the most amusing fictions which have hitherto been produced; and Arabian discoveries in science, are also very surprising instances of intellectual acumen. It is therefore greatly to be desired, that we should obtain some account of their modes of thinking, and of their opinions on other subjects than the dogmas of religious faith, or their usages in war.

The attention of the public has recently been drawn in an unusual degree to the *mysteries* of Egypt, by the result of Belzoni's enterprising and indefatigable research. We are, however, still greatly in want of a circumstantial account of the extent of his discoveries, as well as of some curious particulars respecting different *castes* of the inhabitants: we use the term in its strictest oriental signification. The same source that has supplied us with the interesting conversational notices of the antiquities of Arabia, has furnished the facts which constitute the basis of the following observations:

It has been ascertained that, between the first and second cataracts of the Nile, there is a caste of the inhabitants, who do not consider themselves as the aborigines of the country. They do not resemble the other inhabitants in appearance, and they not only possess many customs peculiar to themselves, but even speak a language which has no affinity to that of Arabic; speaking also that language, but in a broken and rude dialect. This people possess a tradition among them, that their ancestors were led from their homes by a great king, with whom they conquered the country, and were left behind to keep it in possession; and they look forward to their native king coming again, and resuming his authority.

A classical reader would be apt, at first sight, to say that this people are the descendants of the troops of Cambyzes; but they do not resemble the Persians in appearance, nor indeed any of the Asiatic nations. By the account that we have received, they are more like the Caffrees, or that idolatrous race which possess the greatest part of southern Africa; who, although described by the professors of the Mahomedan religion under that name, yet in reality constitute a great variety of nations, some of which are of no despicable power. We are therefore disposed to think, that this unknown race are of Ethiopian descent: at the same time, it must be confessed that, upon the epoch to which they refer their arrival in Egypt, authentic history throws but very little light.

The latest great invasion of Egypt from southern Africa, was about the year of Rome 725, when Ælius Gallus, having withdrawn most of the Roman forces from that province in order to invade Arabia, Candace, the queen of Ethiopia, made an irruption, with a numerous army, into the district of Thebais; leading her

troops, according to Dio, in person. She ravaged all the country; took Syene, and the islands of the Nile, Elephantine, and Philæ, and made three Roman cohorts prisoners. She then retired to wards her own territory, but was pursued by Petronius, the Roman governor, and defeated with great slaughter. It could not, therefore, be at this period, that these aliens settled in Egypt, and their origin must be ascribed to a much higher antiquity.

Besides the great excavated temple of Ysambiel, which Belzoni has laid open, four gigantic sitting statues have been discovered, sculptured in the adjacent rocks, and of the enormous proportions of more than one hundred feet in height.

In the island of *Philæ*, are the unfinished remains of a temple, which tends to throw a considerable light on the mode of construction used in those everlasting edifices which the ancient Egyptians, under the influence so far of good taste, raised to their gods. It appears, that their architects polished at first only four sides of those enormous masses of stone which they employed; and, having laid them together, and thus completed the edifice in the rough, as it may be aptly termed, then polished and sculptured the surfaces of the walls. The same method was adopted by the French in the ornamental parts of Versailles.

Three distinct classes of architecture are evidently discernible in the Egyptian monuments; for, under this denomination, the antiquities of Nubia may be included. The rudest, the greatest, and therefore perhaps the oldest, are those of Lower Egypt,—the companions and coteremporaries of the pyramids. The structures of Upper Egypt, and in the vicinity of the first cataract, are works of more skill; and, though inheriting the same strong and bold features, possess a more juvenile appearance. The ruins, in Nubia, are of a still more elegant species, combining with the same characteristics a feminine cast, as compared with the male-muscularity of the architecture of Egypt.

We should not omit to mention here, that the head, said to be that of Memnon, now in the British Museum, did not belong to that celebrated statue. The real head of Memnon is so defaced as not to be worth the trouble of sending home, even if it were easily practicable, for it has been computed to weigh about four hundred and fifty tons. We are likely soon, however, to be gratified with the possession of the foot of Memnon, which is about two yards in length; and, among other curiosities, we also understand, the entire hand and arm of the same statue to which the gigantic fist already in the museum belongs, may soon be expected in Britain.

About two days' journey above Cairo, is a lofty insulated rock, on the top of which a Coptic monastery is situated. This singular mass, which seems strangely to have escaped the wonder-working sculptors of Egypt, is called Gibraltar, a name which it derives from the number of wild fowl that hover round it, the term in Arabic signifying the mountain of birds; and is, for the same rea-

son, applicable to the British fortress of that name at the entrance of the Mediterranean.

But what we regard as one of the most curious of all these discoveries, is the result of a visit lately made to the holy island of Flowers, the Coptic name of which we do not recollect; but the island is situated in the Nile, between Philæ and Elephantine. In this sequestered spot, no stranger is permitted to enter, except as a pilgrim; and the Mahomedans are not often so under the influence of curiosity, as to make religious pretexts for gratifying it. Here a number of unburied mummies are still to be seen, without coffins, and placed only in their cearments, as if denied the rights of sepulture. We do therefore conceive, that it was from the custom of burying the good in this island, that the story of Charon, and the ferrying of the river Styx, took its rise. Hitherto the fable has been supposed to refer to an island in the lake Mareotes; but the circumstance of the ferry being across a river, and the constant sanctity with which the isle of Flowers has been regarded, points it out, in our opinion, as more likely to have been the place. Besides, the unsepultured coffinless mummies, would seem to indicate a posthumous adjudication of the merits of the persons, and that to these, in particular, the judgment had not been favourable.

ART. III.—*Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte.*

8vo. pp. 48. Oxford, 1819.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THIS is a well managed and legitimate burlesque of Hume's scepticism. After adverting to the extraordinary tales current among us relative to this Napoleon Bonaparte, and to the wide discrepancies of opinion, of which his character and actions are the subjects, the writer remarks:

'In the midst of these controversies the preliminary question, concerning the *existence* of this extraordinary personage, seems never to have occurred to any one as a matter of doubt; and to show even the smallest hesitation in admitting it, would probably be regarded as an excess of scepticism, on the ground that this point has always been taken for granted by the disputants on all sides, being indeed implied by the very nature of their disputes. But is it in fact found that *undisputed* points are always such as have been the most carefully examined as to the evidence on which they rest? that facts or principles which are taken for granted, without controversy, as the common basis of opposite opinions, are always themselves established on sufficient grounds? On the contrary, is not any such fundamental point, from the very circumstance of its being taken for granted at once, and the attention drawn off to some other question, likely to be admitted on insufficient evidence, and the flaws in that evidence overlooked? Experience will teach us that such instances often occur: witness the well-known anecdote of the Royal Society; to whom king Charles

It proposed as a question, whence it is that a vessel of water receives no addition of weight from a live fish being put into it, though it does if the fish be dead. Various solutions of great ingenuity were proposed, discussed, objected to, and defended; nor was it till they had been long bewildered in the inquiry that it occurred to them to *try the experiment*, by which they at once ascertained, that the phenomenon which they were striving to account for—which was the acknowledged basis and substratum, as it were, of their debates—had no existence but in the invention of the witty monarch.’ pp. 5, 6.

The readiness with which men believe, (as Hume has remarked,) on very slight evidence, any story that pleases their imagination by its admirable and marvellous character, is utterly unworthy of a philosophical mind, which should rather suspend its judgment the more, in proportion to the strangeness of the account; and yield to none but the most decisive and unimpeachable proofs.

‘Let it then be allowed us, as is surely reasonable, just to inquire, with respect to the extraordinary story I have been speaking of, on what evidence we believe it. We shall be told that it is *notorious*; i. e. in plain English, it is very *much talked about*: but as the generality of those who talk about Bonaparte do not even pretend to speak from *their own authority*, but merely to repeat what they have casually heard, we cannot reckon them as in any degree witnesses, but must allow ninety-nine hundredths of what we are told to be mere hear-say, which would not be at all the more worthy of credit if even it were repeated by ten times as many more. As for those who profess to have *personally known* Napoleon Bonaparte, and to have *themselves witnessed* his transactions, I write not for them: *if any such there be*, who are inwardly conscious of the truth of all they relate, I have nothing to say to them; but to beg that they will be tolerant and charitable towards their neighbours, who have not the same means of ascertaining the truth, and who may well be excused for remaining doubtful about such extraordinary events, till most unanswerable proofs shall be adduced.’ pp. 8, 9.

It is recommended, however, that we trace up this hear-say evidence, as far as we are able, towards its source.

‘Most persons would refer to the *newspapers* as the authority from which their knowledge on the subject was derived; so that, generally speaking, we may say, it is on the testimony of the newspapers that men believe in the existence and exploits of Napoleon Bonaparte.’ p. 9.

But the authority of this ‘newspaper evidence’ may be questioned; first, as to the means the editors have possessed of gaining correct information; secondly, as to the interest they may have in concealing truth, or propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, as to the agreement of their testimony.

‘First, what means have the editors of newspapers for gaining correct information? We know not, except from their own statements; besides what is copied from other journals, foreign or British, (which is usually more than three-fourths of the news published,) they profess to refer to the authority of certain private correspondents abroad; *who* these correspondents are, what means *they* have of obtaining information, or whether they exist at all, we have no way of ascertaining; we find ourselves in the condition of the Hindoos, who are told by their priests, that the earth stands on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, but are left to find out for themselves what the tortoise stands on, or whether it stands on any thing at all.’ pp. 11, 12.

The interest which the proprietors of newspapers have in the circulation of these marvellous narrations, is too obvious not to awaken suspicion.

‘It may be urged, however, that there are several adverse political parties, of which the various public prints are respectively the organs, and who would not fail to expose each other’s fabrications: doubtless they would, if they could do so without at the same time exposing *their own*; but identity of interests may induce a community of operations up to a certain point; and let it be observed, that the object of contention between these rival parties is, *who* shall have the administration of public affairs, the control of public expenditure, and the disposal of places; the question, I say, is, not whether the people shall be governed or not, but *by which party* they shall be governed;—not whether the taxes shall be paid or not, but *who* shall *receive* them. Now it must be admitted, that Bonaparte is a political bugbear, most convenient to any administration: “If you do not adopt our measures and reject those of our opponents, Bonaparte will be sure to prevail over you; if you do not submit to the government, at least under *our* administration, this formidable enemy will take advantage of your insubordination to conquer and enslave you: pay your taxes cheerfully, or the tremendous Bonaparte will take all from you.” Bonaparte, in short, was the burden of every song, his redoubted name was the charm which always succeeded in unloosing the purse-strings of the nation. And let us not be too sure, safe as we now think ourselves, that some occasion may not occur for again producing on the stage so useful a personage: it is not merely to naughty children in the nursery that the threat of being “given to Bonaparte” has proved effectual. It is surely probable therefore, that, with an object substantially the same, all parties may have availed themselves of one common instrument. It is not necessary to suppose that for this purpose they secretly entered into a formal agreement; though by the way, there are reports afloat, that the editors of the *Courier* and *Morning Chronicle* hold amicable consultations as to the conduct of their public warfare: I will not take upon me to say that this is incredible; but at any rate it is not necessary for the estab-

lishment of the probability I contend for. Neither again would I imply that *all* newspaper editors are utterers of forged stories "knowing them to be forged;" most likely the great majority of them publish what they find in other papers with the same simplicity that their readers peruse it; and therefore, it must be observed, are not at all more proper than their readers to be cited as authorities.' pp. 12—15.

The author goes on to detect and expose the multiplied inconsistencies which might be expected to have place in an extensive and complicated forgery.

'What then are we to believe? if we are disposed to credit all that is told us, we must believe in the existence not only of one, but of two or three Bonapartes; if we admit nothing but what is well authenticated, we shall be compelled to doubt of the existence of any.'

'It appears then, that those on whose testimony the existence and actions of Bonaparte are generally believed, fail in all the most essential points on which the credibility of witnesses depends: first, we have no assurance that they have access to correct information; secondly, they have an apparent interest in propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, they palpably contradict each other in the most important points.' pp. 18, 19.

But what shall we say to the testimony of those many respectable persons who went to Plymouth on purpose, and saw Bonaparte with their own eyes? must they not trust their senses?

'I would not disparage either the eye-sight or the veracity of these gentlemen. I am ready to allow that they went to Plymouth for the purpose of seeing Bonaparte; nay more, that they actually rowed out into the harbour in a boat, and came along-side of a man-of-war, on whose deck they saw a man in a cocked hat, who, *they were told*, was Bonaparte; this is the utmost point to which their testimony goes; how they ascertained that this man in the cocked hat had gone through all the marvellous and romantic adventures with which we have so long been amused, we are not told: did they perceive in his physiognomy his true name and authentic history? Truly this evidence is such as country people give one for a story of apparitions; if you discover any signs of incredulity, they triumphantly show the very house which the ghost haunted, the identical dark corner where it used to vanish, and perhaps even the tombstone of the person whose death it foretold. Jack Cade's nobility was supported by the same irresistible kind of evidence; having asserted that the eldest son of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, was stolen by a beggar-woman, "became a bricklayer when he came to age," and was the father of the supposed Jack Cade: one of his companions confirms the story, by saying, "Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not." ' pp. 22, 23.

Much of the same kind is the testimony of those who are ready to produce the scars they received in fighting against this terrible Bonaparte. These persons fought, no doubt; but they *know* little or nothing more than their countrymen at home, concerning the person and history of their enemy.

‘Let those then who pretend to philosophical freedom of inquiry,—who scorn to rest their opinions on popular belief, and to shelter themselves under the example of the unthinking multitude, consider carefully, each one for himself, what is the evidence proposed to himself in particular, for the existence of such a person as Napoleon Bonaparte; (I do not mean whether there ever was a person bearing that *name*, for that is a question of no consequence, but whether any such person ever performed all the wonderful things attributed to him;) let him then weigh well the objections to that evidence, (of which I have given but a hasty and imperfect sketch,) and if he then finds it amount to any thing *more* than a probability, I have only to congratulate him on his easy faith.’ p. 24.

But this story, resting as we have seen, upon very exceptionable evidence, is in itself highly incredible. It is *improbable—marvellous—prodigious—unprecedented*; and, to use the term in Hume’s sense, *miraculous*. *It is contrary to our personal experience*. And every man’s personal experience (if we would maintain a philosophical scepticism) is, to him, the only ground and rule of reasonable belief.

The wise, says Hume, lend a very academic faith to every report which favours the passion of the reporter, whether it magnifies his country, his family, or himself: but who can fail to observe the *nationality* of this marvellous tale?

‘Bonaparte prevailed over all the hostile states in turn, *except England*; in the zenith of his power, his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England*; his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre, and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national, to be sure! It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if a story had been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously?*’ pp. 39, 40.

The author having thus exposed the invalidity of the ground upon which the popular belief is rested, modestly inquires if it be too much to demand of the wary academic, a suspension of judgment as to the ‘life and adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte.’

‘ I do not pretend to decide positively that there is not, nor ever was any such person, but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point; and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry.’

He who detects a fiction, is not bound to supply the vacuity he has produced in our creed by positive and unimpeachable truth. In the present instance many suppositions might plausibly be hazarded.

‘ Is it not just possible, that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of “ Napoleon ” (*Ναπολεων*), which signifies “ Lion of the forest,” may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favourite general, distinguished for irresistible valour? Is it not also possible that “ BUONA PARTE ” may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the “ good (i. e. the bravest or most patriotic) part ” of the French army, collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess to support this conjecture; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. Some critics have supposed that the Athenians imagined ANASTASIS (“ Resurrection ”) to be a new goddess, in whose cause Paul was preaching. Would it have been thought any thing incredible if we had been told that the ancient Persians, who had no idea of any but a monarchical government, had supposed Aristocratia to be a queen of Sparta? But we need not confine ourselves to hypothetical cases; it is positively stated that the Hindoos at this day believe “ the honourable East India Company ” to be a venerable old lady of high dignity residing in this country.’ pp. 44, 45.

In concluding, the writer invites those who will listen to no testimony that runs counter to experience, and who will believe nothing but that of which it is strictly impossible to doubt, to be consistent, and show themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians, as of priests.

‘ But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in *other* cases, which they yield to in *this*. If after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question, the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.’ pp. 47, 48.

The ingenious author of this pamphlet must be aware, that the case of Napoleon Bonaparte does not strictly meet the main sophism of Hume’s Essay on Miracles; he does, however, very fairly turn the laugh against the practical absurdities of the hyper-scepticism which is displayed in the *second* part of that Essay: and we think he has very well caught the oblique, plausible insidiousness of Hume’s manner. But if he would pretend to stand up-

on the ground of rigid reasoning, the disciple of Hume would say, that the supposed scepticism relative to Bonaparte, falls very plainly under the exception which that writer himself makes for those cases in which the greatest miracle would be on the side of the alleged fabrication. The successful promulgation of such a history, if unreal, so near to us in time and place, would obviously be more extraordinary than any of the facts it contains. The same thing, indeed, may be said of those suppositions which form the alternative, if the histories of the New Testament are affirmed to be forgeries. But to show this, it is previously requisite to expose the sophism of Hume's first position, which in substance is this, that every man's experience of the uniformity of nature furnishes him with a *proof* against miracles, which the highest evidence of testimony can at most only balance, leaving the mind in suspense between opposing proof; so that a reported miracle, though it may perplex the judgment, can never be the ground of reasonable belief. This doctrine has been abundantly refuted in different ways. It would be sufficient briefly to observe the distinction which Hume labours to hide from his reader, between what is simply *extraordinary*—that is, not conformed to our personal experience, and what is strictly incredible, or contradictory to our *actual knowledge*. That water should, during a part of the year, be in a solid state, is not, according to the experience of him who has always inhabited the islands of the torrid zone: but unless he could profess to be acquainted with the whole system of nature, in refusing his belief to credible testimony which affirms the fact, the sable sceptic, on the strength of his personal ignorance, contradicts his own experience of human nature, which directs him to confide in testimony under certain circumstances. Hume trespasses beyond the ordinary bounds of his argumentative caution, when he affirms that 'the Indian prince who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost, reasoned justly.' Such an instance can hardly fail to suggest to the reader the unsoundness of the sceptical argument, and its internal inconsistency. Would not this Indian prince have done better, to reflect that the effect of cold upon water was merely *beyond* his experience, while the credibility of testimony was a subject *within* his experience?

It is in the very nature of a miracle, that it should be an occurrence not according to common experience; but it cannot be called incredible, (that is, contradictory to our knowledge,) unless we had the means of *knowing* that it is incompatible with the character or purposes of the author of nature, thus specially to interpose in diverting the order of nature for a moral purpose. To set out with the affirmation that a miracle is incredible, because it is not according to *uniform* experience, is a mere *petitio principii*; and it is enough, simply to deny the assumption. Here, we say, is credible testimony that miracles have not been contrary to *all* experience.

In respect to their credibility, (supposing they imply no plain contradiction,) a miracle, and any natural fact which has never fallen under our personal observation, stand precisely on the same ground. Unless, in the one case, we were perfectly acquainted with the system of nature, or, in the other, with the character and designs of the Divine Being, we can have absolutely nothing positive to counterbalance the evidence of testimony which supports the one or the other allegation: our sole concernment is with the *credibility of the testimony*. The more or less extraordinary nature of the fact in question, (provided it does not contradict our actual knowledge,) has no place whatever in measuring the *degree* of our conviction, because this *extraordinariness* is a mere variable negation, derived from every man's *ignorance*, and directly proportionate to it. The credible affirmation of an extraordinary natural fact, or of a miracle, makes an intrusion, so to speak, not upon our previous knowledge, but upon our present ignorance: while it appeals, as the ground of our assent, not to our ignorance, but to our knowledge, namely, to our knowledge of that human nature, and of those laws of the moral world, which are the objects of our personal experience, the matters of our positive knowledge, and on which is founded the power of testimony to command belief.

ART. IV.—St. Domingo.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

A WORK on St. Domingo has lately appeared in France. The author is baron Pamphile de Lacroix, a lieutenant general in the Haytian service. He seems to be a man of extensive information, and his work contains many curious details concerning the inhabitants of the abovementioned colony. When we reflect on the rapid transition of the blacks of Hayti from ignorance and barbarism to their present state of civilization, we cannot sufficiently admire the noble efforts that were made to rescue them from slavery. This extraordinary civilization is one of the great blessings of liberty.

There appears to be an astonishing desire for knowledge among the negroes. 'I have known some,' says general Lacroix, 'who taught themselves to read and write. They walked about with their books in their hands, and requested those whom they met to explain to them the meaning of words. Many have become notaries, advocates, judges, &c. and their shrewdness and penetration are remarkable. There are negroes in St. Domingo who are tolerably good painters, sculptors, architects, and mechanics. They work the mines; and with no other aid than books on chemistry, natural philosophy, and mathematics, they have established manufactories of nitre, gun-powder, arms, and a cannon foundry.' If we may credit the author of the present work, the Haytians have the finest cavalry in America.

'Hayti,' he says, 'is not yet a manufacturing, industrious, and commercial nation. Like the Romans, we go from the sword to the

plough, and from the plough to the sword; we we are merely military and agricultural. - - - The art of printing, so essential for the dissemination of human knowledge, is making daily advancement.' &c.

'The Haytians, formerly so wretched, will shortly be the happiest people in the world. Like the Phoenix, which we have adopted as our emblem, we shall rise from our ashes more glorious than before.

'Agriculture has not yet reached the degree of perfection it had attained in 1789, but it is making rapid advancement towards complete regeneration. The revenues of this colony exceed one hundred millions. The annual resources of the two governments amount to forty-eight millions, and their expenditure to eighteen. The armies of the two chiefs of St. Domingo amount to 48,000 men. One third of this force is kept constantly under arms; and in case of attack, it could be quadrupled. The population of Hayti is calculated at 500,000 souls, 480,000 of whom are blacks or creoles. In 1789 the population amounted to upwards of 600,000, including 40,000 whites and 40,000 creoles. Of the former but few now remain, and the latter do not exceed 25,000. The morals of the people are improving, and public instruction is protected and encouraged.

'France, and the whole of Europe, have long been flattered with the hope that dissensions would arise among the chiefs of St. Domingo. It has been asserted that the Negroes could not long resist the happiness of *being restored to the legitimate government*. But all these illusions have vanished. The Haytians have recovered their liberty, and they know how to preserve it. On this subject their governments entertain but one sentiment; and though they do not refuse to maintain commercial relations with the mother country, yet they will never be prevailed on to sacrifice their independence. Such is their jealousy of the influence of the whites, that the following is one of the articles of their constitution: *No white can become a master or a landed proprietor at St. Domingo.*'

General Lacroix observes, that the Haytian governments have already paid fifteen millions of piasters for supplies and succours afforded them by England.

ART. V.—Augustus Von Kotzebue.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE was murdered with a dagger, on the 23d of March, at five in the afternoon, at Mannheim, in his study, by a student of Jena, named Sand; upon which the assassin stabbed himself ineffectually in several places. The certificate found in his pocket showed that he studied in the university of Jena, upon which an express was immediately dispatched to the Academic senate of that place. The papers of the assassin were examined the same evening. Nothing was found which could throw any light on the affair; only in a letter to an unnamed

friend were the words, '*I go to meet my fate, the scaffold.*' Sand, born of a very good family at Weinseidel in the Margravate of Baireuth, on the frontiers of Bohemia, had previously studied at Tubingen and Erlangen, and was now studying divinity at Jena. He is described by all his masters as a *cool*, quiet, reflecting, steady, well-informed man. It is known that he lately attended the anatomical lectures of Mr. Fuchs, professor of anatomy at Jena, and inquired very particularly about the situation of the heart. In his political fanaticism he had imagined that he should do an immortal service to the country, and to the universities in all Germany, if, with the sacrifice of his own life, he killed Kotzebue, as a supporter of the accusation of the German universities pronounced by the Russian counsellor of state Von Stourdza, in his essay *Etat actuel de l'Allemagne*, delivered at Aix la Chapelle, and as a traitor to the cause of Germany. He came on foot from Jena to Mannheim, where he arrived on the 20th in the evening, under the assumed name of Heinrichs, and was twice refused admittance at Kotzebue's door, till he insisted that he had letters from Weimar, which he must deliver in person. At Weimar lives still the mother of Kotzebue, 82 years of age, whom her son always most tenderly loved; nay, had even sometimes travelled the long journey from his estate of Schwarza, in Esthonia to Weimar, to keep her birthday. When the dreadful event was communicated to her, with the greatest precaution, she was so affected, that it is feared the shock may be her death. On the same day when the news of Kotzebue's murder arrived at Weimar, his third son, Otto Von Kotzebue, who made the voyage round the world with Krusenstern, set out from Weimar, where he had visited his grandmother, for Mannheim, to present to his father his young and amiable wife, a miss Manteuffel from Livonia. Kotzebue's third wife (a miss Von Essen of Livonia) was delivered of a son at Mannheim only six weeks ago where three daughters and two sons lived very happily; for even the bitterest enemies of this man, who has been so furiously attacked, were always obliged to confess that he was an exemplary son, a tender husband, and a father indefatigable in the education of his children. He always employed the hours of the morning in giving instructions to his younger children. He has left twelve children, of whom one son (Moritz) has just published an account of the Russian Embassy to Persia, to which he was attached;* the eldest, who was aide-camp to a Russian general, fell in the campaign against Napoleon.

Though no trace of accomplices in this crime are found in Jena, it cannot be denied that it is the result of a spirit of extravagant enthusiasm which has seized many German youths in our universities. The evil is deeply rooted, and began with the arming of

* It is from the MS. of this Narrative, communicated by the unfortunate Kotzebue, that the many interesting extracts have appeared in former numbers of *the Literary Gazette*.

many hundred young men in the German schools and universities, in 1813 and 1814. Then was formed a spirit of independence, incompatible with the sedate life of a student, and a dangerous tendency to take part in politics. The *Tugenbund* (Union of Virtue) formed with a noble design in the Prussian states, had many members, who after the war was ended, became indeed students again, but could not forget the military life. Soon the heads of associations, who all considered themselves as the restorers of German liberty, formed connexions with each other in most of the German universities. The Tourneyings, or gymnastic exercises, which began with a professor Jahn at Berlin, and soon spread not only through all the Prussian schools and universities, but all over Germany, were every where extolled, with ridiculous exaggeration, as an institution for the acquisition of German energy, and became a link in these efforts of the young German students to unite for the restoration of German public spirit and German freedom. The princes, assembled at the congress of Vienna, had promised their people constitutions, and the abolition of all kinds of abuses, because they at that time wanted the people. Now, when Napoleon no longer alarmed them, they forgot their promises; this especially embittered the young students. Requisitions were sent from Jena to all the German universities, to send deputies to celebrate the anniversary of the deliverance of Germany from the French, to meet at the castle of Wartburgh, on the 18th of October 1817; where it was proposed to celebrate at the same time the third centenary of the reformation. About 500 students in fact assembled; the festival of the Wartburg was celebrated; a general union of the students in all the universities was then formed under the name of *Burschenschaft*. They took the sacrament, engaging faithfully to persevere. After this, associations with the general *Burschenschaft* were organized in almost all the German universities. Even Leipzig did not remain free from them; the tumult in Göttingen, in the summer of 1818, was connected with them. Kotzebue, who at this time lived in Weimar, and as a diplomatic acknowledged agent of the emperor Alexander, whose counsellor of state he was, sent to St. Petersburg half yearly reports on the state of German literature, and at the same time published at Weimar a weekly literary journal, declared himself decidedly, both in his reports to the emperor and in his journal, against the political tendency of the young German students. One of his bulletins to the emperor was treacherously obtained, and printed at Jena. Henceforth Kotzebue was looked on as a renegade, and a traitor to the German cause; the hotheaded young men not considering that he, as having been for some years in the service of the emperor, and landholder in Livonia, had ceased to be a German citizen, and had taken upon him duties towards the emperor of Russia. Professor Oken at Jena, editor of a literary journal called *Isis*, loaded Kotzebue in this journal with ridicule. Kotzebue considered himself as no longer safe at Weimar, and fixed his abode at Mannheim, where

he, however, still continued to publish his journal, and forcibly to attack the proceedings of the Tournayers and the *Burschenschaft*. When at the congress of Aix la Chapelle, the counsellor of state Stourdza, cousin to the Russian secretary of state the count Capo d'Istria, a Greek by birth, and private secretary to the emperor Alexander, received the commission to draw up, from papers which a *German court* presented to the emperor Alexander, the pamphlet 'Etat actuel de l'Allemagne,' in which the German universities are represented as without subordination and discipline. Kotzebue expressed in his journal his decided approbation. This pamphlet, which certainly contains much that is ill-founded and partial, and blows the alarm of fire wherever there is but an appearance of smoke, highly incensed the students in all the German universities, where the *Burschenschaft* had taken root, in consequence of the deputations to the Wartburg. Many refutations were written; the best was in the Leipzig Literary Journal. M. Stourdza, who did not think himself safe at Weimar, with his sister the countess Edling, went to Dresden, where he still is,* for the restoration of his health; here he received a challenge from two young noblemen studying at Jena, because he had calumniated the German universities. He of course did not accept this challenge, but declared in a letter to the grand duke of Weimar, that as secretary to the emperor Alexander, he had merely followed his majesty's orders. The whole displeasure of the students was now directed against Kotzebue, who fell a victim to it by the hand of an assassin, while living quietly and unsuspecting of harm, in the bosom of his family. (He had in all, by three wives, fourteen children, of whom only the half were with him.) At the head of the *Burschenschaft* of Jena was a Hanoverian nobleman, who was formerly expelled from Marburg, and afterwards received at Jena as a Courlander, whose parents formerly acted a great part at the court of king Jerome, at Cassel. He has now been expelled from Jena. But it seems absolutely necessary that the *Burschenschaft*, as it is called, which for these eight months has been at variance, in Leipzig, with the *Landmanschaft*, which is opposed to it, and has often occasioned disputes in the theatre, should be every where dissolved by the governments, and care taken lest a new secret tribunal (*Sancta Fehma*), or 'Old Man of the Mountain,' should arise. All Germany is filled with indignation. Though Kotzebue, whether from inattention or inconsistency, has frequently committed himself in an unpardonable manner, and because it was more profitable spared the file, and composed a third of his 128 dramatic pieces extempore, yet he was the greatest dramatic genius of the age. His disposition to satire engaged him from his youth in many disagreeable quarrels, as, in Germany in particular, people are not used to personalities. But those who knew him well, know that he never had a venal pen. His hatred to Napoleon has always

* M. Stourdza has since left Dresden for Warsaw, to return to St Petersburg, having, it is said, received intimation that he was not safe even at Dresden.

been the same, and there were times, when, not thinking himself secure even in Russia, he seriously thought of seeking an asylum in Britain. He was extremely liberal and beneficent; he gained by his writings large sums, but his expenses were certainly great, considering his very numerous family, and his love of a cheerful, convivial life.

Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, first studied at Erlangen, but went, with special permission of the government, to Jena. In both universities his application and conduct are praised. Professor Mehmel, who is now deputy to the assembly of the states in Munich, confirms this praise. But this Charles Sand harangued his comrades, in the meeting of the German students on the Wartburg, and his speech is printed in the authentic account of the festival on the Wartburg, by Kieser (a professor of medicine at Jena.) Entirely conformable to the enthusiastic ideas with which he spoke on the Wartburgh, is a paper found in the pocket of the assassin, a true copy of which has been communicated by the Baden minister, Von Bergstadt, to the governments of Germany. The infatuated youth had long devoted himself in secret to this deed, and has fatally executed it. Kotzebue, attacked by the assassin in the room where he received company, after he had received the mortal stab, pulled the murderer, in the struggle with him, to the ground; and it was then that Sand gave him the stab in the face, and a second in the lungs. Whether he had accomplices in Jena is not proved. The caricature which some students at Jena made upon Kotzebue, exactly on the day when he was murdered, is indeed suspicious; however, it is said to have been accidental.* Almost all the inhabitants of Jena participate in the hatred of Kotzebue; and professor Oken, in the second number of his monthly journal, the *Isis*, for 1819, had, again, a wood-cut in ridicule of Kotzebue, and said plainly that such a worthless being ought to be scourged out of Germany. Certain as it is that neither Oken nor any other professor knew of Sand's plan, yet this shows how much Kotzebue was hated. He had some foreboding of his fate, and in one of the last numbers of his weekly *Literary Journal*, of which some thousand copies are read in Germany, said that his end was near. He was resolved after using the baths in Bohemia, to return to Russia. The emperor had promised to continue to him there his salary of 6000 silver roubles, but had by no means recalled him, as has been asserted.

It is remarkable, that the students of theology are every where the most licentious and the most unpolished. The students of theology are indeed, often, of poor families, and are therefore without the advantages of a polished education; but their study itself ought to supply the deficiency, if the professors understood how to impress

* It was Kotzebue's portrait, with a bat instead of a beard, and was nailed to the black board on which the names of persons declared infamous, such as fraudulent bankrupts, &c. are exposed. An inquiry having been instituted, a student voluntarily confessed the fact, and the chance which had induced him to it.

upon their hearts a true sense of religion; but many teachers of theology are rationalists.

Every where, even where Kotzebue was most disliked and ridiculed, as at Berlin, where even Iffland once called him a perfumed polecat, hatred has been appeased by his tragical death. The very day when the news of his murder came to Berlin, and was immediately announced in an interesting notice by the Prussian State Gazette, a new play by Kotzebue was represented for the first time, with all possible splendour, in the great opera house, where plays are now performed, till the theatre (which was burnt) can be rebuilt. It is called *Hermann and Thusnelda*, in three acts, with choruses and songs, and is composed in a grand style by Webber of Berlin. The house was crowded to excess. The piece, which has very fine scenery, and represents the victory of the Germans under Hermann (Arminius) over Varus and the Romans, and is therefore a national drama, made a double impression, because it was known that the poet had been for ever removed from the scene by a horrible crime. His *Literary Journal*, of which the third part (from January to June 1819) will certainly be completed, because the publisher, Hofman the bookseller, has MS. of Kotzebue's for a good while in advance:—circulated in many thousand copies all over Germany, and lashed without mercy every presumption and folly, in every class, and under every shape. It is to be wished that the proper publisher of all his plays and best productions, the bookseller Kummer in Leipsig, may resolve to publish a selection from his 200 plays, and other interesting writings, made by a judicious critic. The selection might easily make 30 volumes.

ART. VI.—*Memoir of Madame de Stael.*

[From the European Magazine.]

ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER was the daughter of James Necker, a Swiss, whose financial career contributed probably more than any other individual cause to accomplish the overthrow of the French monarch, and of Susan Curchod, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in Switzerland, admired by Gibbon during his residence in that country, and at one time a governess in the family of the celebrated De Vermenoux.

Anne Louise was born at Paris in the year 1766, and, displayed what her parents might well consider to be precocity of talent, was educated entirely under their immediate inspection. The incipient fame of her father seems to have grown with her growth; and she could have been only about twelve years of age, when, in consequence of his eulogy on Colbert, for which he was crowned by the academy, and other publications, he was raised to the office of Director of the Finances.

Necker, though of humble birth, being only the son of a tutor in the college of Geneva, had previously realized a large fortune as a partner in the great Parisian banking-house of Thellusson and

Co. which he originally entered as a clerk; and his success as a private individual, was taken as an augury of success as a public minister, which was miserably disappointed by the result. It is unnecessary, however, to follow the fortune of the father through the fluctuations of his ministerial life; now dismissed, and now recalled; now the stanch advocate for royalty, and now the friend of the people; now "*the adored minister*," and now the abhorred speculator; now borne in triumph from Basle to Paris on the shoulders of an enthusiastic nation, and now flying from Paris to Geneva amid the curses of an enraged populace. These things were then common in France! Neither does it enter into our design to dwell upon the literary attainments of the mother, her charities and her philanthropy. Suffice it to record, that while Necker published political pamphlets, views of finance, and statements of administration, his spouse was no less devoted to works of benevolence; as is honourably testified by her '*Essay on precipitate Burials*,' her '*Observations on the Founding of Hospitals*,' and '*Thoughts on Divorce*.'

Our only reason for noticing the parents of Mademoiselle Necker, is to account for her early predilection for literary pursuits. She was educated for an author, and her first perceptions were directed to science and literature. Her infant ideas were associated with the intelligence of Marmontel, Diderot, Buffon, St. Lambert, Thomas, and all the learned of Paris who formed the circles of her mother. Her talents were cultivated, her taste was modelled, the bent of her mind was given, her opinions were confirmed, in short, her intellect was formed in this school; and the philosophy then prevalent in France, too often concealing dark principles under brilliant wit, and lapsing from the light of reason into the perplexities of abstract metaphysics, became the dominating principle in her nature, and imparted the tone to all her writings and life. As love of change and ambition were the ruling passions of her father, so were sentimental refinement and metaphysical confusion the besetting sins of her more amiable parent; and a disorganizing experimental philosophy, was the object of inquiry with nearly all those associated with her 'young ideas' and 'tender thoughts.'

To these sources may be traced almost every feature which marked the faculties, or distinguishes the writings of Madame de Stael. The events of the revolution only drew them forth; for they were implanted long ere it commenced.

Mademoiselle Necker was little more than fourteen years of age, when, in pursuit of his ambitious projects, her father published the memorable '*Account rendered to the King of his Administration*,' which created so strong a sensation throughout France, and led to the resignation of the author's official situation in 1781. He then retired to Copet, a barony in Switzerland, which he had purchased; and six years elapsed before he re-appeared, permanently, on the public stage at Paris. In 1787, we find him in that capital attacking Calonne, and the years 1788 and 9 constitute the æra which so

intimately connected his history with the destinies of France, and the annals of Europe.

It was during one of the occasional visits of the Necker family to Paris, prior to 1787, that Eric Magnus, baron de Stael, by birth a Swede, was introduced to their acquaintance by count de Creutz, the Swedish ambassador. He was young and handsome, and succeeded in pleasing Mademoiselle Necker, who consented to become his wife. Count de Creutz was shortly after recalled to Stockholm to be placed at the head of the foreign department, and baron de Stael was appointed his successor. Thus dignified, and with the further recommendation of being a protestant, his marriage was not delayed; and the rich heiress, to the chagrin of many French suitors, became baroness de Stael Holstien. We believe, however, that this union did not prove to be one of the most felicitous. The lady was wealthy, young, and, though not handsome, agreeable and attractive; she was rather under the middle size, yet graceful in her deportment and manners; her eyes were brilliant and expressive, and the whole character of her countenance betokened acuteness of intellect, and talent beyond the common order. But she inherited to the utmost particle, from her father, his restless passion for distinction, and derived from the society in which she had lived not a little of that pedantry and philosophical jargon which was their foible and bane. Aiming more at literary fame than at domestic happiness, she was negligent in dress, and laboured in conversation; more greedy of applause from a coterie, than solicitous about a husband's regard; more anxious to acquire renown in public, than to fulfil the sweet duties of woman in private; the wife was cold, and the blue stocking ardent; she spoke in apothegms to admiring fashion, but delighted no husband with the charms of affectionate conversation: to be brilliant was preferred to being beloved; and to producing an effect upon the many, was sacrificed the higher enjoyment of being adored by the few. The baron de Stael was a man, on the contrary, of remarkable simplicity of habit and singleness of heart. The opposite nature of their dispositions could not fail soon to affect connubial harmony; and though four children were the issue of this marriage, and what are called public appearances were maintained till the death of the baron, it is generally understood that there was but little communication between him and his lady beyond the legal ties of their estate.

In August 1787, madame de Stael was delivered of her first daughter, and immediately after accompanied her father in his exile, which was of short duration. Her other children were two sons and a daughter, but two only survive her, and one of her sons lost his life in a duel.

The year 1789 is designated as the epoch at which Madame de Stael embarked on the stormy sea of literature, by the publication of her '*Letters on the Writings and Character of Jean Jacques Rousseau.*' But previous to this period she was well known to the Parisian world by the composition of several slight dramatic pieces,

which were performed by private amateurs; by three short novels published afterwards, in 1795, at Lausanne; and by a tragedy founded on the story of lady Jane Grey, which obtained considerable circulation among her friends and admirers. Her reputation was therefore no secret when her first public appeal was made. The letters on Rousseau met with great success; and the budding fame of the writer was attended with all the *eclat* usual among our continental neighbours. This triumph was, however, abridged and embittered by the critical and rapid advance of the revolution; on the 11th of July M. Necker was involved more desperately in its vortex. While seated at dinner with a party of friends, the secretary of state for the naval department waited upon him to intimate his banishment from the territory of France. Madame de Stael, whose whole life has been erratic, accompanied her parents in their hurried exile. A new political turn recalled them by the time they reached Frankfort, and Necker was once more reinstated in the administration, in which he remained fifteen months, and was then driven from office for ever to the retirement of Copet, where he died on the 9th of April, 1804.

Madame de Stael, who had gone to Copet in 1790, returned in the following year to Paris, and took an active part in the intrigues of that eventful period. At this time she formed or matured intimacies with Talleyrand, Sieyes, La Fayette, Narbonne, the ungrateful Lameths, Barnave, Vergniaud, and other characters distinguished for the parts they played in the constituent, legislative, and other bodies, whose operations introduced the germ of discontent into the tree of liberty. As the wife of an ambassador she was protected from the first violent shocks of the revolution; but the bloody ascendancy of Robespierre rendered all protection vain, and in 1793 the baron and baroness de Stael found it expedient to fly together to Copet. The duke of Sudermania, regent of Sweden, having acknowledged the republic, Mons. de Stael was appointed ambassador, and in 1795 returned with his lady to Paris. About this date she published her '*Thoughts on Peace, addressed to Mr. Pitt;*' and is believed to have exercised a powerful influence over the manœuvres which distracted the governments of several ensuing years, especially as connected with the directory. Legendre, the butcher, who, on the 22d of June 1795, began to declaim against the 'spirit of moderation,' which he said was gaining ground, more than once denounced Madame de Stael and her party, as directing the political intrigues of that time.

A domestic calamity varied the public tenor of her existence. She was summoned to attend the death bed of her mother, to soothe whose affliction, it is stated, she was playing on a musical instrument a few moments only before she expired. On this melancholy occasion Madame de Stael flew to her pen for consolation; a resource to which she appears always to have applied when pressed by care or grief, or smarting under the charges which party did not fail to heap upon her, or soured by the animadversions of cri-

tics, to which she was uncommonly sensitive. At Lausanne she composed the first part of the essay '*On the Influence of the Passions upon the Happiness of Individuals and Nations*,' which was published at Paris in 1796, and the second part in 1797.—This production is reckoned one of her best, and was translated in 1798 into English; a language in which the writer was well versed, as, indeed, she was in English literature generally, far beyond the usual acquirements of a foreigner.

Madame de Stael was with her father when the French troops invaded Switzerland; and though he had been placed on the emigrant list by Robespierre, and consequently exposed to death wherever the troops came, his daughter's influence with the directory was sufficient to secure him, not only safety, but respect, and the erasure of his name from this sanguinary roll. She then returned to Paris and to her husband; but in a few months, either tired by the persecutions to which she was exposed, or prompted by some other motive, hastened back to the repose at Copet. In 1798, the dangerous illness of the baron de Stael recalled her to Paris, where she received his last sigh, and soon left the metropolis for Switzerland. After this period she published an essay '*On the Influence of Literature upon Society*,' which may be considered as a continuation of the two last-mentioned works. In 1800, Bonaparte, in passing through Geneva, had the curiosity to visit M. Necker; and, according to rumour, Madame de Stael took this opportunity to read him a long dissertation on the course he ought to pursue for the prosperity of France. The first consul, it is added, who did not relish the political plans of ladies, listened to her very patiently, and in the end coolly inquired, 'who educated her children?'

The well-known novel of '*Delphine*,' written during this retirement, was printed at Geneva in 1802, and excited great attention in England, France, and Germany, where it has been translated, attacked, criticised, and praised, according to the humour of the parties.

In 1803, she revisited Paris, and formed that connexion with Mr. Benj. Constant, a Swiss of considerable literary attainments, which lasted to the day of her death. Whether for past or present offences is not easy to tell, but Napoleon was not slow in banishing her to the distance of forty leagues from the capital. Report says, that on this occasion the lady told him: 'You are giving me a cruel celebrity; I shall occupy a line in your history:' but this sentence is so ambiguous, that we shall not venture to pronounce whether it was a defiance or a compliment. Madame de Stael first went to Auxerre, which she left for Rouen, with an intention to settle in the valley of Montmorency, in search, as she gave out, of more agreeable society. But Rouen and Montmorency were within the forty leagues; and Bonaparte was not accustomed to have his prohibitions infringed upon. She was ordered to withdraw, and, in company with her daughter, and protector, M. Constant,

journeyed to Frankfort, and thence to Prussia, where she applied herself to the cultivation of German literature. From Berlin, in 1804, she hastened to Copet, on receiving intelligence of her father's danger; but he died before she reached the place. A mortality in her family invariably consigned our subject to the occupation of the study. At Geneva, in the year 1805, issued the '*Manuscripts of M. Necker, published by his Daughter.*'

Still further to divert her mind, she next travelled into Italy, and collected materials for, perhaps, her most celebrated work, '*Corinna, or Italy,*' which has been translated into many languages. Having returned to Geneva, Madame de Stael amused herself with appearing upon the stage in 1806, and performed in tragedy with considerable skill. There is a drama from her pen called '*Secret Sentiment.*' She has also given to the world a work entitled '*Germany,*' embodying her observations on that country, which has provoked much controversy.—'*Letters and Reflections of the Prince de Ligne,*' in two volumes: an '*Essay on Suicide,*' and several minor publications, as well as many contributions to the periodical press in Geneva, Paris, and elsewhere, complete the catalogue of her productions.

Madame de Stael has twice visited England; formerly during the revolutionary conflict, when she resided in a small Gothic house at Richmond, which is visible from the river above the bridge; and again about five years ago. During her stay in London she was much courted by persons of the highest rank, and of all parties. Some of her *bon mots* are in circulation; but we can neither vouch for their authenticity, nor have we left ourselves space for their repetition.

The party in France with which she was most intimately connected at the time of her decease, is that known by the name of the '*Constitutionnel*;' and '*The Mercure,*' we have reason to believe, recorded the latest of her opinions, and the last tracings of her prolific pen.

We refrain entirely from discussing the merits or demerits of her life and writings. Those merits assuredly raise her to a foremost rank among the female authors of our age; and those demerits, whether springing from '*susceptibility of being misled,*' as urged by her father; from the pernicious inculcations of modern philosophy; or from — But we will not proceed; her earthly account is closed, and her frailties, with her sorrows, alike repose in trembling hope, awaiting the decision of an immortal tribunal. It remains then only to add, that Madame de Stael died July 15th, 1817, aged 51 years.

ART. VII.—*The Hermit in London, or sketches of English manners.*

[From the Literary Gazette.]

A quality scholar and orator.

I called upon my friend, the young member, one morning, for a frank. I found him *en robe de chambre*, surrounded with charts, globes, papers, and books, amongst which were proceedings of both houses of parliament, law books, history, and classics. Something written in short-hand lay before him, and a runner to one of the editors of a newspaper was receiving his orders and a parcel. Many franks were around him, and he seemed exhausted with study. All this struck me as rather new. At Oxford he was thought a gay, dissipated young man; yet on one occasion he wrote a splendid thesis, and was second best at the prize Latin oration.

‘You are over hurried, Charles,’ said I, ‘and can have no franks to spare; so I will call another time.’ ‘Not at all, my dear friend,’ said he; ‘I’ll date the frank for to-morrow; and if you will sit down, I will be with you immediately. I am indeed fatigued to death. Letters from my constituents pour in like hail-stones; and I have been planning something very beneficial to the state. By the by, come down to the house to day, and you will hear what will please you.’

He now left me for a whole hour to my meditations, during which time a servant fetched a number of books of reference, and I overheard my beardless senatorial friend declaiming in the next room. My first reflection was, that, elate with his green parliamentary honours, he had given more than his number of franks for a week to come, and that mine would not go free. It fell out exactly so: mine, with a dozen others, paid postage.

I now turned to the books. What a list!—Cicero, Demosthenes, Plato, Horace, Juvenal, Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, Shakspeare and Junius! besides Montesquieu and Des Cartes, Bacon, sir Isaac Newton, and a jest book! what a contrast! That my friend was no Greek scholar, I knew of old; but in the Greek authors, slips of paper containing an English translation were inserted. The other authors had their leaves dog’s-eared, as we called it at school, and had lines made with red ink under different striking passages. ‘No bad plan,’ thought I, ‘to assist memory.’ On the maps which lay open on the table, pins were placed in rows, in order to point out the tract of country alluded to.

After kicking my heels during this long hour, my friend appeared, with a very elate and confident air. He apologized for his delay, talked of the pressure of business, looked important, cast a lingering glance at his looking-glass as we left the room, and we proceeded to the house together. As he went along he read over some notes, conversed in parliamentary language, such as, disposing of the previous question, the simultaneous movement of continental powers, the order of the day, existing circumstances,

imperious necessity, fundamental features, etcetera, until we at last arrived.

He smiled content when he was accosted as one of the house. He took his seat with as much ease as if he had had a septennial lease of it, nodded to friends, cast an eye up to the gallery, looked anxious, and at last rose to speak. I now perceived a significant look given and returned by a gentleman in black near me.

The honourable member spoke at some length, but did not excite general interest. A few friends, however, shouted a supporting 'hear, hear,' not undisturbed by coughing. The gentleman in black looked anxious; he drew near me;—'He makes a good appearance, for so young a man.' 'Yes, indeed,' replied I. 'A good deal of classic knowledge,' rejoined he. 'Truly, indeed,' said I. 'Much general reading,' added he again. 'And a very laboured speech,' replied I. 'Humph!' quoth the clergyman; for I now found him such. 'A young man who has read a great deal,' observed he. My friend now made a quotation which I remembered in his Thesis. I mentioned it to the clergyman, who said in answer, 'He was a man of early promise.' He now quoted Juvenal. 'Bravo,' exultingly said the friend, his face all beaming with hope.

I thought that I had seen the countenance somewhere, and I asked if he was a relation; to which he answered in the negative, adding, 'but I am more, I am a very early and sincere friend of his.'—The speaker now made a geographical blunder. 'Pish!' cried his friend. But none of the house observed it! The attention of the majority was not engaged.—I mean the majority, not in politics, but in numbers: the other learned members did not perceive it: the clergyman looked consoled. He made a blunder in a quotation: his friend blushed, and bit his lip. However the speech now came to a close; and our black coat withdrew.

'Doctor Polylogue! your most obedient,' said a brother black coat as he passed him. I now recollected my man. He had been private tutor to my friend at college, and had travelled with him, for which he has an annuity. He also got a living from the young member's uncle. The whole secret was now unravelled!—I recognised the hand-writing of the Greek translations; and perceived that the tutor had just been giving his lesson to his pupil previous to his going down to the house. The short-hand writer was employed to note down the speech, and the editor's runner called to take the materials for a puff. The reverend has great hopes of his patron's shining, and still greater expectations of getting promotion through the immense property and extensive interest of the family and its connexions. When the scholar made a blunder, it was natural for the tutor to look confused; just as it was nothing surprising to see him exult in the expertness of his young tyro.

Although the privilege of proxy belong alone to the upper house, yet the practice may thus be indirectly applied to the lower one.

We have many authors and senators behind the curtain, who lend out their abilities to riches and to power; and thus, in more instances than the present one, is the character of eloquence acquired, and the author's wreath is worn by him who never earned it. Our tutored members, however, seldom or ever speak in reply; and our nominal authors rarely allow themselves to be drawn into oral argument; whilst the secret hand may aspire, at a future period, to lawn sleeves, and to taking his seat quietly in the upper house.

ART. VIII.—*Excursion from Edinburgh to Dublin.*

[MR. EDITOR,—If you think that the following cursory notices of an excursion to Dublin, undertaken from Edinburgh in the Spring of 1817, may gratify the readers of the *Analectic Magazine*, you are at liberty to insert them in the work. They are extracted from the journal of a young gentleman, a native of New England, then absent on his travels in Europe; and were hastily written during short intervals of leisure, at the desire, and solely for the entertainment of the friend who now submits them to your disposal. They include sketches of the scenery and general aspect of the west country in Scotland, the eastern countries in Ireland, and the romantic lakes and mountains of Cumberland and the border districts of England, which last the writer visited while on his return to Edinburgh. A journal of rapid and daily incident cannot be supposed to abound much in detail. The memoranda, however, which follow, contain numerous hints, and may be found sufficiently copious to engage general interest. They are presented, (with the exception of some omissions, and the addition of a few recent observations by the writer,) in the same form in which he originally communicated them; and possess, from that circumstance, a distinctness and freshness which may recommend them to the acceptance of the candid reader.]

Glasgow, Friday, April 11, 1817.

THE clock of St. Giles' had tolled the hour of eight when the stage-coach, in which I had taken a seat for Glasgow, rattled to the door. A few friends had assembled to witness my departure from Edinburgh, and to take a temporary leave. I was fortunate in having for a companion an intelligent and valued fellow-countryman, who had made an arrangement to travel with me to Dublin, whence, after a short stay, he was to embark for the south of England. On descending to the carriage, I was struck with the beauty and brilliancy of the morning. The air was mild and temperate; the sky free from clouds; and the sun, which had risen high, was pouring a broad light over the tops of the huge masses of houses in the old town, and displaying in all their gigantic prominence the gray walls and towers of its ancient castle. From the ramparts of the last a bugle was just sounding. I had often listened with delighted emotion to the effect of this music, in a morning or evening, from the windows of my lodgings, which

were in the new town, and nearly opposite, and I would gladly have now paused to enjoy it, had I not remembered that the summons of a coach-guard was urgent and imperative. I soon took my seat, and the deafening tones of the horn which he immediately commenced blowing, as the coach drove rapidly along Prince's street, quickly drowned every finer feeling which the inspiring note of the bugle was just awakening.

We left Edinburgh by St. Cuthbert's: the road soon passing between the Corstorphine hills on the right, and further on, the Pentlands on the left. Our route to Glasgow laid through Midcalder and Whitburn. The country during the latter part of the way was far from being inviting: in a few places indeed it was rather dreary. The Lothians however, round Edinburgh, are very fertile districts, and under high cultivation. The Lothian farmers are inferior to none in Great Britain. Three miles from Edinburgh the freestone walls by the sides of the way ceased, and hedge-rows commenced. The hawthorn, in many spots, was quite verdant for the season; in some, almost in full leaf. Gooseberries were still more forward. The peasantry were busily employed in the fields, either ploughing, or otherwise preparing them for planting. Corn, or rather grain, they finished sowing, in this part of Scotland, ten days or a fortnight ago. Many of their lands were thrown up into long narrow ridges or swells. These present a good appearance, and are a proper precaution in a humid climate to admit the passage of rain along the intervening furrows. We noticed some women engaged in the open fields in various hardy occupations, and thought that they managed the implements of husbandry with as much effect as the men. The latter wore generally a large blue woolen cap, flattened upon the head, and slouched over the eyes. This was the lowland *bonnet*, and a very unbecoming one it is. The cottages were chiefly thatched for the first half of the way, after which tiled roofs made their appearance, and increased in number as we approached Glasgow. Five or six miles from that city a stream was descried at some distance on the left, apparently about twenty or thirty yards wide. 'Is that the Clyde?' inquired I of a fellow passenger. He replied that it was; and I looked again, but was still disappointed. It appeared a pretty, and on the whole a respectable stream, compared with some other Scotch rivers, but nothing better. The Clyde, however, accompanied us but a little way, when it took another direction and disappeared.

The entrance into Glasgow by the Gallowgate, is far from being fine. We passed a number of manufacturing establishments;—indeed I should have known at once that I was in a manufacturing town, from the towering conical chimnies, the smoke, and other well-known accompaniments. Trongate-street looked very well, we drove through it, and, entering Argyle-street, were soon set down at the door of an inn where half a dozen waiters and porters stood ready to assist us in alighting, and in getting our luggage from the coach. But we had no disposition to stop there,

and accordingly sent our portmanteaus to the Buck's Head, an inn which had been recommended to us as preferable. We arrived too late to present letters, or make calls, but have taken an hasty walk through some of the principal streets. It is now 4, P. M. I have been writing with as much rapidity as my pen can move over the paper. Dinner is in readiness, and I must desist from the double motive of dearth of matter and the desire of attending to the call of the former. One difference which I perceive between this city and Edinburgh is the hour of dining, which here is four, and at Edinburgh five.

April 12th.—My companion, who has been in this city before, was walking out last evening after dinner, when he accidentally met Mr. B. one of his Glasgow friends, and to whose family I was the bearer of an introductory letter. The gentleman returned with him to our lodgings, and gave a cordial invitation to tea, which we had no reluctance in accepting. My letter was presented to the family, and engaged every attention which the distinguished character of the lady from whom I had received it had authorized me to anticipate. My new friends I found highly agreeable; two or three of their city acquaintance called in accidentally, and the evening glided imperceptibly away in animated conversation, till a late hour.

To day we have been engaged in presenting letters, all of which have been duly honoured, and in inspecting a few of the objects most worthy of attention in this great city. We were taken to the Tontine reading room, which we found well supplied with newspapers, and other periodical publications. The annual subscription, thirty-five shillings sterling, was thought large. Letters which we brought to the Professors of Natural History and of Humanity in the University, gave us an opportunity of visiting very satisfactorily the interior of that seat of science. A part of our observations, however, we were obliged to defer till another day. The college buildings form two large quadrangles with spacious areas. The side towards the street through which is the main entrance, is extensive, but has a very heavy and gloomy appearance. The larger hall of the library is a fine specimen of the Ionic. The whole number of volumes is estimated at twenty-five thousand, among which are many that are highly prized. A beautiful MS. copy of the Vulgate, brilliantly illuminated, was shown. Although executed more than five centuries ago, it retains its colourings unimpaired. Several paintings, however, at the commencement of the Book of Genesis,—though they illustrate the quaintness and spirit of the times,—might have been spared, without fear of offending a fastidious eye. One, which could not easily be forgotten, represents mother Eve just springing from the side of Adam, and standing with unblushing indifference 'in puris naturalibus.' We saw also the autograph of the famous doggerel version of the Bible, by the eccentric Zachary Boyd. This singular man left a large property to the college on condition that they should publish

his work. They complied with the condition, I understand, only so far as to print a part of the manuscript, which was a portion of the Psalms, if I remember correctly, but so managed as to secure the donation entire. Boyd is represented to have been exemplary in his private character; and withal, shrewd and clever. The manuscript is very indistinct; to me almost illegible. Professor M. who had often consulted it, read several choice extracts which were very ludicrous. I cannot remember them all, nor should I repeat them here if I did. The two following *couplets* may be considered as illustrative of the *merit* of the work in a poetical view.

* ' Was'nt Pharoah a *rascal*

' That he would'nt suffer the children of Israel with their wives, their little
[ones and flocks to go out into the wilderness to eat the *Paschal*.

' Said Mrs. Job to Mr. Job, curse God and die,

' Said Mr. Job to Mrs. Job, No, you jade, not I.'

From the library we were conducted into the 'Fore Hall,' a large room in which we found all the recent English publications. The University of Glasgow, in common with those of Edinburgh, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, and the Advocates' library also at Edinburgh, enjoys a title to a copy of every work which is entered at Stationers' Hall. This is the share of a common privilege, secured by act of parliament to several other learned institutions in great Britain, which goes to *Scotland*, and a pretty large one it is too, amounting, if I mistake not, to five-elevenths of the whole grant. This receiving-room at Glasgow may therefore be considered as a kind of *librometer*, showing the number of new books annually entered at Stationers' Hall, and affording data whence to calculate the whole amount issued from the press. It is found that those which come to hand average about thirty a month:—and the whole number annually published may be estimated at five hundred. There are a few good paintings in this Hall, among which is a highly finished portrait of the present earl of Buchan, taken when lord Cardross, and precisely similar to one which ornaments the breakfast-room in his lordship's town-house in Edinburgh.

* I do not assert that the first of these extracts is really in Boyd's version. I simply say that it *denotes* the poetic character of the production. To prove, however, that I have not traduced, designedly, the merits of this '*sweet singer*,' I here subjoin a few lines, which, with some other specimens, *were actually seen*. They are extracted from Jonah's *comforting* soliloquy in the *whale's* belly.

' What house is this?—Here's neither coal nor candle;

And nought but garbled fish alone I handle.

I and my table are both here within,

Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine.

Not so was Noah in his house of tree,

For through a window he the light did see.

He sail'd above the highest waves: a wonder,

I and my boat are all the waters under!

He and his ark might go and also come;

But I sit still in such a straitened room

As is most uncouth;—head and feet together,

Among such grease as would a thousand smother.'

In the course of the forenoon we walked upon the green meadows along Clydesdale, a little retired from the busy stir of the city, and admired the noble monument erected to the memory of Nelson. It is an obelisk one hundred and thirty feet in height, finely proportioned, and reflects great honour upon the taste and munificence of the people of Glasgow. It would be a beautiful work but for a disaster which has somewhat disfigured its appearance. A year or two after its erection, which was about 1808, the top was struck with lightening, and was much fractured. A large fissure was cleft between the stones, several of them weighing from five hundred to one thousand pounds, were protruded so far out as to seem in momentary danger of being precipitated below, although none even to this day have been entirely dislodged. A clumsy wooden fence surrounds the base of this column, which the inhabitants of Glasgow would long ere this have superseded by a suitable iron balustrade but for the expectation of the speedy fall of the impending masses of stone from above. The rent is visibly widening each year by the action of frost and other natural causes, and is giving dreadful presage of an approaching final disruption. And yet we saw the poorer classes of females, for whose accommodation a large and commodious wash-house has been erected in this vicinity, unconcernedly employed within a few yards of the monument, and in one or two instances, spreading their clothes for drying within a couple of rods of its base.

At the hour of dining we went to 'North Wood-side,' a delightful country residence about two miles from Glasgow, the property of an opulent merchant. It is situated upon the Kelvin, a tributary stream of the Clyde, and, together with its grounds, exhibits striking evidences of the elegant but costly taste of its proprietor. The gentleman* had been in America, and was not a little attached to its form of government,—a partiality which naturally extended itself to the individuals concerned in its administration; and accordingly we were gratified with beholding the portraits of several of our most distinguished countrymen adorning the walls of his apartments. The afternoon passed highly to our satisfaction; and we would gladly have accepted an invitation, which was given with a sincerity which could not be mistaken, to protract our visit beyond the day, but for engagements which required our return to Glasgow. After coffee we left North Wood-side, and reached the city in season to sup at the Rev. Dr. Chalmers's.

It had been my good fortune to meet, and become partially acquainted with this extraordinary man in Edinburgh. He had politely invited me to visit him in Glasgow, and this morning I called at his house and passed an half hour with him. I found him then much engaged in completing some preparations for a journey to London which he is to commence on Monday. He desired my

* The writer of these notices has since had the satisfaction to receive this gentleman under his paternal roof:—a fortunate circumstance having once more brought him to America.

company at supper in the evening, and extended the invitation to my companion. We found a few friends at his house, among whom were several ladies. Mrs. C. possesses a pleasing person, and engaging manners, and performed the honours of the table with great propriety. Dr. C. had finished the necessary arrangements for his journey, and entered freely into an animated and instructive conversation. His colloquial powers are of an high order. Even in familiar conversation, he is impressive and striking;—although he seems not to be ambitious of display, or the distinction of taking a lead.—He is at home upon most of the popular topics of the day. In discussing any of interest, he engages '*totus in illis.*' His thoughts in that case are rapid, and his remarks,—assuming the complexion of his fervid mind,—abound in glowing, but easy illustrations. He spoke very feelingly upon the subject of the English poor laws, and the alarming increase of mendicity in Scotland. As an instance of the unnatural state of things in Glasgow itself, he referred to the sum of 14000*l.* sterling which in less than a month had been raised by subscription in this single city, for the relief of the poorer classes. To the honour however of the wealthy population of Glasgow, it should be added, that the monies thus contributed, have been more than enough, with other private benefactions, to supply the present need; and the surplusage has been funded to meet some future, and I hope, very distant exigency.

Conversation at table turned upon that dark and malignant spirit of infidelity, which under various forms, seems insidiously stealing like a pestilence throughout society. Dr. C.'s remarks upon this subject were very eloquent, both in commenting upon the different masks which it assumes, and the coverts wherein it lurks, and in suggesting some seemingly effectual checks to the prevalence of this tremendous evil. The inquiries of Dr. C. relative to America, as well now as during a former interview, indicated no small degree of attention which he has paid to its civil and religious institutions. He spoke in terms of great commendation of the writings of the late Jonathan Edwards, and pronounced them to be among the ablest in English theology. In metaphysics, he considers Edwards to have equalled the deepest thinkers of his age.

The supper at Dr. C.'s was liberally and tastefully provided. Immediately after its removal, and before the wine was placed upon the table, the service of evening devotion was introduced. It was simple but engaging; consisting of a portion of scripture which was read with great solemnity, and a prayer, during which all the company kneeled, as is usual in family devotions throughout this country. The servants were present. It was nearly twelve o'clock when we took leave of Dr. C. A very friendly request which he made that I would visit him hereafter in Glasgow, I fear that I shall never have it in my power to comply with.

Glasgow, 14th April.—Yesterday I had the satisfaction to hear Dr. Chalmers once more preach. It was generally understood that it would be the last time that he would officiate in Glasgow for two

for three months, and the crowds who assembled to hear him were very great. He was absent from his own pulpit, by exchange, in the morning, which did not prevent, however, many from following him to the church where he preached. The Tron, in the afternoon, was overflowing some time before the hour of service, and the rush of people to the doors was as great as I have seen at Covent Garden, when John Kemble was to play. I repaired early to the church with some ladies, and we were fortunate in procuring excellent seats. Dr. C. fully equalled my expectations, although I have heard him in Edinburgh produce a superior effect. The eloquence of this great man is very vehement and impassioned. The effect which he produces in preaching, does not consist in approaching his point by any artful and covert process of reasoning and illustration, but by openly marching up and confronting it with unhesitating and manly intrepidity. Whatever faults may be detected in Dr. C.'s style by the cool eye of fastidious criticism,—from the profusion of his ornaments, the overstraining of his metaphors, the redundancy of his expressions,—perhaps there is no person living who, when once seen and heard, would be pronounced more free than he from the petty or laboured artifices which are generally employed to recommend opinion and enforce instruction. So regardless is he of the factitious aids of composition, that his style may often be considered negligent, and sometimes even coarse. This again may be regarded by hyper-critics as a species of affectation; a contrary and, I believe, a juster inference may be drawn from the fact. Dr. C. unconsciously overlooks, while he is thought studiously to disdain, the more common trappings and gildings of composition. In preaching he seems wholly absorbed in his sublime occupation, and to be irresistibly borne along by the grandeur of his theme. As a man, he appears to sink under a prostrating sense of his own personal nothingness, but as a herald of the christian faith, he rises to the majesty of more than mortal elevation. In discussing the great truths of Revelation, his imagination, it is true, kindles; and strange it would be if it did not. The fire which is elicited is the natural effect of the rapid motion of his thoughts, combined with the fervours of his ardent piety. His single services yesterday were enough to prove him the first preacher of his age. In each of his discourses there are some parts which are particularly impassioned, and at such moments he hurries onward as with the excitement of inspiration, and produces an effect which Whitefield could not have surpassed. At these times, too, the listening audience may be seen bending forward, as if with breathless interest, to catch each word as it falls from his lips; and, on his arriving at the conclusion of the particular train of sentiment, again arousing as from the spell of a dream to the reality of conscious existence. This is not fancy, or, if be, it is one which I am not singular in possessing. Dr. C. at least produces the effect of awakening susceptibilities in the most obdurate bosoms. I was present one evening when he was preach-

ing in lady Glenorchy's chapel in Edinburgh, and occupied a seat next to Spurzheim, the celebrated craniologist. I noticed that he was deeply engaged by the preacher. On his finishing, I inquired what he thought of him? 'It is too much, too much,' said he, passing his hand across his forehead, 'my brain is on a fever by what I have been hearing;' a striking declaration from a cold and phlegmatic German.

Dr. C. seems to act and feel as one, who, possessed of great intellectual endowments, is conscious that he owes them all to the service of religion. His aim apparently is, to 'bring every thought into captivity to the truth of Christ,' and to 'cast down each lofty imagination,' at the foot of the cross. To add to the weight of his discourses, he is accustomed to call into requisition the abounding stores of his various knowledge. In delivering his sermons he usually commences in a low, but always a distinct tone of voice; and proceeds for some time with a calm and uniform utterance. As his subject is developed, his mind and feelings gradually expand, and his voice is insensibly raised. His manner at first is not prepossessing; nor indeed is his voice to an English ear, as it has much of the Fifeshire accent. The hearer, however, soon loses whatever is disagreeable in each; and even forgets the man while listening to the message of the preacher. Dr. C. appears turned of thirty-eight, in his person he is tall, and rather slender; his hair and complexion incline to dark; his eye is a blue tending to gray, and is distinguished at first only by a certain heaviness in its expression. It beams however in conversation, and flashes in public discourse.

Some facts in the history of this extraordinary man, are peculiar. For the first few years of his ministry he was settled in Kilmanny, an inconsiderable parish in the county of Fife. While there he was generally accounted a man of talents, but rather indifferent to the duties of his profession, fond of social and gay company, proud of his intellectual powers and no less so of his acquirements, and careless of the construction which the more serious part of the community might put upon his principles and sentiments. If I am correctly informed, he occasionally gave lectures in natural philosophy to the university of St. Andrews, and was considered as belonging to the moderate party in the kirk. Dr. Brewster applied to him to write the article *Christianity*, in his Encyclopedia; and it is said, that the train of thought into which his investigation led him, terminated in convictions which had the effect of changing his whole course of life and sentiments; and from that moment, entering into the ranks of orthodoxy, he became an eminent and powerful champion of the faith. His essay has since been published in a separate form, and entitled the '*Evidences of Christianity*.' Shortly after this remarkable change, his reputation rose with astonishing rapidity; his zeal in the service of religion became extinguishable; and if the excellence of a preacher is to be estimated by his popularity, Dr. C. is decidedly the first in Great Britain. He

was transferred to Glasgow two or three years ago. His parish is very large, consisting, as he told me, of nearly ten thousand souls. So great a number imposes duties upon him peculiarly heavy; nor does his constitution seem capable of sustaining his fatigues. In delivering his discourses from the pulpit, which generally occupy an hour, it is usual with him to stop about midway, and read a hymn of six or eight verses, to be sung by the audience, while an opportunity is given him to recover from the partial exhaustion occasioned by his vehement oratory. The people in Edinburgh are desirous of erecting a church for him, and requesting him to settle among them, but an obstacle is found in the jealousy of the inhabitants of Glasgow, who look with no small uneasiness upon every thing which tends to aggrandize the reputation of Edinburgh.*

To day we resumed our inspection of Glasgow. We commenced with visiting the Lunatic Asylum, a noble institution. The buildings are spacious and highly commodious; the regulations within them excellent. Apartments, supplied with suitable accommodations, are rented according to their respective eligibility, at various prices from eight shillings to a guinea and an half a week. Ninety-six patients are at present in the asylum. One or two we noticed in the grounds with straight jackets. We walked among them in a large court adjoining the buildings, although, as the keeper said, it was at the risk of personal exposure. The patients were walking to and fro, most of them without noticing us, or each other. Many of them had a very melancholy appearance, and several a terribly wild look. We were surveyed attentively by one for some time, who at length came up and timidly asked, 'do either of you gentlemen take snuff?' A *Scotch* question, thought I, while I sincerely regretted that I did not possess a box which I might have given to him with its contents.

We proceeded next to the Cathedral, a fine massive Gothic structure. Its architecture is heavy, but is distinguished by an air of solemn and severe majesty. It presents many evidences of great antiquity; and is surrounded by a church-yard, where the passenger may read in the simple inscriptions of many a long forgotten name, a more impressive lesson of human frailty, than could be inculcated by the most laboured homily. One of these sepulchral records, found upon a monument within the Cathedral, which I copied with a pencil upon the spot, I here transcribe as curious for its antique orthography, and its promiscuous notice of the ravages of death in a single family. 'Heir ar bureit S^r Waltier, S^r Thomas, S^r Jhonie, S^r Robert, S^r Jhonie, and S^r Mathieu, by lineal descent to utheris Barons and Knichis of the Hous of Mynton, with their vyffis, bairnis and bretherein.' Having inspected every thing worthy of attention in the cathedral, its subterraneities, *Laigh Kirk*, and relics, we left it to visit once more the university. On

* Since the above was written, Dr. C. has been presented to the church of St. John, a new and elegant erection in Glasgow.

our way there we deviated to see the house where the famous lord Darnly resided. Nothing is observable about it at present, excepting that from being a lordly residence, it is converted into shops of millinery and small wares. We met professor W. by appointment at the university, and were leisurely conducted by him through Hunter's museum. Its collections are rich and extensive; but to attempt an enumeration of what many have already described would be an idle and profitless employment. It is sufficient to say that we saw what thousands of visitors have seen before, and paid the tribute of our humble applause to the liberal taste and persevering enterprise of its late collector and donor. Several Roman inscriptions upon tablets lately dug from Graham's dyke were shown; also altars, vases, and other antiquities found in different parts of Scotland. Our attention was directed to two original letters of Washington and Franklin deposited open in a glass case. The subjects of each are unimportant, that of the former, particularly, I wished not quite so trivial. It relates to the purchase of some gold-lace for a military coat, and is dated 1799. The anatomical preparations connected with the museum are very valuable; among them are many monstrous specimens, *Lusus naturæ*, and untimely births. Adjacent to the university, is a spacious green inclosed for the walks and recreations of the students. The latter are distinguished in term time by an uncouth cloak of red cloth reaching below the knees; an attire which in its best estate comports little with academic gravity; as worn however by many of the students, these garments appear ludicrous enough. What remains of their original colour is traversed and intermixed with various stains, which gives them an appearance singularly fantastic. It is well if the spectator does not detect in them rents worn by the elements and hard usage. They seem like so many untrimmed cloaks of cavalry privates, which, after performing a fair term of service in camp, and subsequently undergoing a suitable quarantine in a pawn-broker's shop, have been bought up for these sons of science, to descend as heir-looms from one academic generation to another. A troop of these students might be easily mistaken for a part of the grotesque train of king Lear.

In the course of the day we visited Cameron, Thompson and Co's steam-loom manufactory. Each important part of its process from clearing the raw wool to the completion of the cloth, is conducted by the agency of steam. The power of the engine is fifty horses. The establishment cost forty thousand pounds sterling, and gives employment to four hundred hands. We dined with a pleasant party at Mrs. B.'s. Dr. G., a lecturer on Botany, was present. He conversed much concerning a projected botanical garden in the vicinity of the city. A delegation had been abroad in the neighbourhood in the morning to report on a proper site. Eight stations had been examined, among which the choice was to be determined between two or three. The shares to subscribers are rated at ten guineas; and the amount of funds necessary for the

completion of the garden is computed at six or seven thousand pounds.

The inhabitants of Glasgow, as far as our observation has extended, are remarkably frank and sociable. In hospitality, they yield not to the citizens of the 'Gude Town,' two or three of their customs are peculiar; one is, to have a punch-bowl, graduated in size according to the numbers of the company present, placed upon the table after the first service of wine, to allow the guests an opportunity of resorting at pleasure to a more stimulating liquid. The beverage with which it is generously supplied, is usually hot, and is prepared by the presiding gentleman. From this capacious receiver the foot-glasses of the several guests are successively filled, till themselves become comfortably furnished. It is proper to mention, that this liquor is not commonly produced till after the ladies have retired. Dram-drinking at dinner is getting out of vogue in this country. In the more respectable families of Edinburgh it is seldom practised. When met with it usually follows the pastry. A single flask of whiskey is then passed round the board to each individual of the company, and a small portion is drank undiluted. Often the same wine-glass circulates with it, and by the time of completing the circuit, if the company be numerous, presents, as might be expected, a very *inviting* brim to a delicate lip. Port-wine, made into a mixture with hot water and sugar, and thence termed *negus*, is a very common drink after dinners and suppers. A larger and smaller glass are placed before each guest, and the gentlemen are expected to provide for themselves and the ladies next to them, if they are so fortunate as to be placed by the side of any. A silver ladle is used to decant the liquor from one glass to another.

Glasgow, April 15th.—This morning I visited Willow-Bank, famous for its great milk establishment. A large portion of the population of Glasgow receive supplies from it. There are one hundred and eighty cows, which are kept in two great covered areas, in rows fronting each other. Women as well as men are employed in the care of them, and one hand is deemed sufficient for ten cows. A steam engine of four horse power is connected with the establishment, by which the surplus milk is churned, the hay chopped, and the oats are threshed; and much manual labour is thereby saved. At Willow-Bank are also some fine hot, cold, and shower baths, which are much used by the inhabitants of Glasgow. Prices of bathing vary from one to three shillings sterling.

At half past three P. M. I mounted a horse, and, in company with three other gentlemen rode to Jordan Hill, the elegant seat of Mr. S., six miles distant from the city. We left Glasgow by the Barony, proceeding along the Dumbarton road, and the beautiful windings of Clydesdale. Vegetation, I noticed, had sensibly advanced within three or four days, the larches now appearing almost in full verdure. Leaving the main road and passing the lodge into the pleasure grounds of Jordan Hill, we crossed a rivulet

which was mentioned as the dividing line between the counties of Renfrew and Lanark; the mansion-house being in Renfrew, and the lodge in Lanark. Mr. S. is a gentleman of great wealth, which he is reported to employ as a good almoner. He is held in high estimation, and is distinguished for his courteousness as well as philanthropy. Mrs. S. is a lady of a pleasing appearance, a finely cultivated mind, and an engaging frankness of manners. She is sister to Mrs. B., the initial of whose name has already occurred. These two ladies, independently of other attractions, have a peculiar interest attached to them from the circumstance of their early and intimate connexion with the lady whose 'Letters from the Mountains' have circulated extensively on either side of the Atlantic, and gained for the author a distinguished reputation. The first in that series is addressed to Mrs. S., under her former name of E****; and many of the most beautiful which follow in the collection are returns for others sent, either from herself or Mrs. B. The 'Letters' themselves have obtained general suffrage as models, in their kind, of epistolary composition: and, notwithstanding the sneering opinion long since advanced by Pope, uncontestedly evince that the human heart is capable of unveiling to the inspection of a friend its inmost recesses, through the medium of written correspondence. The poet, it is well known, notwithstanding his intimate converse with men and manners, and his fancied thorough knowledge of the bias of motives and the workings of feeling, laboured through life under inveterate prejudices in regard to his fellow men, and from a certain suspiciousness inseparable from his constitution, was accustomed to contemplate human nature with a malignant and jaundiced eye. Well versed in the arts of deception, and sensible of the sophistry which he often practised upon himself, and still oftener upon others, he considered all mankind as being more or less adepts like himself in this science of petty self-knavery, and supposed them, even at those moments when they might be expected to impart an unreserved confidence, rather seeking disguises by which to cloak their real sentiments, or escape direct avowals of them. In his estimate of character, Pope was too apt to follow the maxim of the Roman satyrists, '*Homo sum, et nihil humanum a me alienum puto;*' and it would have been well if the mistake adverted to had been the only error of judgment into which he was drawn by his servile adoption of that illiberal sentiment. The many letters which he received from Swift alone, are an ample refutation of his assertion that an epistolary correspondence is an unsafe conductor of real and unsophisticated thought and feeling. To these might be added others from Atterbury and Arbuthnot; whereas Pope's in reply abound, too often, in pointed conceits and studied elegances. They want that easy flexibility indispensable to the perfection of this species of composition, and seem rather copies of the formal and stately epistles of Voiture, than genuine and undisguised effusions of the breast. If art of any kind be requisite in letter-writing

ing, it is the '*ars celandi*,' the art of *concealing* its application. By a neglect of this, the letters of Pope are any thing but what they should be;—as *Essays*, they may be considered pleasing and beautiful, but as communications of friendship, they are a medley of dissimulation and pedantry. But to return from this digression to the lady whose 'Letters' gave rise unconsciously to these remarks. We perceive in her correspondence no disguise; her expressions of feeling *seem* what they are, the breathings of an exuberant but delicate sensibility. We *feel* that we are treated with a degree of respect; that we are admitted to some share of personal and equal converse; and that we are considered, if not full grown, as at least to have passed that term of pupillage when the rattle is supposed to charm, and the sweet-meat frostings of a sickening sentiment to please. They admit us to an intimate communion with the writer's own vigorous and prolific mind, and whether they detail to us descriptions of scenery, delineations of character, or narrations of fact, we are conscious of perusing the remarks of one who knew well how to blend with the genuine impressions of a discriminating judgment, and the associated suggestions of memory, the elegant embellishments of a vivid but chastised imagination. There is, it is true, a certain romantic interest connected with the scenes and characters which the writer describes, but this results not from any apparent overcolouring on her part, but from the knowledge which we insensibly gain of the numerous incidents of her chequered and eventful life. We have no apprehensions lest the friends whom she introduces to us should be found, on a nearer approach, to owe much of their recommendation to the amiable but mistaken partialities of friendship. We receive them as she presents them to us, without any internal misgivings; and are convinced that the individuals whom she selected as the associates of her earlier years, and who have proved in later life her faithful bosom repositories, are entitled to all estimation and regard. I have been led, unintentionally, into a lengthened train of comment, when my object on commencing the paragraph, was simply to sketch the few incidents of the afternoon's excursion. I will therefore only add, that, though of Mrs. S. I cannot be supposed personally to know much, or of Mrs. B. much more, yet that much has no ways disappointed the opinion I had formed of the many excellencies in the characters of either, through the pleasing and interesting intimations of Mrs. Grant of Laggan.

At the dinner table of Jordan Hill, much was asked and said concerning America. I could not but be gratified on hearing many high encomiums passed upon my country, and particularly upon the character of the New Englanders. Such favourable declarations are ever grateful to the foreigner, and he would fain receive them with emotions wholly abstracted from every local and transient attachment.

After dining, and previously to repairing to the drawing-room, I ~~was conducted~~ over the grounds. I found them laid out with

much taste, and diversified with several beautiful groupings and plantations of wood. They yield two or three very good points of view, from which may be discerned Dumbarton castle, the mouldering walls of Crookstone, the distant turrets of Bothwell, and the busy town of Paisley, which last, however, is chiefly determined by its smoke. The Campsie Hills, or rather *Fells*, as they are termed, are prominent objects in the scene.

At 9, we left the hospitable mansion of Jordan Hill, and returned to Glasgow. A threatening shower afforded a motive for testing the speed of our horses; but another, and a more powerful one with my friend and myself, was an engagement to meet at supper, a family which had paid us repeated civilities, and of which we were to take leave previously to our final departure from the city on the following morning. Two of the family we had known in Edinburgh, and were happy in reviving the acquaintance on our visit here. The evening was enlivened with excellent music. The elder of the young ladies, a very skilful performer, touched the keys of the piano with uncommon taste and execution, and accompanied some of the finest of the Scottish songs with her rich and melodious voice. Nor were our country's airs forgotten. Washington's March and Yankee Doodle were played; and it need not be said that they lost nothing in our associations, by being struck by the graceful hand of one of Caledonia's blooming and blushing fair. As my friend was taking a final leave of this country, and my own arrangements required my returning to Scotland, much was kindly said to me by this excellent family, to induce a promise that I would either join them in a contemplated journey to Inverary and the West Highlands, after a few weeks, or visit them in a country retirement in Lanark sometime in the summer. 'You *will* do so,' said one on our taking leave; 'You *must*,' said another;—'Heaven willing,' replied I, but I left them with the painful impression that we were never more to meet.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. IX.—*Peter Bell: a Tale in Verse.* By Wm. Wordsworth. London, 1819. pp. 88.

[From the Journal of Belles Lettres.]

THERE are, it is said, a considerable number of persons who not only admire the style of those who have been called the *Lake school* of poets, but who uphold their productions as the only true and genuine poetry extant. It seems impossible that any thing backed by such a number of opinions should be utterly worthless; but, with every disposition to defer to the judgment of others, we are sorry to say that we can by no means become converts to this way of thinking. Unfortunately, *Peter Bell* seems to us to possess more of the deformities and fewer of the beauties which are occasionally scattered over the author's productions than many of his former publications; insomuch that all our unfavourable impres-

sions are strengthened and confirmed, and all our wishes to be *pleased* most *unpleasantly* baffled. This may arise, perhaps, from the poem being an early effort; for the dedication (to Mr. Southey) informs us that it 'first saw the light' in 1798, though pains have since been bestowed to 'fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the literature of the country.' Mr. Wordsworth adds that such has been the aim of all his endeavours in poetry, which have been sufficiently laborious to prove that he deems the art not lightly to be approached. In the present instance, as in former instances, this labour appears to be ill bestowed. One man polishes diamonds and produces gems fit for a monarch's crown; another polishes muscle shells, and the utmost attainment of his art is a toy for children.

Peter Bell is a strange story, written to show that supernatural agency may be dispensed with, and yet the imaginative faculty 'be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life.' The frame-work for this demonstration is not unworthy of the proposition. The hero, a low and abandoned vagrant (whose character our extracts will develop more particularly) roaming at night for pleasure or for plunder, finds a lean ass on the bank of a river, which he determines to steal. 'Your dull ass,' however, 'never mends his pace with beating,' and this ass will not stir at all, but bends ruefully over the water. In the water is the drowned body of its master, which it has watched, without tasting food, for four days and nights. The apparition of this corse terrifies the marauder; he drags it out, and mounts the ass in search of the friends of the deceased, whom the animal now willingly trudges along to find. On their road Peter is appalled by loud shrieks in a wood, proceeding from the dead man's son; by some drops of blood upon the road proceeding from the ass's head, which he had broken; by some subterranean noises proceeding from a corps of miners; and by some earthly noises proceeding from a public house, which the conscience stricken rider now avoids with horror. The ass finally turns up a lane where the widow of its drowned owner resides; the catastrophe is unfolded; the body buried; and Peter Bell

Forsook his crimes, repressed his folly,
And, after ten months melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

How he manages this with '*twelve wives*,' for such is the number assigned to him by the author, we are not informed: as they had all equal claims upon him, it may be supposed that he lived in a goodly and honest manner with them all, voluntarily inflicting upon himself the Hungarian punishment for polygamy.

To this story, far too mean, as we think, for dignity, and far too insignificant for an interest and pathos to be sustained through three long parts, is prefixed a rhapsody under the title of Prologue, beginning thus:

There's something in a flying horse,
 There's something in a huge balloon;
 But through the clouds I'll never float
 Until I have a little boat
 Whose shape is like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little boat,
 In shape a very crescent-moon;
 Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
 But if perchance your faith should fail,
 Look up—and you shall see me soon!

This seems to be a plagiarism from the equally well-painted piece of imagination—

There was an old woman went up in a blanket
 Twenty times as high as the moon,
 Where she was going ne'er a one asked her.
 But in her hand she carried a broom.

Only *this old woman* had an object; while Mr. Wordsworth has none, and if he were addressed in the same style he could not give so satisfactory an answer:

Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
 Where are you going, you're flying so *high*;
 I'm going to sweep the cobwebs from the *sky*,
 And you may follow *me*—if you can fly?

We must follow the author, whose prologue thus proceeds, after noticing his friends' affright at his skiff and him:

Meanwhile I from the helm admire
 The pointed horns of my canoe;

Quære—how can a helmsman sit *in* a boat so as to see both stem and stern at once? Perhaps just in the same way as he *dives upward* in the ensuing verse:

Away we go, my boat and I—
 Frail man ne'er sat in such another;
 Whether among the winds we strive,
 Or *deep* into the *heavens* we *dive*,
 Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
 For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
 We are as *calm* in our delight
 As is the crescent-moon so bright
 Among the scattered stars.

This *calm* was 'striving among the winds' only four lines before:

Up goes my boat *between* the [two] stars
 Through many a *breathless* field of light:

Though we never saw a *breathing* field, this is evidently no place for us to take breath in, so we run on through all the signs of the Zodiac, and over all the planets, still casting a glance however to the earth, where, in metre truly doggrel,

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—
 That silver thread the river Dniëper—
 And look, where clothed in brightest green
 Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;
 Ye fairies from all evil keep her!

We are glad to descend from the clouds to the poet's abode, even though he there introduces us to the company who are to hear his tale in such sad sportive simplicity as he imagines this to be.

To the stone table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
The squire is come;—his daughter Bess
Beside him in the cool recess
Sits blooming like a flower.

With these are many more convened;
They know not I have been so far—
I see them there in number nine
Beneath the spreading Weymouth pine—
I see them—there they are!

How like an old nurse bo-peeping with a baby?

There sits the vicar and his dame;
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter;
And e'er the light of evening fail,
To them I must relate the tale
Of Peter Bell the potter.

Miss Betsy is quite delighted with the bard's arrival from his aerial excursion, where it was likely enough that Peter Bell the potter would go to pot, and thus *naturally* exclaimed—

'Oh, here he is!' cried little Bess—
She saw me at the garden door,
'We 've waited anxiously and long,'
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full nine of them, or more!

However sickly and absurd this last line may be considered, it is no unfit prelude to the story itself, of which having given the outline, we shall now quote some passages. Among the hero's other rambles

— he had been at Inverness;
And Peter, by the mountain rills,
Had danced his rounds with Highland lasses;
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot hills—

Two of these lines might be mended with this Potter Don-Juan. But we leave the suggestion to Mr. W. and journey on.

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding *scars*;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars:

With any thing less *winding* than *scars* (abrupt angular and precipitous ravines or faces of rock) we are unacquainted; the phrase is as much nature as the namby-pamby about little lots of stars is poetry. But of Peter? Peter, we have mentioned, is a worthless rascal—

Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,

In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all;—
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and twelve!
But how one wife could e'er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

— — — — —
He had a dark, and sidelong walk,—

That is, like a crab; but how a walk can be dark, unless figuratively spoken of blindness, we do not comprehend. His particular nocturnal perambulation, and meeting with the ass, the subject of this poem, being fully and faithfully delineated, the tale advances, though slowly, through pleonasm.

All, all is silent, rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near;
Only the ass, with motion dull
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear,
Thought Peter, What can mean all this?

And we think what can all this mean? The pillory being put down by act of parliament, not only asses, but rogues, may now turn their long left ears on the pivots of their skulls, only, perhaps Mr. Curtis the aurist will object to the anatomy of the figure. If that celebrated practioner would think it a *foolish*, Peter Bell declares it to be a *desperate* trick.

'I'll cure you of these desperate tricks'—
And with deliberate action slow,
His staff high raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the ass's hide
He dealt a sturdy blow.

He continues to belabour the ass, as the author continues to belabour his poetry; but nevertheless neither of them makes way. Indeed the parallel effect on ass and poem (if we may personify it) seems to run, as the saying is, on all fours.

Upon the beast the sapling rings,—
Heav'd his lank sides, his limbs they stirred;
He gave a groan—and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans;
' 'Tis come then to a pretty pass,'
Said Peter to the groaning ass,
'But I will bang your bones!'

Having disposed of this birth of male twin groans, we have a sort of parody upon them in

'A loud and piteous bray,'

which the *banging* elicited. The effect of this bray is quite *supernatural*, though the author pretends to have dispensed with its agency.

This *out-cry* (of the ass) on the heart of Peter
 Seems like a *note of joy* to strike,—
 Joy on the heart of Peter knocks;—
 But in the echo of the rocks
 Was something Peter did not like.

If this be not maudlin trash, we cannot tell what is: but it is the same throughout.

Among the rocks and winding crags—
 Among the mountains far away—
 Once more the ass did lengthen out
 More ruefully an endless shout
 The long dry see-saw of his horrible bray.
 What is there now in Peter's heart?
 Or whence the might of this strange sound?
 The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
 The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
 And the rocks staggered all about.

At the braying of an ass—truly, the *moon* has too much to do in this business. Peter, in revenge, resolves to throw the donkey into the water, but meets 'a startling sight' in the pool. After many equally pertinent inquiries, touching this sight, it is asked,

Is it a party in a parlour?
 Crammed just as they on earth were crammed—
 Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
 But as you by their faces see,
 All silent and all damned!

We suspect the conclusion is a pun on a water dam, but for the rest of the verse we again profess our ignorance of meaning, never having seen such a damned, silent, face-betrayed, punch-sipping, tea-drinking party in a parlour on earth, as is here alluded to. But after all, reader, what do you think the spectacle at the bottom of the river really is? It is, in short, the drowned body of the ass's master.

Ah well-a-day for Peter Bell!—
 He will be turned to *iron* soon,
 Meet statue for the court of Fear.

Would not *Bell-metal* be more appropriate?

He falls into a trance, but wakes, again and 'feels the glimmering of the moon,' (still harping on the *moon*.) He then mounts the ass, and trusts to the wiser brute to find out the dead man's relatives. The cry of a wood-boy, 'distrest,' by looking at a dark cave, and shrieking fearfully in consequence of discovering this appalling and wonderful phenomenon assails them on their route, and here our ass, which, like the Devil in Milton, may fairly challenge the post of hero in competition with Peter Bell the potter, proves himself an *uncommon scholar*, for

Of that intense and piercing cry
 The listening ass doth *rightly spell*;
 Wild as it is *he* there can read
 Some intermingled notes that plead
 With touches irresistible;

This miraculous power in the ass works conviction in his rider, who from observing such knowledge in a beast, begins to think vengeance and visitation for his past crimes will overtake him. They trudge on, and one of their pieces of landscape is thus poetically described:

The rocks that lower on either side
Built up a wild fantastic scene;
Temples like those among the *Hindoos*,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey *windows*,
And castles all with ivy green.

But the *enchantment* of this scene is to come:

And while the ass pursues his way,
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires *change countenance*
And *look at* Peter Bell.

Would it not have been more natural if Peter Bell had changed countenance and looked at them? Peter's *next* alarm is at 'a *dancing* leaf,' where there is no tree nor bush, and his *next* at a drop of the ass's blood, as stated in our outset. The *next* fact in this poem, whence the *supernatural* is excluded, is in an episode about a word self-written in flame upon a pious book which a 'gentle soul' was reading; and the *next* again, introduced with due solemnity, for

The ass turned round his head—and *grinned*—

is the 'appalling process' of a 'murmur pent within the earth,' and occasioned by a troop of miners blasting with gunpowder 'some twenty fathoms under ground.' The *next* conscience striker is a ruined chapel, which reminds Peter of that 'in the shire of Fife,' where he married his '*sixth* wife.' The last of all is an apparition of himself, and of a Highland girl whom he had seduced to death. What is most remarkable in this place is, that the ass does not heed these imaginary terrors:

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace, hath no offence, betray'd;—

What however crowns Peter's compunction and remorse is a voice from the tabernacle:—

Within, a fervent methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock.

The poem now becomes, we doubt not with the best of meaning, but in truth very profanely sacred: the recognition of the ass by the drowned man's distracted family is however feelingly told, and with fewer puerilities than any other part, the sincere repentance of Peter Bell concludes the tale.

We gladly take our leave of it. There are perhaps half a dozen fine passages, but nothing can in our mind redeem the besetting absurdity of the whole. It convinces us more and more that the system on which Mr. Wordsworth builds his rhyme is radically wrong; that no talent can render that pathetic which is essentially

ludicrous, nor great which is decidedly vulgar, nor delightful which is glaringly disgusting. That any thing like genius should be employed on such a mass of folly as Peter Bell presents, is indeed both astonishing and vexatious. Having no view of it but as a gross perversion of intellect, we have freely delivered our sentiments: we should be sorry to hurt the author's self-love by applying the *argumentum ad ridiculum*, but considering his example as most injurious to the poetic character of our country, we cannot compromise our public sense of the error so far as to spare our personal feelings.

ART. X.—*Memoir of Madame de Genlis.*

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

STEPHANIE FELICITE DUIREST DE SAINT AUBIN was born in the year 1746, near Autun, in the department of Saone et Loire. Though without fortune, she was distinguished on her entrance into life, for her personal attractions joined to a singular talent for music, and she soon gained introductions to several families of rank, though rather in quality of an artist than as a young lady of condition. Her situation afforded her the means of observing society, before fortune enabled her to fill that rank in fashionable life to which her acquirements so justly entitled her; thus, a perfect knowledge of the forms and etiquettes of the upper classes is discernible even in her earliest productions. Her accomplishments and personal graces soon attracted the notice of several exalted individuals; but, as it frequently happens, chance was the disposer of her hand. The count de Genlis, afterwards Marquess de Sillery, though he had never seen her, being struck with the style of a letter which accidentally fell in his way, conceived so high a sentiment of admiration for the writer, that he immediately made her an offer of marriage, and Mademoiselle de Saint Aubin became the countess de Genlis before she had completed her fifteenth year.

Whilst her superior talent commanded the admiration of the distinguished circles in which she moved, her ardent love of study induced her to shun the court and the frivolous society connected with it, and to devote herself wholly to the cultivation of science and the arts. She was too well aware of the advantages of a cultivated understanding, to neglect the education of her children. At an age when most young women of fashion think only of shining in the world, Madame de Genlis retired to the convent of Bellechasse, and devoted herself entirely to the education of her two daughters. In the year 1775, the eldest, who was then scarcely fourteen years of age, was united to the count de Valence, but shortly after her marriage the young lady was attacked with a dangerous fit of illness. Madame de Genlis was thus plunged into the deepest distress, and anxiety of mind joined to the fatigue occasioned by affectionate attendance on her child, produced a

change in her health, the effects of which she experienced long after her daughter's convalescence. As she suffered considerably from a pulmonary affection, her physicians prescribed the use of the Bristol waters, and having consigned her eldest daughter to the care of her mother-in-law, she departed for England, accompanied by her second daughter, Natalie, who was then in her thirteenth year. During her residence at Bristol, Madame de Genlis adopted her interesting protégée *Pamela*, of whom frequent mention is made in her writings, and who was afterwards married to lord Edward Fitzgerald.

On her return from her first visit to England, the duke d'Orleans, then duke de Chartres, eagerly embraced the opportunity of placing his children under the superintendence of the accomplished and beautiful countess de Genlis. During her retirement in the convent of Bellechasse, she had written several moral and entertaining dramatic pieces, which her children performed successfully in the presence of the duchess de Chartres. She published the three first volumes of her plays in 1779, under the title of *Theatre for the use of young persons, or Theatre of Education*, and the three last volumes appeared in January 1780. Among the most esteemed of these little dramas we may mention, *La bonne Mere*, *la Rosiere de Salency*, *le Magistrat*, *la Marchande de Modes*, and *la Colombe*. The latter contains images worthy the graceful touch of a Guido, or an Albano; the celebrated Buffon, after having perused it, addressed the following letter to the authoress, which has been quoted as highly complimentary, but which is, nevertheless, somewhat hyperbolical:—

‘ I am no longer a lover of nature, I leave her for you, Madam, who have done more, and are worthy of higher admiration. Nature only forms bodies, but you create souls. Were mine of your happy creation, I should possess the powers of pleasing, which I now want, and you would be pleased with my infidelity. Pardon, Madam, this moment of transport and love. I will now speak reasonably.

‘ Your charming Theatre has afforded me as much pleasure as though I were of the age to which it is dedicated. Old and young, high and low, all must study those delightful pictures in which the virtues acquired by education, triumph over vice and folly. Every line bears the stamp of your heavenly mind. It appears in every scene under a different emblem, and clothed in the purest morality. Your pen is guided by a perfect knowledge of human nature, by all the charms of wit and the graces of style; and though you have not spoken of God, yet you nevertheless make me believe in angels. You are one whom heaven has most highly endowed. In that quality, I beg you will receive my adoration; and no mortal can offer it with more sincerity.’

In the same year (1780) Madame de Genlis quitted the convent of Bellechasse, and retired to a charming country house, at Berey, accompanied by Mesdemoiselles d'Orleans and de Char-

tres, where she continued her literary labours with the greatest success.

The *Theatre of Education* was followed by *The Annals of Virtue*, *Adelaide and Théodore*, *Tales of the Castle*, and other works of the same kind, forming successively twenty-two volumes, the sole end of which is to adorn the understanding and form the hearts of young persons by interesting and amusing them at the same time.

Notwithstanding her numerous literary occupations and the important functions of a duty of which she acquitted herself with the most scrupulous fidelity, Madame de Genlis neglected no opportunity of serving those who stood in need of her assistance. She rescued from indigence the two grand nephews of Racine, and procured for them a pension from the duke d'Orleans; and the Marquess de Ducrest, her brother, having had the misfortune to lose his wife in the year 1781, she undertook the education of his son, who was then only five years of age. This is the young man whose premature death she laments in her preface to the last edition of the *Tales of the Castle*.

Such were the occupations of Madame de Genlis until the commencement of a revolution, the horrors of which plunged her country in ruin, and which spread its evils to the remotest corner of the civilized world. Foreseeing the misfortunes that awaited France, as soon as the States General was convoked, in 1789, Madame de Genlis anxiously wished to retire with her pupils to Nice. This step met with the approval of her family; but she subsequently abandoned the design, on consideration that her departure might weaken the credit of the house of Orleans, and she was too fondly attached to her pupils to be induced to separate from them by any consideration of personal safety or advantage.

Meanwhile it was proposed that she should proceed to England; but from time to time, various causes occasioned the journey to be postponed. At length it was fixed in the year 1790, but on the eve of her departure, M. de Valence, her son-in-law, brought her the unexpected intelligence that the duke of Orleans had himself set out for England during the night. Thus Madame de Genlis was once more compelled to renounce her design, for the departure of the father would undoubtedly have occasioned the arrest of the children, had they attempted to quit France at that time.

The duke was absent nearly a year. A few months after his return, Madame de Genlis resigned the situation of governess to his children, and made a tour through several of the French provinces which she had not before visited. She soon however received letters informing her that Mademoiselle d'Orleans was dangerously ill, and entreated that she would return to Paris, without loss of time. Madame de Genlis yielded to her solicitations; and the state in which she found the young princess induced her to resume her situation; but on the express condition that she should immediately depart for England with her pupil.

In October, 1791, she left Paris, accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans and two other young ladies, and she soon reached England in safety. She first spent three months at Bath, and next fixed her abode at Bury St. Edmunds, where she remained nine months, at the expiration of which she visited several parts of Great Britain. During one of her excursions, in 1792, she visited the delightful cottage of Llangollen in Wales, the residence of lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, of which she gives so interesting a description in her *Souvenirs de Felicie*.

On her return to London in September following, Madame de Genlis received a letter from the duke of Orleans, enjoining her to return to Paris without delay, on account of the decrees issued against the emigrants by the National Convention.

Madame de Genlis no sooner reached Paris than she restored Mademoiselle d'Orleans to the care of her father, and resigned her charge of governess: but on the day following, she and her pupil were placed on the list of emigrants, and received orders to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, and to retire from the French territory. She then resolved to return to England in quest of that repose which her own country denied her: but the duke of Orleans could not be prevailed on to permit his daughter to accompany her. However, no waiting-maid could be procured to follow Mademoiselle d'Orleans in her exile, through the fear of being placed on the list of emigrants, and the duke conjured Madame de Genlis to accompany the young princess to Flanders, and to remain with her three or four weeks at Tournay, until he could engage a proper person to supply her place.

On reaching Tournay, Madame de Genlis determined seriously to prepare for her departure for England. Three weeks after her arrival at Tournay, Pamela, her adopted daughter, was married to lord Edward Fitzgerald; but as the person promised by the duke had not arrived, Madame de Genlis was unable to set out with the new married pair as she had at first proposed.

About a month after their departure, her husband, who at the commencement of the revolution had taken the title of Marquess of Sillery, communicated to her from Paris, the dreadful catastrophe which terminated the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI. She immediately dispatched a faithful messenger, conjuring him to quit France: but he declared in answer, that he would never abandon his native country, adding, that the events to which he was then a witness, augmented his indifference for an existence which the crimes of his fellow-citizens rendered odious. M. de Sillery remained in Paris though he had every opportunity of escaping; but so far from thinking of concealment when he learnt that he was proscribed by the sanguinary Robespierre and his adherents, he voluntarily surrendered himself, and shortly afterwards perished on the scaffold. His last instructions to his unfortunate wife were, that she should retire either to Ireland or Switzerland; but a serious indisposition by which Mademoiselle d'Orleans was

seized, prevented Madame de Genlis from observing the prudent counsel of her ill-fated husband.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans had no attendant except Madame de Genlis and her niece. Her convalescence was extremely slow, and at the expiration of four weeks she experienced a relapse. In this situation Madame de Genlis could not think of leaving her. Meanwhile Flanders was united to France: General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay, and though he had no knowledge either of Madame de Genlis or Mademoiselle d'Orleans, yet he felt interested for their unfortunate situation. To have remained at Tournay, where the Austrians were momentarily expected, would have been in the last degree imprudent; and their return to France must have exposed them to certain death. Dumouriez offered them an asylum in his camp. They followed the army, and procured a lodging at St. Amand, in the city, whilst the head-quarters were established at the Baths, about a mile distant; the defection of Dumouriez was however declared the day after their arrival at St. Amand. Dreading the consequences of this event, and fearing lest they should be included in the general list of fugitives, Madame de Genlis determined to depart, without loss of time, for Mons, representing herself as an English woman, intending to proceed immediately to Switzerland, by way of Germany; and notwithstanding the urgent intreaties of M. de Chartres, she resolved to depart without Mademoiselle d'Orleans: however, at the very moment when she was stepping into the coach, M. de Chartres presented himself, with his sister, bathed in tears. Madame de Genlis could no longer resist her intreaties, she pressed her to her bosom, and they departed in such haste that they forgot to take with them Mademoiselle d'Orlean's baggage, the whole of which was lost.

After encountering many dangers, they arrived. by cross-roads, at the Austrian posts, where they passed for two English ladies, and by that means obtained passports, and an escort to conduct them to Mons. Madame de Genlis was now assailed by a new misfortune. The day after her arrival at Mons, she discovered that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her niece had both caught the measles; and being unable immediately to procure a nurse, she was obliged to attend on them herself, day and night. However, in the midst of this disaster, she enjoyed the consolation of having saved the life of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who would infallibly have suffered for her brother's desertion, had she fallen into the hands of the French. The duke de Chartres after having fought against the enemies of his country, under Dumouriez, accompanied that general in his flight from St. Amand.

The delay occasioned by the fatal indisposition of the young ladies, afforded the Austrians time to discover that they were natives of France, but they nevertheless experienced the most generous treatment. General Mack procured from the prince of Coburg passports which enabled them to proceed in safety through

Germany. Madame de Genlis left Mons on the 13th of April, 1793, though her young companions were still in a state of extreme debility, and they arrived safely at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, on the 26th of the same month. There they were joined by the duke de Chartres, and they proceeded together to Zug, where they hired a house on the banks of the lake, at a short distance from the town.

Here, under assumed names, they enjoyed tranquillity, but for a short time; for M. de Chartres was soon recognized by the French emigrants, passing through the town. The magistrates, fearing lest they should incur the displeasure of the French government, politely urged the necessity of their seeking an asylum elsewhere. This unexpected occurrence convinced M. de Chartres that his presence must unavoidably prove fatal to his sister's safety, and he took leave of her to travel through Switzerland on foot. M. de Montesquieu generously procured Madame de Genlis and her two protégées a safe retreat in the convent of St. Clair, at Bremgarten, where they all three passed for Irish ladies returning from France, compelled by the troubled state of that country and the dangers of war, to return to their homes as soon as an opportunity should occur.

Madame de Genlis passed a year at Bremgarten in profound seclusion, devoting her whole attention to her pupil, and concealing from her the knowledge of her father's tragic death, which took place during their residence at the convent of St. Clair. Their days passed away in sadness, but not without occupation, until their repose was once more interrupted by the intrigues of their enemies, who at length forced them to quit Switzerland.

Madame de Genlis having determined to depart, began to think on the means of procuring some other place of refuge for Mademoiselle d'Orleans. She prevailed on her to write to the duke of Modena, her uncle, to request that he would receive her in his territory; but he replied, that political considerations prevented him from acceding to her solicitation. Madame de Genlis shortly after ascertained that the princess de Conti, her pupil's aunt, was in Switzerland, and residing at Friburgh. To her she advised Mademoiselle d'Orleans to appeal for protection, which the princess most readily granted, and at the expiration of a month, sent the countess de Pons St. Maurice to escort the young lady to Friburgh.

After this separation from her pupil, to whom Madame de Genlis was most sincerely attached, her residence at Bremgarten became irksome to her, notwithstanding the kind attention of the nuns, who proved themselves in every respect worthy of her gratitude and friendship. She quitted the convent on the 19th of May, 1794, accompanied by her niece, whom she placed under the protection of a respectable family in Holland, and thence she proceeded alone to Altona. There she remained unknown upwards of nine months, and having met her son-in-law, M. de Valence, at

Hamburgh, she went to reside with him at Silk, a village in the duchy of Holstein, about fifteen miles from Hamburgh. There Madame de Genlis at length enjoyed repose, and she resumed her literary occupations, which had been so long suspended. In this retreat she wrote several novels, namely, *Rash Vows*, *The Rival Mothers*, *The Little Emigrants*, and *The Knights of the Swan*. She also published a narrative of her conduct during the revolution, in answer to the calumnies by which she had been assailed.

In the year 1800, the French government called Madame de Genlis from her retreat, and granted her permission to return to her country. She thankfully embraced the opportunity of being restored to her daughter, her grand-children, and such of her friends who still survived. She has ever since resided at Paris. Having been deprived of her fortune by the events of the revolution, she has principally supported herself by the honourable exertion of those talents which she successfully cultivated in happier days, when they formed merely the amusement of her leisure hours. Since her return to France, she has published several historical novels, remarkable for elegance of style, and faithful delineations of manners, but among all her productions, that with which she has thought proper to terminate her literary career, has perhaps, excited the greatest interest. We allude to *Les Parvenus, ou l'Histoire de Julien Delmour*; a translation of which has just appeared under the title of *The New Era*.* In this work she has given an interesting picture of the state of society and manners in France for the last thirty years, and she adduces amidst all the horrors of the revolution, examples of sublime piety and devoted attachment, which will, doubtless, throw a gleam of lustre on that unhappy period.

ART. XI.—On American Manufactures.

The fourth position of *Indagator*† inferred from an interrogation, is,

That our manufactures are, and will be ‘for ten years to come, unable to supply, at any price, the demand of the country for cotton and woollen clothing.’ And this being assumed as undeniable he triumphantly asks—

‘Are we in order to foster your schemes of manufacturing monopoly to go *half naked* till you are pleased to furnish us with the coverings that *climate and decency require*?’

This question is founded on the idea, that a *total and immediate* exclusion of ‘cotton and woollen’ fabrics is contemplated, which has never entered into the mind of any rational friend of the national industry. All that is necessary, all that ever was prayed for, is such a modification of the tariff as would prevent our citizens from being overwhelmed, as they have hitherto been, by foreign competition.

* There is still another work of Madame de Genlis’ forthcoming, but it was written prior to *Les Parvenus*.

† *Analectic Magazine* for July 1819.

But even if a total exclusion were to take place in a year or two, it by no means follows that it would be necessary to go '*half naked*,' waiting till there was a supply of 'the coverings that *climate and decency require*.'

Indagator's uneasiness on this important point would have been dissipated, had he but reflected a moment on past experience. The war cut off four-fifths of our supplies of 'cotton and woollen goods,' as well as of most other articles; and I do not recollect, in pretty extensive travels in different quarters of the union, having ever met with man, woman, or child '*half naked*,' except some few unfortunate slaves in the southern states, some of whom were, as they are now, occasionally rather more than '*half naked*.' Nor have I heard of any person who has seen '*decency*' outraged in this way, or the demands of '*the climate*' not fully satisfied.

The country was then unprepared, or at least nearly so, compared with its present situation. And it will not admit of a doubt, that if, at such short notice, it was able to supply itself, it is an extravagant error to assume an incapacity of effecting in '*ten years*' what was actually accomplished in one or two; what has been done at a former day may be done at present.

I am aware that prize and smuggled goods to no inconsiderable amount were introduced into the country. But they bore but an insignificant proportion to the general consumption. Cotton and woollen goods during the war were subject, with various other articles, to a duty of thirty per cent. The whole amount of goods imported from October 1, 1813, to Sept. 30, 1814, under that duty, was only 2,843,200 dollars. Suppose I admit for argument sake, and it will be a liberal admission, that an equal value was smuggled. The aggregate would only be 5,646,400 dollars, not three-quarters of a dollar per head for the population of the United States; and of course all the residue, probably amounting to fifty millions of dollars, was furnished either by regular manufacturers, or by family labour. Must not *Indagator* deeply regret that his want of the necessary care and attention has betrayed him into such a vital error?

I am tempted to present this subject in another point of view, in order to display the capacity and resources of the nation on the subject of manufactures, which only require a moderate share of protection to place them beyond the power of foreign rivalry, and to infuse a degree of prosperity and happiness to our citizens, never exceeded, and rarely equalled.

*Bales of Cotton.**

In the year 1805, there were consumed in manufacturing establishments in the United States,	1000
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In 1810, fostered by the non-intercourse and other restrictive measures, the consumption rose to	10,000
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* Report of the Committee of Commerce and Manufactures, February, 1816, Weekly Register, vol. 9, page 448.

And, wonderful to tell, in 1815, aided by the war,
it rose to - - - - - 90,000

The amount of the cotton goods produced in
1815, was - - - - - *24,300,000

The amount of woollen goods produced in the
same year, was - - - - - †19,000,000

Produced in manufacturing establishments, - \$43,300,000

From the above it appears that the increase in the consumption of cotton, (and it is but fair to presume, although we have no document on the subject, that there was an equal increase in the woollen branch) was, '*in ten years,*' no less than ninety fold! Let *Indagator* ponder well on this wonderful fact, and then to his next number add 'an erratum' on the subject of the danger of going '*half naked*' for an equal number of years.

One word more before we part with this topic. Cottons and woollens are at present subject to twenty-seven and a half per cent. And it appears, from an examination of the Report of the secretary of the treasury, for the year 1817, that the whole amount of goods imported in that year, under that duty, in

American vessels, was - - - - - †13,236,008

And in foreign vessels - - - - - §2,069,506

\$ 15,305,514

It is therefore manifest that the United States manufactured in the year 1815, more than twice the amount of those goods that were imported from every quarter of the world in the year 1817.
SULLY.

ART. XII.—*Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America; or an Account of the Origin, Progress, and actual state of the War carried on between Spain and Spanish America; containing the principal facts which have marked the Struggle. By a South American. 8vo. pp. 370.*

[From the Monthly Review, Enlarged.]

SEVERAL years have passed since we had occasion to enter at length on the subject of a war between Spain and her American colonies; our reports of books on that subject dating so far back as March 1809, and April 1811. In those numbers, we rendered an account of the existing grievances of the colonists, and of the motives of that ardour to assert their independence which

* Report of the Committee of Commerce and Manufactures, February, 1816, *Weekly Register*, vol. ix, page 448.

† *Idem*, vol. x.

‡ Page 7.

§ Page 124.

awaited only the occurrence of favourable contingencies in Europe. Their country, equal in extent to twice the size of Europe, was debarred from free intercourse with other states; even the communication from province to province was restricted; all merchandize was to be obtained from Old Spain; and, though the rigour of this monopoly had been partly lessened about the year 1778, it still continued to a degree which kindled a thirst for independence in the breasts of the colonists, that prompted them to take advantage of the confusion created in Old Spain by Bonaparte's usurpation in 1808. The writer of the volume before us takes up the subject at the date of that grand convulsion; describing himself as having been an eye-witness of many of the operations that have occurred in the Spanish colonies since those feelings, which were formerly confined to discontent and remonstrance, have burst forth into open and rancorous hostility.

The colonists, did not, however, proceed immediately to the alternative of war: their first measure was to form provincial juntas, followed by a central or general junta, without casting off their allegiance to the mother-country: but, when the progressive occupation of Spain by the French became known, and the government of that kingdom was confined within the walls of Cadiz, the Americans went farther, and assumed the right of governing themselves. This conduct was viewed at home in the light of insurrection and rebellion; and Old Spain, far from profiting by the warning which the case of England might have furnished them, and being thence induced to consider the separation of her colonies as productive of eventual advantage, clung to the antiquated notions of monopoly, and declared war against the new governments. That event took place in 1810, from which time the course of public affairs in Caraccas, Mexico, and Buenos Ayres presents nothing but a succession of sanguinary struggles. The quarrel had become too aggravated to be terminated, or even mitigated, by the restoration of the royal family in Spain in 1814; and the news-papers continue to present almost daily accounts of the prolongation of a contest, in which it is hard to say whether the obstinacy or the inhumanity of the contending parties is most conspicuous.

The population of the whole of Spanish America is about thirteen millions, exclusive of Indians: the Creoles or white natives form the great majority, and are ardent for independence and separation from the mother-country: but the settlers, who, being natives of Old Spain, have come to America as emigrants, have in general a very different feeling; and it is by them, aided by troops from the mother country, that the opposition has been maintained.

The whole of Spanish America may be divided, with reference to the revolutionary movements, into four great parts; Mexico; Caraccas; the interior province of New Grenada; and Buenos Ayres. Caraccas, or to speak more comprehensively, the government of Venezuela, though the smallest of the four divisions, having hardly a million of inhabitants, was earlier enabled by its vicin-

nity to the sea, and its greater foreign intercourse, to assert its independence: it was the native country of the late general Miranda, the scene of his unsuccessful effort in 1806, and of his more formidable operations in 1810. On the other hand, it is easily accessible by Spanish armaments, and has consequently been often lost and won in the course of the last eight years. Bolivar, whose name figures so frequently in our newspapers, is a native of Caraccas, but was educated in Europe; and he is not a mere adventurer, but a man of hereditary property, who, like some of the French nobility in the beginning of the revolution, hopes to make a figure by putting himself at the head of the untitled class. Biron, the late commander of the patriotic flotilla, is also a man of property. Both sides have had recourse to the desperate expedient of putting arms into the hands of the negroes; in other words of arresting the whole productive industry of the country.

The scenes of judicial murder in the French revolution are here renewed; even prisoners taken in fair fighting are (pp. 149, 152.) frequently put to death; and of the acrimony that marks this bitter warfare we select the following specimen from the journal, not of a partisan of either side, but of an Englishman, captain Hardy, of the ship *Mermaid*.

Cumana, 12th June, 1816.

“ I witnessed the following barbarous act. A female of a most respectable family in Cumana, having spoken against the Spanish government, and in favour of the patriotic party, was placed on an ass, led through the streets, attended by a guard of ten soldiers; at the corner of every street, and opposite the houses of her nearest connexions, she received a certain number of lashes on her bare back, nearly two hundred, the number she was sentenced to receive. The poor sufferer was blindfolded, and bore the inhuman treatment with as much fortitude as was ever possibly exhibited on a similar occasion. Her cries were feeble, but I could discover, notwithstanding that a handkerchief concealed her face, her tears trickling down.

“ I saw but one dozen lashes inflicted. Some of my crew, who were on shore, saw the whole sentence put in execution. My feelings were too much shocked for curiosity even to overcome them. I made particular inquiries respecting the unfortunate girl two days after, and was informed that she refused all food and medical assistance; and in a few days after that, I heard that she was dead, being unable, from her exquisite feelings, to survive the disgrace and pain she had suffered.”

Amid such scenes of horror and indiscriminate carnage, it is some satisfaction to trace examples of patriotism which would have done honour to the best days of Rome or Athens.

‘ An officer, of the name of Ricaute, whose family was among the most distinguished at Santa Fé de Bogota, was appointed to guard a powder magazine when San Mateo was attacked, the 25th

of March, 1814. The royalists thought to take it by surprise while the armies were fighting at some distance, and sent for this purpose a strong detachment of troops to attack the magazine. The young Ricaute having observed the movements of the enemy, saw the impossibility of resistance, and gave orders to his soldiers to join the army, asserting that he was sufficient alone for the defence of the magazine. The Spaniards surrounded it, and took possession of the building, and having discovered Ricaute, were just seizing him, when he set fire to the powder. The magazine was destroyed by an instantaneous explosion, and he fell a victim to that inevitable death he had foreseen.'

New Grenada is an inland region of great extent, stretching from Venezuela on the north to Peru on the south, and containing nearly three millions of inhabitants: its capital, Santa Fé de Bogota, has a population of 35,000. Here, as throughout Spanish America at large, a desire for independence existed among the Creoles, or descendants of former settlers; which was checked, however, for a time, by their habitual indolence, and their unacquaintance with the proceedings of foreign countries. At last, following the example of Caraccas, a native junta was established, and the Spanish authorities were removed from office: but, dissensions taking place, a civil war began, and led, as in the neighbouring provinces, to miserable scenes of bloodshed.

Mexico is by much the most populous and opulent division of Spanish America, the capital containing 140,000 inhabitants, and the country having not fewer than 6,000,000. The first insurrection arose here in the end of 1810, and was followed by a long series of conflicts and executions; until the government was intrusted to admiral Apodaca, formerly the Spanish ambassador in London, a man of much superior views to the majority of his countrymen, and whose system is not to intimidate the Mexicans, but to gain their confidence by mild measures. This conduct seems to have been attended, for the present at least with success: but the vicinity of the United States, and the general wish of the inhabitants for independence, forbid the expectation of any thing beyond temporary tranquillity.

Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Paraguay.—In Buenos Ayres, the revolutionary spirit is not of old date, having been excited chiefly by our invasion in 1806, and the confusion created in Old Spain by the insurrection against Bonaparte. Though in possession of European settlers for nearly three centuries, this country is in a very backward state; agriculture has been little followed; and immense tracts are abandoned to herds of cattle, from which little profit is derived except for the hides. The population is still thinly scattered, not exceeding 1,000,000 for a tract of country equal to France, Germany, Great Britain, and Spain united. Of these the great majority are descendants of Spaniards, while a part, small in number, but considerable from their comparative efficiency, are natives of Old Spain: the former are partisans of separation and

independence; the latter, of a continued connexion with the mother-country. Unfortunately, divisions and even hostilities have taken place among the former, who would otherwise have been amply competent to repel the Spaniards. Monte Video being open to the sea, and strongly fortified, enabled the Spanish troops to make a stand there in the early part of the revolution, and their surrender did not take place till after long continued efforts on the part of their opponents. Among the latter, a great difference of opinion unluckily prevailed, respecting the form of government most proper for Buenos Ayres and the adjacent provinces; some urging a federal association, as in the United States; and others advising a renunciation of provincial privileges, and a consolidation of power in the hands of a central body.

Chili, an extensive and narrow tract of country to the south of Peru, lying along the shore of the Pacific, as the United States lie along that of the Atlantic, contains a thinly scattered population of less than a million, and has for its capital St. Jago, an inland-town of 40,000 inhabitants. Here also the ardour of the Creoles led to revolutionary movements, so early as 1811: which were followed by partial dissensions, and by a formidable invasion of Spanish royalists from Peru, who for a time were successful, but were afterward driven out by a patriotic force from Buenos Ayres, commanded by general St. Martin.

Finally, Paraguay, a country with peculiar habits and institutions, has followed a distinct course in the career of revolution; establishing a government of its own, but avoiding any connexion with the colonies either to the north or to the south.

After these details of the occurrences in particular provinces, we proceed to those that are common to Spanish America at large. The insurgents have made repeated attempts to interest foreign powers in their cause, an envoy having gone to Washington so early as 1810, and having since been followed by several negotiators; to all of whom the answers of the American government have expressed a cordial feeling in their cause, but have been followed by a refusal to join in hostilities against Old Spain, with which, if not in alliance, they are at peace. Bonaparte, when in power, had a much more decided disposition: but his want of naval means, and his disasters after 1812, prevented him from interfering at the time when it would have been most effectual. England was long the great object of the hopes of the revolutionists; the plan of separating the colonies from the mother-country having been disclosed by general Miranda to Mr. Pitt at the time of our armament against Spain in 1790, and subsequently urged whenever the existence of hostilities between the two countries seemed to afford a favourable opening. This was more particularly the case in 1797, when Spain had allied herself with the revolutionary government of France, and had taken part in the war against us; and, Trinidad having fallen into our possession, general Picton, the governor of the island, was ordered to circulate a proclamation

(dated 7th of April, 1797,) in which Mr. Dundass, as minister for the war and colonies, recommended the adoption of the means best adapted to liberate the people of the adjacent continent from the commercial monopoly of the mother-country. In this remarkable state-paper, Mr. D. assured the Spanish Americans of being supported in their resistance by British troops, or aided by supplies of arms and ammunition; and he added that the views of the British government pointed solely to the establishment of their independence, without pretending to any sovereignty over their country. Such was the object of our ministers not only in the latter years of the first war with revolutionary France, but in the years 1805, 1806, and 1807 of the late contest. In 1808, the measures of our cabinet proceeded in the same spirit, and seemed even to put on the appearance of an actual invasion of Spanish America in behalf of the insurgents; an armament being assembled at Cork, and the news-papers in the interest of government containing political disquisitions in recommendation of the emancipation. At this important moment, came the news of the insurrection in Old Spain against the oppression of Bonaparte; when the troops who were embarked, and ready to put to sea, received a new destination, and were sent under sir Arthur Wellesly to Portugal, where they fought the battle of Vimeira and afterwards entered Spain. From that time forwards, our government considered itself as in close alliance with the mother-country, and declined to give either aid or countenance to the insurgents. Envoys from them have repeatedly come to London, and resided there, but without obtaining assistance from ministers; who, in compliance with the solicitation of the Spanish government, have even discouraged our half-pay officers from taking service in a private capacity in the colonial cause.

It remains to add a few words with regard to the composition of the book under review. We are not disposed to be severe on 'A South American' for the occasional introduction of a foreign idiom, as 'junta central,' instead of central junta; and still less are we inclined to affix that blame which he seems to apprehend in his preface, for passing over several scenes of bloodshed: but we must complain in rather pointed terms, of the want of care in the selection of the materials. The narrative is very unequal, being occasionally short and abrupt, while at other times it contains official papers of too great length to be introduced into the text: though several of them, as the letters of Morillo, (pp. 206. 214.) are interesting; and on the whole the account appears to have been composed from respectable sources. The author is an ardent well-wisher to the cause of the Independents, and takes great care to avoid any admission of the disappointments experienced by those officers who have gone out from Europe to carry arms in their behalf. We admire his zeal in the cause of freedom; and we should express our wishes more warmly for its success in Spanish America, were not the inhabitants of many of the provinces in a state so ignorant and backward as to afford little hope of their being able to enjoy liberty

Imperial reply,—‘It is recorded.’

I think you will agree with me, Mr. Editor, that the above is very lamentable state of society. When my Moonshe read the paper, he said, ‘I knew this was the state of things in Canton, but I never thought it was so in the other provinces; this is what drives people to rebellion; in nine cases out of ten, it is the government causes rebellions.’ There is, I fear, much truth in the latter part of the old gentleman’s remark. AMICUS.

Criminals.—The death-warrants to be signed by his majesty, at the autumnal execution, amount this year to (935) nine hundred and thirty-five. In this number is included the lowest class of capital crimes. The share which Canton has in these this year, is one hundred and thirty-three: but to the whole number executed in Canton during the year, the word *thousands*, it is said, must be applied; some say three *thousand*. If the truth be equal to one *thousand*, it is a shockingly awful number of human beings for one province to sacrifice to the laws, in the space of one year. I omit the word justice, for human laws and justice are not always the same. What is the reason why so many fall victims to the sword of the law? Is it wholly the fault of the people? or does a share of the blame rest with the ruling part of the community?

ART. XIV.—*History of England, from the first Invasion by Julius Cæsar to the Peace of Ghent, &c. For the use of schools.* By William Grimshaw. Philadelphia. 1819. Benjamin Warner. 12mo. pp. 300.

WE have copied so much of the title of this work, barely to express our decided approbation of the book, and to recommend its general introduction into schools. It is one of the best books of the kind to be found, and is instructive even to an adult reader. We should be pleased that teachers would rank it among their class-books; for it is well calculated to give correct impressions, to its readers, of the gradual progress of science, religion, government, and many other institutions, a knowledge of which is beneficial in the present age. Among the many striking merits of this book are, the perspicuity of the narratives, and elasticity of the style. It is with no little pleasure we have learned, that the author has prepared a similar history of the *United States*, a work long wanted, to fill up a deplorable chasm in the education of American youth.

ART. XV.—*Specimen of Alliteration.*

[From La Belle Assemblée.]

An Austrian army awfully array’d,
Boldly by battery besieg’d Belgrade:
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing Destruction’s devastating doom.

‘ As for example, in the case of the now degraded T’aeu-tae, who tried Lew-te-woo; and of the Che-chow, who tried Pih-keu-king. These mandarins inflicted the most cruel tortures, in a hundred different forms, and forced a confession. Lew-te-woo, from being a strong robust man, just survived—life was all that was spared. The other, being a weak man, lost his life: he died as soon as he had reached the board at Peking. The snow-white innocence of these two men was afterwards demonstrated by the board of punishments.

‘ The cruelties exercised by the local magistrates, in examining by torture, throughout every district of Chih-le, cannot be described; and the various police runners, seeing the anxiety of their superiors to obtain notice and promotion, begin to lay plans to enrich themselves. In criminal cases, as murder and robbery; in debts and affrays, they endeavour to involve those who appear to have the slightest connexion. The wind being raised, they blow the spark into a flame, and seize a great many people, that they may obtain bribes from those people, in order to purchase their liberation. Those who have nothing to pay, are unjustly confined, or sometimes tortured, before being carried to a magistrate. In some instances, after undergoing repeated examinations in presence of the magistrate, they are committed to the custody of people attached to the court, where they are fettered in various ways, so that it is impossible to move a single inch; and without paying a large bribe, they cannot obtain bail. Their oppressions are daily accumulated to such a degree, and for so long a time, that at last death is the consequence.

‘ Since there is at this period particular occasion to seize banditti, if there be suspicious appearances, as the age or physiognomy corresponding to some offender described; it is doubtless proper to institute a strict inquiry.

‘ But it is a common and constant occurrence, that respecting persons not the least implicated, who are known to possess property, and to be of a timid disposition, pretences are made by the police to threaten and alarm them. If it be not affirmed that they belong to the Pih-leen-keaou, (a proscribed sect,) it is said, that they are of the remnant of the rebels, and they are forthwith clandestinely seized, fettered, and most liberally ill-used and insulted. The simple country-people become frightened and give up their property to obtain liberation, and think themselves very happy in having escaped so.

‘ I have heard that in several provinces, Chih-le, Shan-tung, and Ho-nan, these practices have been followed ever since the rebellion; and wealth has been acquired in this way by many of the police officers. How can it be that the local magistrates do not know it? or is it that they purposely connive at these tyrannical proceedings?

‘ I lay this statement with much respect before your majesty, and pray that measures may be taken to prevent these evils. Whether my obscure notions be right or not, I submit with reverence.’

Imperial reply,—‘It is recorded.’

I think you will agree with me, Mr. Editor, that the above is a very lamentable state of society. When my Moonshe read this paper, he said, ‘I knew this was the state of things in Canton, but I never thought it was so in the other provinces; this is what drives people to rebellion; in nine cases out of ten, it is the government causes rebellions.’ There is, I fear, much truth in the latter part of the old gentleman’s remark. AMICUS.

Criminals.—The death-warrants to be signed by his majesty, at the autumnal execution, amount this year to (935) nine hundred and thirty-five. In this number is included the lowest class of capital crimes. The share which Canton has in these this year, is one hundred and thirty-three: but to the whole number executed in Canton during the year, the word *thousands*, it is said, must be applied; some say three *thousand*. If the truth be equal to one *thousand*, it is a shockingly awful number of human beings for one province to sacrifice to the laws, in the space of one year. I omit the word justice, for human laws and justice are not always the same. What is the reason why so many fall victims to the sword of the law? Is it wholly the fault of the people? or does a share of the blame rest with the ruling part of the community?

ART. XIV.—*History of England, from the first Invasion by Julius Cæsar to the Peace of Ghent, &c. For the use of schools.*
By William Grimshaw. Philadelphia. 1819. Benjamin Warner.
12mo. pp. 300.

WE have copied so much of the title of this work, barely to express our decided approbation of the book, and to recommend its general introduction into schools. It is one of the best books of the kind to be found, and is instructive even to an adult reader. We should be pleased that teachers would rank it among their class-books; for it is well calculated to give correct impressions, to its readers, of the gradual progress of science, religion, government, and many other institutions, a knowledge of which is beneficial in the present age. Among the many striking merits of this book are, the perspicuity of the narratives, and elasticity of the style. It is with no little pleasure we have learned, that the author has prepared a similar history of *the United States*, a work long wanted, to fill up a deplorable chasm in the education of American youth.

ART. XV.—*Specimen of Alliteration.*

[From La Belle Assemblée.]

An Austrian army awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besieg'd Belgrade:
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing Destruction's devastating doom.

Every endeavour engineers essay—
 For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!
 Generals 'gainst generals grapple, gracious God!
 How honours Heaven heroic hardihood.
 Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
 Kinsmen kill kindred—kindred kinsmen kill;
 Labour low levels, longest, loftiest lines,
 Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mines.
 Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought,
 Of outward obstacles opposing aught;
 Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
 Quite quaking, quickly quarter quarter quest.
 Reason returns, religious right redounds,
 Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds:
 Truce to thee Turkey, triumph to this train,
 Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine,
 Vanish vain victory—vanish victory vain.—
 Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
 Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
 Yield, yield ye youths, ye yeomen yield your yell,
 Zeno's zarpater, Zoroaster's zeal,
 Attracting all arms against acts appeal.

Notoria.

Linen from Nettles.—Some experiments on the preparation of linen and thread from the floss of nettles, have been made lately in Ireland. The thread in colour, strength, and fineness, is equal, if not superior, to that obtained from flax, and the linen has the appearance of common gray linen. *Lit. Pan.*

Growth of Larch.—The following communication has lately been addressed to the Board of Agriculture, on the properties of the larch.—Ten years ago the duke of Athol transmitted to the Commissioners of Naval Revision some observations on the larch. The larch was introduced into Scotland in the year 1738, by a Highland gentleman, Mr. Menzies, who brought a few small plants from London, some of which were standing in the year 1807; and the largest then measured thirteen feet in circumference. His Grace has been in the constant habit, for more than thirty years, of using larch of various ages for different purposes, and he positively affirms, that the thinning of his plantations employed for pailing, rails, and hurdles, 'are more durable than oak copse wood of twenty-four years' growth.' He builds all his ferry-boats and fishing-vessels of larch; and after a lapse of years, they have proved sound, when the ribs, which were made of oak, have become decayed. In mill-axes, *also, larch has been substituted for oak,*

with the best effect; and in cutting up cogs which had been repaired with it twenty years before, they were discovered to be as sound and as fresh as at first. The value of larch is not to be estimated merely by its intrinsic qualities, but also by its aptitude to soil and situations where few other trees can live. On the very summit of the lower range of the Grampian hills, from 1000 to 1200 feet above the level of the sea, on a barren soil, composed of mountain schist, slate and iron stone, and where even the Scotch fir cannot rear its head, the larch grows luxuriantly; 'and in considerable tracts,' says the duke, 'where fragments of shivered rocks are strewed so thick that vegetation scarcely meets the eye, the larch puts out as strong and vigorous shoots as are to be found in the vallies below, and in the most sheltered situations.' The larch is an Alpine tree, and it will not thrive in wet situations, but its comparative value is exceedingly greater than the Scotch fir, where it finds a congenial soil. The duke sold a larch that was fifty years old for twelve guineas, while a fir of the same age, and in the same situation, was not worth more than fifteen shillings. In addition to the valuable properties of this tree, some experiments have been made to prove that the bark of the larch may be used for tanning, with as much advantage as that of the oak itself. *th.*

THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1819.

ART. I.—*The History of the Lives of Abeillard and Heloisa*, comprising a period of eighty-four years, from 1079 to 1163, with their genuine letters from the collection of Amboise. By the Rev. Joseph Berington. Philadelphia, published by Abraham Small—1819.

‘**N**O one,’ says the *Reverend* author, ‘has ever read Mr. Pope’s inimitable poem without being interested in the fate of the lovers, whose sad and tender story he as a poet has told so well.’ He is right, and the interest excited by Pope’s verses will gain many readers to this volume who would not be otherwise tempted to peruse it; for certainly Mr. Berington does not excel in the graces of composition. Out of a most curious and romantic story he has made a very dull book, and most unaccountably has thought proper to mix the driest details of what he calls ‘the general events of the period in which they (Abeillard and Heloisa) lived,’ with his narrative of the misfortunes which befel the hero and heroine of his tale.

Still however the volume contains much remarkable matter, and presents a view of the celebrated lovers somewhat differing from Mr. Pope’s, showing Heloisa to greater and Abeillard to less advantage. As we shall see.

Peter Abeillard was born in the year 1079, in the village of Palais near Nantes, and as it was said, was called by the name of *Abeillard* from the bee, (Abeille) because his mother dreamed she saw honey dropping from his lips—a presage of his future eloquence. He was destined for the profession of arms, but smitten with the love of learning, he resigned his inheritance and rights of primogeniture to his younger brothers, and, as he expressed it, ‘at the feet of Minerva sacrificed all the military pomp which blazes round the car of the god of war.’ He had scarcely reached his sixteenth year, when he felt himself strong enough to rely on his own exertions, and quitted his masters who had nothing more to teach him. He came to Paris, in his twentieth year, then the great centre of all the knowledge of which the eleventh century could

boast. Among the masters, whose reputation was great in the Parisian schools, William de Champeaux was the most eminent.

‘Cotemporary writers speak highly of his abilities and of his virtues, and he was deeply versed, they tell us, and well exercised in all the arts of the dialectic discipline. As with painful emulation he had risen to the highest honours in his profession, so was he jealous of the fame he had acquired, and feared the most distant rival. The lessons of this man Abeillard frequented, and he was much pleased with the choice he had made. His fluency of language, and the acuteness of his reasoning, seemed to throw new charms over his favourite art. In animation of spirit, he soon began to skirmish with the foremost of the scholars, and sometimes he dared to question even de Champeaux himself. The veteran was delighted with the prompt character of his disciple, and augured to himself a fresh increase of fame from the exertion of abilities, which he flattered himself, he should soon be able to draw out in the support of his own opinions.

‘In these dispositions of mutual benevolence, from which the youthful mind of Abeillard pictured to itself scenes of future happiness, a commerce of friendship began, and he was taken to board into the house of his master. From this circumstance, as he had more frequent opportunities of improvement, so might he soon learn that de Champeaux was not a hero at all times; and the blaze of glory which had seemed to surround him among the plaudits of his scholars, insensibly vanished when viewed with a familiar eye. He began to suspect that this wide-spreading tree was perhaps rather loaded with leaves than fruit.—The stripling now walked with a bolder step into the schools: he dared publicly to contend with Champeaux; he attacked, in serious language, some even of his most favoured opinions; he repeated these attacks daily with more petulance; and sometimes, says he, I seemed to feel a superiority in argument.—The eye of the philosopher looked benevolence no longer; confused, angry, mortified, he left his seat; and Abeillard was soon obliged to provide himself with another establishment.

‘The schools, as we know from the histories of the age, were not only filled with students, as at present; but men in years, persons of distinction, fathers of families, and ministers of state, after the toils of the day were over, crowded to them as to a theatre of amusement. There was novelty in the scene, and Latin, the language of the disputants, was very generally understood. The tournaments and other martial exercises, which soon after prevailed in Europe, were to the body, what these controversies had been to the mind. The gauntlet of defiance was here also thrown down, and bold or presumptuous was the man, who dared to take it up.

‘After six months of intrigue and contest, the old professor gave way, and Abeillard entered Melun at the head of a numerous band of followers. The victory was signal.

‘The schools opened with eclat. The late opposition had but given lustre to his name, and animation to his talents. His lessons were thronged: curiosity was on tiptoe to see the youth, who had discomfited the Goliath of Paris; and the most brilliant success attended his exertions.’

An absence of two years on account of his health, impaired by excessive study, gave his rival de Champeaux an opportunity to regain the public favour, but Abeillard’s return to Paris was followed by a second victory—after a great deal of controversy and bitter contests for superiority, and left him master of the field.

‘This may be regarded as the most brilliant epoch in the life of Abeillard. He rose every morning to the smiles of an approving public; and the church, at the same time, willing to testify the high opinion she entertained of his merit, presented him with a canonicate in the cathedral of Paris.—It was a sinecure, and the emoluments were bestowed on him without any further obligation; for I do not find he was at all engaged in the ecclesiastical state.’

But satiated with success, or disgusted with the frivolous sophistry which under the name of logic and philosophy had occupied his attention—or perhaps meditating other triumphs, he applied himself to the study of theology, and placed himself under the tuition of Anselm, a canon who had long taught at Laon with the greatest applause. But he liked his theological professor no better than he had de Champeaux his master in philosophy, and he soon undertook to be a lecturer himself. His subject was the prophecy of Ezekiel.

‘But few were present at the first lecture: the attempt was deemed both arrogant and ridiculous. He acquitted himself, however, so much to the satisfaction of his hearers, that they requested he would proceed, and they complimented him on the precision and sublimity of his comment. The following days, the whole town pressed to hear him; every word he uttered was carefully taken down; and, as it had before happened at Melun and Paris, the streets of Laon echoed with the name of Abeillard.’

This invasion of the prerogatives of Anselm soon brought down an interdiction upon Abeillard’s lectures, and he was obliged to leave Laon. He repaired, however, to Paris, and pursued his object there with signal success.

‘He began his lectures with the prophecy of Ezekiel, completing the exposition he had commenced in the country. His auditors were charmed; the first philosopher, they said, was become the first divine. Multitudes of fresh scholars flowed in from all quarters: he therefore judged proper to resume his old lecture of philosophy. The sister sciences were pleased with this amiable union; they had too long been kept asunder from each other; and both from the mouth of Abeillard received new strength and new charms.’

‘ In the following words does a contemporary speak of these times in a letter addressed to Abeillard: “ No distance of country, no height of mountains, no depth of vallies, no intricate journey beset with perils and thieves, could withhold your scholars from you. Rome sent her children to receive your instruction: she who had been the mistress of every science now confessed her inferiority. The youth of Britain crowding to their shores were not intimidated by the sea which met their eyes, or the billows that broke at their feet: in spite of danger, they cleared the dreadful pass. The more remote islands dismissed their savage sons. Germany, Spain, Flanders, the people of the north and of the south, flocked to you; in their mouths your name only was heard; they admired, they praised, they extolled your abilities. I speak not of those whom the walls of Paris enclosed, nor of the inhabitants of our neighbouring or more distant provinces: from you they as ardently sought for wisdom, as if all its treasures had been there locked up. In a word, moved by the splendor of your genius, by the charms of your elocution, and by the acuteness of your penetration, to you they all approached, as to the source from which science flowed in the purest stream.” ’

He was now the spoiled child of fortune, but Paris was a scene of general licentiousness, and he could not withstand the temptations of debauchery and vice.

‘ Speaking of himself at this period, he says: “ It is in the lap of prosperity that the mind swells with foolish vanity; its vigor is enervated by repose, while the indulgence of pleasure completes the victory. At a time, when I thought myself the first philosopher in Europe, nor feared to be disturbed in my seat of eminence, then it was, that I who had been a pattern of virtue, first loosened the rein at the call of passion. In proportion as I had risen higher on the scale of literary excellence, the lower did I sink into vicious depravity. I quitted those paths of virtue, which all my predecessors had trodden with so much renown. Pride and pleasure were the monsters that subdued me.” ’

It was at this moment his acquaintance began with the accomplished Heloisa, she had just reached her eighteenth year, he was not far from his fortieth. Heloisa lived at Paris with her uncle Fulbert a canon of the Cathedral church, who had spared no expense in the education of his niece.

‘ In other regards niggardly, here he was profuse; and whatever, in the literary arts of the age, the best masters had to give, that he endeavoured to procure for Heloisa.—She is represented as a prodigy in science: but it should seem as if her encomiasts, willing to delineate a phenomenon in the female world, had brought together every excellence their minds could fancy, and had presented the rich gift to the niece of Fulbert. It was not only in the

circles of Paris, they say, that her name was familiar: it had penetrated to the extreme parts of the kingdom.'

The professor of theology seems—and indeed he stands self-convicted—to have cherished a deliberate scheme of the most atrocious villainy against the virtue and happiness of this unfortunate young woman.

'He began to show great attention to some of Fulbert's friends; and when he thought them secure, he opened to them his wishes, which were, that they would propose to the good man to take him into his house as a boarder. Its being so near to the schools, he said, would be a great conveniency; that he should not hesitate upon terms, however high they might be; that the bustle and solicitude, necessarily attendant on house-keeping, deranged that equanimity, which study called for; and that his expenses were heavier than he could conveniently support. Fulbert, he knew, was very fond of money; and as the first of his desires was to procure for his niece every means for her further improvement, he trusted, that his proposal, coming in so eligible a form, would not be rejected.—The old canon swallowed the bait with eagerness. Money, and with it the prospect of benefitting Heloisa, accorded with all the feelings of his heart.

'When Abeillard had obtained the old man's permission to remove to his house, the first thing the latter proposed to him was, that he would take some charge of his niece. The philosopher assented. That he would dedicate much of his time to her instruction, seemed an unreasonable request: finally, however, he entreated him that, should he have any vacant moments after his return from school, either by night or day, them he would give to Heloisa; and still to evince how much he prized his instruction, it was his request, he said, that should he find her negligent or inattentive, he would chastise her severely.

'Viewing this simplicity of the uncle, I was not less astonished, observes Abeillard, than if I had beheld a shepherd entrusting his lamb to the care of a hungry wolf. He committed his niece to me, to be taught, and to be corrected, as I pleased; which in fact, was supplying me with every occasion, not only of gaining her affections, but likewise with a power of forcing her, by chastisement, to comply with my desires, should persuasion prove ineffectual. But there were two considerations, with which all suspicion of evil was incompatible; the love he felt for Heloisa, and the opinion he entertained of my virtue.'

We need not dwell upon the sequel; his arts were but too successful. And in the indulgence of his guilty love he became neglectful of his school and his reputation. Their connexion was every where talked of before her uncle discovered it. When it became known to him, Abeillard was of course obliged to leave the house; and soon after he carried off Heloisa in the night, and conveyed her to his relations in Brittany. Here she was delivered of

a son, for whom however neither one of his parents seem to have felt much affection or solicitude—in their correspondence they never mention him, and although he lived to be a canon of the church, they never concerned themselves in the smallest degree in his behalf.

Abeillard now offered to old Fulbert to marry Heloisa, provided the marriage should be kept secret. The old man gladly consented to a reconciliation on these terms, and Abeillard went again to Britany, where Heloisa still remained for the purpose of bringing her back to Paris to be married.

Heloisa, *at first*, refused to marry him, urging, besides the reasons which Mr. Pope attributes to her, that Abeillard's prospects of advancement in the church would be thereby destroyed, and his reputation otherwise injured.

'Is it by disgracing you that I must be exalted? What reproaches should I merit from the world, from the church, from the schools of philosophy, were I to draw from them their brightest star: and shall a woman dare to take to herself that man, whom nature meant to be the ornament and the benefactor of the human race? No, Abeillard, I am not yet so shameless.—Then reflect on the state of matrimony itself: with its littlenesses and its cares, how inconsistent is it with the dignity of a wise man! St. Paul earnestly dissuades from it; so do the saints; so do the philosophers of ancient and modern times. Think on their admonitions, and imitate their example.—I will suppose you engaged in this honourable wedlock. What an enviable association; the philosopher and chamber-maids, writing desks and cradles, books and distaffs, pens and spindles! Intent on speculation, when the truths of nature and religion are breaking on your eye; will you bear the sudden cry of children, the lullaby of nurses, or the turbulent bustling of disorderly servants? I speak not of your delicacy which, at every turn, must be disagreeably offended. In the houses of the rich these inconveniences, I own, can be avoided: with you and me, Abeillard, it must be otherwise.—In the serious pursuits of wisdom, I am well aware, there is no time to lose; worldly occupations are inconsistent with the state. Is philosophy only to have your vacant hours? Believe me, as well totally withdraw from literature, as attempt to proceed in the midst of avocations. Science admits no participation with the cares of life. View the sages of the heathen world, view the philosophising sects among the Jews, and among us view the real monks of the present day. It was in retirement, in a total seclusion from noisy solicitudes, that these men pretended to give ear to the inspiring voice of wisdom.—May I speak of sobriety and continence, Abeillard? But it does not become me to instruct you. I know, however, how the sages of whom I speak, did live.—You moreover are a churchman, bound to severer duties. Is it in wedlock you mean to practise them? Will you rise from my side to sing the holy praises of the Lord?—The preroga-

tive of the church may perhaps weigh lightly with you; support then the character of a philosopher: if you have no respect for holy things, let common decency check the intemperance of your designs.—Socrates, my Abeillard, was a married man; and the example of his life has been set up as a beacon, to warn his followers from the fatal rock. The feats of Xantippe are upon faithful record.—The hidden feelings of my soul shall be open to you. Abeillard, ~~in~~ in you only that all my wishes centre. I look for no wealth, no alliances, no provision. I have no pleasures to gratify; no will to serve but yours. In the name of wife there may be something more holy, something more imposing: but I vow to heaven, should Augustus, master of the world, offer me his hand in marriage, and secure to me the uninterrupted control of the universe, I would deem it more honourable to be called the *mistress* of Abeillard, than the *wife* of Cæsar.’

But they were married, and therein does Mr. Pope most unfairly misrepresent Heloisa. She did become, however reluctantly, his ‘lawful, wedded wife.’

She persisted in keeping the secret, notwithstanding her uncle’s anxious wish to make it known,—his friends complained and remonstrated, and Heloisa was removed by her husband to the convent of Argenteuil. Fulbert and his relations now planned their scheme of vengeance against Abeillard, and the mutilation of his person was performed by the hired instruments of their malice. A dreadful punishment was inflicted on such of the offenders as were arrested, and Fulbert was deprived of his benefice, and his effects were confiscated.

But the vengeance dealt upon his enemies, could not solace Abeillard for the ridicule and disgrace brought on him by this transaction.

‘The philosophy, he had studied, was not of a nature to speak comfort to him; of religion he knew little more than its splendid theory; and his great talents, the display of which had given exaltation to his name, being once brought low, would only serve to add weight to his depression. His friends in vain consoled him: their pity could but hurt his pride; and their advice, he knew, was unsupported by truth and the opinions of the world. Like Prometheus, he felt the vulture at his breast. In this state of mind, he says, it was, that he looked to the cloister, as the only place, which, at once, could bury his shame, and hide him from the observation of mortals.—He communicated his design to Heloisa, and proposed that she should imitate his example.’

Heloisa who had not reached her twentieth year, obeyed with reluctance. But she did obey.

‘It was not religion, says she, which called me to the cloisters: I was then in the bloom of youth; but you ordered, and I obeyed.’—The sacrifice was not yet complete. She had, indeed, promised

to comply with his injunctions; but was he sure, should he first engage himself, and leave her at liberty, that she might not violate her promise, and return to the world. He was therefore cruel enough to signify his suspicions, and to insist, that she bound herself first. 'When you had resolved to quit the world, she says to him, I followed you; rather I ran before you. It seems, you had the image of the patriarch's wife before your eyes. You feared I might look back; and therefore before you could surrender your own liberty, I was to be devoted. In that one instance, I confess, your mistrust of me tore my heart. Abeillard, I blushed for you. Heaven knows, had I seen you hastening to perdition, at a single word, I should not have hesitated to have followed, or to have preceded you. My soul was no longer in my own possession.'

Abeillard soon became disgusted with the profligate manners of the abbot and monks of St. Denys, and his scholars being anxious for his return, he left the abbey, and resumed the occupation of a teacher of theology. He did not return to Paris but established his school in the country.

'The conflux of scholars was incessant: there were no habitations to receive them, nor could the country supply food for the multitude.—Some authors speak of more than three thousand, who, at one time, attended his lessons.—How scarce must have been the means of instruction; or how ardent the thirst to acquire it, when the reputation of one man could excite such a ferment in Europe!'

He was soon induced to publish his theological system in three volumes, under the title of *Introductio ad Theologiam*, his enemies accused him of heresy, and a synod was assembled at Soissons, by the archbishop Rodolphus, and after the mockery of a trial he was sentenced to burn his book. He obeyed this order, and was then obliged to read aloud the 'symbol of Athanasius' as a test of his orthodoxy.

'The ceremony, with all its circumstances, was too humiliating: the greatest man in the literary world was reduced to the puerile task of reading his profession of faith; any child, says he, might have done as much.—He read, he sighed, he sobbed, he wept; whilst his enemies exulted, and the council, in secret triumph, looked down on the fallen man.'

After a short confinement at St. Medard, he was permitted to retire again to St. Denys. But he did not live long in tranquillity; a quarrel with the monks of that abbey, and the danger of further ecclesiastical censures, drove him to seek for safety in a hasty flight. He was threatened with excommunication if he did not return to St. Denys, but after much difficulty obtained permission to retire, on condition that he would seek a solitary abode, and never again subject himself to monastic rules, a condition imposed by the jealousy of the new abbot of St. Denys, who was unwilling that

any other monastic institution should appear to be preferred by Abeillard.

‘As formerly he had wandered through the forests of Champagne, he had observed a spot, the recollection of which now returned upon his mind. It was a small sequestered vale, surrounded by a wood, not distant from Nogent sur Seine, and a rivulet ran near its side. It did not appear that the foot of any mortal had hitherto disturbed its solitude. To this place Abeillard hastened, and he spent his first night, as did the other tenants of the forest, protected only by the wide branches which spread over his head. Heloisa says, it was, at that time, the receptacle of wild beasts, and the retreat of robbers; that it had not seen the habitations of men, or known the charms of domestic life.—He had one companion, who was an ecclesiastic.

‘Abeillard, delighted with the novelty of his situation, (for when the mind is warmed by a degree of enthusiasm, it can discover beauties in a wilderness,) waited on the owners of the land, and expressed to them his wishes of becoming an inhabitant of their woods. The undertaking was then no unusual thing; and they very freely gave their consent, and even made him a present of any extent of soil, he might choose to occupy.—The philosopher returned, and had soon measured out the district, which could bound his desires.—His next step was to apply to the bishop of Troyes, in whose diocese his new possessions lay, for permission to build a small oratory. This likewise was granted.—Without loss of time, Abeillard then and his companion, planned the new building, and with the same hands began to erect it. The materials were not distant, nor was great skill required to put them together. They collected some boughs of trees; these they tied with twigs; and the structure rose visibly into form before their eyes.—Having completed what they called their oratory, and solemnly dedicated it to the holy Trinity, to express his disapprobation of the unitarian system, which his enemies had also imputed to him, they constructed a second building, which was to be their own dwelling. This, it may be presumed, was not more highly finished than the temple they had dedicated to their Maker.

‘When it was publicly known, that Abeillard was again an independent man, and had seceded entirely from the world, the lovers of science, and many who had before been his scholars, inquired anxiously for his abode, resolved, could the learned solitary be discovered, to put themselves under his tuition, and once more to draw science from his lips. Their search was soon crowned with success: they found him situated, as I have described, in the forest near Nogent; and they opened their wishes to him.—Abeillard in vain resisted; he saw every avenue to his hermitage filling with young men, and crowds were round him, before he had time to take the advice of his friends, or to consult the feelings of his own heart.

‘ Before the end of the first year, the number of Abeillard’s scholars exceeded six hundred, situated in a forest, such as I have described, exposed to the inclement seasons, without a single convenience to smooth the rugged life, or without one amusement, excepting what literary pursuits, scientific conversation, and their own society could supply. The subjects they discussed were either philosophical or religious, to which Abeillard added dissertations on the moral and social duties, which he could enliven by the brilliancy of his imagination, and by anecdotes drawn from sacred and profane history. But it matters little, as I have elsewhere observed, what our pursuits be, provided they excite attention, and we place our interest in them.—The compositions indeed of Abeillard I can read with little pleasure; they are jejune, intricate, and inelegant; and to me such would have been his lectures. I could not have inhabited the Champagne forests, nor have travelled in quest of such literary lore; and my European contemporaries will not dissent from me: but this only shows that, with circumstances, our dispositions vary, and that nothing can be more irrational, than to measure by the same standard, the notions and characters of two ages so remote, as this and the twelfth century.’

Their place of worship being enlarged by his scholars, he dedicated it to the *Paraclet*, or Holy-Ghost—a step at which great offence was taken; and Abeillard was again in fear of a second synod of Soissons. He, therefore, accepted the abbey of St. Gildas, a monastery in Little Britanny, to which he was elected by the unanimous voice of the monks, on the death of their abbot. About this time, a claim was successfully advanced by the abbot of St. Denys, to the nunnery of Argenteuil, where Heloisa had resided seven years, and had been elected *prioress*, the next station in dignity to that of *abbess*. She and the nuns were of course ejected and thrown upon the world, without succour and without friends. Abeillard, who had appeared previously to have forgotten her, now exerted himself in her behalf, and leaving St. Gildas, he made a visit to Heloisa, and proposed to her to establish herself with her nuns at Paraclet. A new establishment was accordingly formed there, under his auspices, and Heloisa was chosen abbess.

‘ Great were the distresses to which Heloisa and her sisters were at first exposed: they were poor, and the Paraclet could not supply them with the common necessaries of life. Cheerfully, however, they submitted to their fate, and they practised, as they could, the duties of their profession, looking up to him for support, who nourishes the brood of the raven, which calls to him for food. Heloisa also, in the same submission of mind, drew additional consolation from every object, with which was joined the dear recollection of Abeillard. But soon their wants were relieved. The neighbouring people, whom the pious behaviour of the holy sisterhood edified, and whom their distresses moved to compassion, came in to their assistance. Nor were they satisfied to ad-

minister a mere temporary relief: Milo, lord of Nögent, gave them three farms, and a considerable portion of land, which lay near to their inclosure; he also allowed them to cut down in his forest, such wood as they might want for firing or for building. Soon after his niece professed herself a nun at the Paraclet, when Milo increased his benefactions, and granted them a right of fishery in the river, which ran near their convent. To these donations, others were added by the nobility of the country: Matilda, countess of Champagne, was particularly liberal; and even Louis, king of France, would be numbered amongst their benefactors. The Paraclet was not then subject to his laws; but he granted the nuns permission to buy and sell in his dominions, without paying any duties to himself or successors for ever. Such liberal and unsolicited contributions show the character of the times.

“In a single year,” says Abeillard, “they acquired greater possessions, than would have fallen into my hands, had I laboured a hundred on the spot.” This good fortune he particularly ascribes to the powerful efficacy of female distress. As nature has formed women weak, and little able to provide for their own wants, their petitions, he thinks, are more apt to move us; and their virtue, if suffering, is an object which challenges the regard of God and men. “But so many were the attractions,” continues he, “which, in the eyes of every beholder, divine providence gave to Heloisa, that bishops viewed her as a daughter, abbots as a sister, and the laity loved her as a mother. Her piety, her prudence, her patience, her gentleness of character, commanded universal admiration. Seldom she appeared in public; the retirement of her cell was better adapted to holy meditation and to prayer; but her society was ardently sought for, and strangers wished to be improved by her edifying conversation.”

Abeillard now made frequent visits to Heloisa, so much so, that scandal imputed a motive to him very different from that of giving spiritual advice to her and the nuns, and he resolved to preserve his reputation for sanctity, by turning his back for ever on the Paraclet.

His own monks at St. Gildas, soon began to give him trouble; their lives had been dissolute and irregular, and irritated now by the strict discipline which he endeavoured to introduce, they made two or three attempts upon his life, and obliged him again to seek his safety by a precipitate departure.

He found refuge in the house of a neighbouring gentleman, and in this retreat, wrote a history of his life, and a letter of consolation to a friend.

This letter was exhibited to Heloisa, and drew from her the epistle which Pope has so beautifully, though so unfaithfully versified. His answer was cold and discouraging, but she continued to write, and many letters were interchanged.

Abeillard was again arraigned before an ecclesiastical court, at Sens—the decision of the court or council, was unfavourable; he

appealed to Rome, and resolved on going thither, but proceeded no further than the monastery of Cluni.

Here he was kindly received, and affectionately treated by the abbot and monks, and here he passed the short remnant of his life. He expired on the 21st of April, 1142, in the sixty-third year of his age. It is not known how Heloisa bore the tidings of his death; she soon after wrote to the abbot of Cluni, to remind him that Abeillard had requested that his body should be deposited in the cementery at Paraclet, and the good natured abbot dug him up out of the grave by stealth, and carried him there. He was interred there with great pomp; and Heloisa, twenty years after, was laid by him in the same tomb.

Mr. Beringeis opinion of the character of Abeillard is not very favourable.

‘ He was born with uncommon abilities, and in a better age, had they been directed to other purposes, their display might have given more solid glory to their possessor, and more real advantage to mankind. But he was to take the world as he found it, for he could not correct its vicious taste, nor, indeed, did he attempt it. On the contrary, the vicious taste of the age seemed to accord with the most prominent features of his mind. He loved controversy, was pleased with the sound of his own voice, and, in the most favourable researches, rather looked for quibbles and evasive sophistry, than for truth and the conviction of reason. He was a disputatious logician therefore, and in this consisted all his philosophy. His divinity was much of the same complexion.

‘ When we consider him as a writer, not much more can be added to his praise. He is obscure, laboured, and inelegant; nor do I discover any traces of that genius and vivid energy of soul, which he certainly possessed, and which rendered him so formidable in the schools of philosophy. Even when he describes his own misfortunes, and is the hero of his own tale, the story is languid, and it labours on through a tedious and digressive narration of incidents. In his theological tracts he is more jejune, and in his letters, he has not the elegance, nor the harmony, nor the soul of Heloisa. Therefore, did we not know, how much his abilities were extolled by his contemporaries, what encomiums they gave to his pen, and how much the proudest disputants of the age feared the fire of his tongue, we certainly should be inclined to say, perusing his works, that Abeillard was not an uncommon man.

‘ Nor was he uncommon in his moral character. He had not to thank nature for any great degree of sensibility, that source of pain and of pleasure, of virtue and of vice. Thrown, from early youth, into habits which could not meliorate his dispositions, he became selfish, opiniative, and vain-glorious. What did not serve to gratify his own humour, called for little of his regard. He wished to appear above the common feelings of humanity, for his

philosophy was not of a nature to make him the friend of man. Of religion, he knew little more than the splendid theory; and its amiable precepts were too obvious and familiar to engage the attention, and modify the heart, of an abstruse and speculative reasoner. When he loved Heloisa, it was not her person, nor her charms, nor her abilities, nor her virtues, which he loved; he sought only his own gratification, and in its pursuit, no repulsion of innocence could thwart him, no voice of duty, of friendship, of unguarded confidence, could impede his headlong progress. He suffered; and from that moment rather, he became a man. We may blame him, perhaps, that he should so easily forget Heloisa; but I have said, that he never really loved her. More than other men, he was not free to command his affections; and from motives of religion, perhaps even of compassion, he wished in her breast to check that ardent flame, which burned to no other purpose, than to render her heart miserable and her life forlorn.'

(*To be continued.*)

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Public and Private life of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, with a particular Account of his Family and Connexions. By John Watkins, LL.D. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 360. London 1819.

[From the Monthly Review.]

FEW periods of our parliamentary history have been richer in brilliant orators than the American war and the era of the French revolution; the eloquence of Burke having served as the middle link between lord Chatham on the one hand, and Fox, the late Mr. Pitt, and Sheridan on the other. The public possess both biographical memoirs and the substance of the principal speeches of all these distinguished senators, with the exception of Sheridan, on whom Dr. Watkins has undertaken to bestow this tribute of national regard; and to whom another testimony, we understand, will shortly be paid by Mr. Moore, the translator of Anacreon, no doubt with more brilliancy of effect, and more fervor of attachment, patriotic and political: whether with more justice, we cannot undertake to prognosticate. In performing his task, the doctor gives his readers an assurance that he has spared no pains in examining printed authorities, and that he has likewise had access to a number of family-papers: an advantage particularly necessary in the case of Sheridan; who, in addition to his parliamentary exertions, had, from his connection with the drama, a very considerable share of private business. The author adds farther that he has executed his duty with strict impartiality; a course which, as we shall soon have occasion to show, he is likely to be considered, by the admirers of Mr. Sheridan, as having at least carried to a rigorous extreme: while all readers must object to his prolixity, of which he gives a striking proof in the outset of the work, filling above 100 quarto pages with the memoirs of Mr. S.'s grandfather and father. The former was an intimate acquaint-

ance of Swift, and might have derived a comfortable support for his family from keeping in Dublin a classical seminary on a large scale, had he not frustrated the fairest hopes by an incurable versatility. This unfortunate disposition was equally conspicuous in the conduct of his son; who was brought up to the stage, and received with considerable favour both in Dublin and London, but was perpetually turning aside into schemes unconnected with his profession; having made himself known not only as the author of *Lectures on Elocution* and of a *Pronouncing Dictionary*, but as an ardent advocate for an altered system of education. He was thus perpetually involved in debt, and obliged to change his residence not only from Ireland to England, but from England to France.

Richard Brinsley was the second son of this literary speculator, and was born in Dublin in 1751. His early education was managed by his mother, a woman of great merit; and, in his twelfth year, he was sent to Harrow: where, with much aptitude for prompt acquisition, he was remarkable for no small share of that indolence which in after-life so materially clouded the display of his talents. Dr. Parr, at that time a junior teacher in the school, is said to have quickly perceived his powers, and to have exerted himself to draw them forth: but the doctor's removal to Cambridge took place soon afterward, and was followed by a more severe and affecting loss to young Sheridan, the death of his mother. He was thus early left to provide for himself: his father, full of his new scheme of education, contemplating no other line for his sons than the management of academies;—an employment which would never have accorded with the buoyant spirits and shining talents of Richard. The first remarkable event in the life of the latter was an attachment to Miss Linley; who at an early age was the admiration of Bath for her beauty and musical accomplishments; and whose friends opposed a connection, which offered so little prospect of comfort. The marriage, however, took place clandestinely: which gave rise to unpleasant rumours, and to a sanguinary though not fatal duel between Mr. S. and a captain Mathews, who had been chiefly instrumental in the circulation of these reports. Some time afterward, viz. in 1773, Mr. S. was entered a member of the middle temple, less with an intention of following up the law, (for he was never called to the bar,) than of satisfying his wife's relations that he was not without the prospect of a profession.

From the earliest period of his career, Sheridan exhibited a singular inattention to the value of money, and made it a point to withhold his wife from the public exhibition of her talent, though the rate of his expenditure rendered a large income indispensable; his ambition, even at this time, being to entertain a wide circle of visitors. At last, he consented to a compromise, and permitted his wife to have private concerts; a plan which produced a handsome return both in Bath and London: but, their expenses requiring

still an additional income, he determined to write for the stage. His first production, the comedy of *The Rivals*, was brought forwards at Covent-Garden in January, 1775, and was received, after a few retrenchments and improvements in the cast of the performance, with great approbation: but his grand introduction to public favour was the comic opera of *The Duenna*, which was acted with rapturous applause during 75 nights, being ten more than the run of the well known opera of Gay. His reputation was now established as a dramatic writer of the first class: and he became intimate not only with Burke, who was then in his meridian, but with the literary veterans who were shortly to be carried off the scene, Goldsmith, Garrick, Johnson, and sir Joshua Reynolds. Circumstances soon led to Garrick's taking part in a transaction which afforded a proof of unusual confidence in his young friend; for, on his retiring from the direction at Drury-Lane, in June, 1776, Sheridan was admitted to a considerable share in the property, and management of the theatre. Garrick was owner of half of the theatre, and sold it for 35,000*l.*; of which 15,000*l.* were made over to Ford, 10,000*l.* to Sheridan, and the same sum to Sheridan's brother-in-law, Linley. Sheridan, being at that time not less pressed by the *res angustæ* than in subsequent years, owed the acquisition of so considerable a share solely to the confidence of his friends in his talent for writing: the money was advanced principally by Ford. Under the guidance of Garrick, Sheridan proceeded to make improvements in several comedies, particularly *The Old Bachelor*, *The Way of the World*, and *Love for Love*; each of which he rendered extremely popular. In other plays, such as *The Tempest* and *The Relapse*, he was not equally fortunate: but the cloud that had begun, since Garrick's retirement, to overhang the theatre, was cleared away in the most brilliant manner before the end of the season, by the production of *The School for Scandal*, which was first acted on the 8th of May, 1777.

In 1778, Sheridan's interest in Drury-Lane acquired a great extension; his friends having purchased for him, at the price of nearly 40,000*l.* the remaining half of the theatre, and consigned the management to his father. The latter was by this time of more than mature age: but neither his temper nor the general character of his regulations was calculated to restore unanimity. Garrick died in January, 1779: Mr. Sheridan, senior, felt it necessary to withdraw from the management; and the affairs of the theatre became more and more embroiled. The younger Sheridan was not only devoted to company, and averse from the restraint of business, but was actuated, particularly in his younger years, by a romantic spirit of speculation; and it was this which led him first to grasp at so disproportionate a share of Drury-Lane, and even to join Mr. Harris in the purchase of the Opera-house, and then impelled him, while yet under the age of thirty, and overpowered by literary engagements, to aim at a seat in parliament. His intimacy with Burke and Fox naturally impressed him with opposition¹²⁰

principles, and the bad success of the American war seemed likely to open the gates of office to the leaders of that side. His vivacity, his readiness at repartee, and his fluency on various topics, made him the delight of convivial parties: but these qualities occasioned the waste of many precious hours, and deprived him both of income and the means of adding to his stock of knowledge. His friends, however, thought that his ready elocution would render him an useful combatant in the House of Commons; and, after an unsuccessful attempt at the borough of Honiton, he prevailed at Stafford, and took his seat in parliament in the end of 1780, about the same time with Mr. Pitt. He soon bore a part in the principal debates, and, on the resignation of lord North in the spring of 1782, he came into office under lord Rockingham as one of the under secretaries of state: but the death of this nobleman having soon caused a change of ministry, Mr. S. fell again into the opposition ranks, and took an active share in the schemes for parliamentary reform. Mr. Pitt being now chancellor of the exchequer, under lord Shelburne, and attracting much attention by his powers as a debater, Mr. S. evidently sought opportunities of coming into contact with his youthful opponent, and, if he could not baffle him in argument, was certainly his equal in repartee. In a debate on the pending negociations for peace in February, 1783, both sides manifested considerable personality, and Mr. Pitt made a pointed allusion to Sheridan's dramatic connections.

“No man,” said he, “admired more than he did the abilities of the honourable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, his epigrammatic points; and if they were reserved for the proper stage, they would no doubt receive what the honourable gentleman's abilities always did receive—the plaudits of the audience; and it would be his fortune, *sui plausu gaudere theatri*. But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of these elegancies.” —

‘Mr. Sheridan, in explanation, adverted in a forcible manner to this personality, saying, “he need not comment on it, as the propriety, the taste, and the gentlemanly point of it, must have been obvious to the house. But,” added he, “let me assure the right honourable gentleman, that I do now, and will at any time when he chuses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good-humour; nay,—I will say more.—flattered and encouraged by the right honourable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the composition he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption, to attempt, with an improvement, on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the *angry boy* in the *Alchymist*.”

‘This reciprocity of sarcastic ridicule occasioned much sport at the period; and the whimsical application of Sheridan's dramatic reading fixed upon his opponent an appellation which he did not get rid of for many years.’

The coalition between lord North and Mr. Fox having driven lord Shelburne from the helm, Mr. S. came again into office in April, 1783, as one of the secretaries of the treasury; and he continued in that situation until the failure of Mr. Fox's well known India-bill enabled the royal advisers to dismiss the ministers, and soon afterward to dissolve the parliament. In spite of the unpopularity caused by the coalition, Mr. S. was again returned for Stafford, and renewed his parliamentary conflicts with Mr. Pitt; which, however, claim little attention when compared with the reputation which he acquired in the early part of the proceedings against Mr. Hastings. They began in the house of commons in April, 1786; and Mr. S., being chosen by the managers of the prosecution to bring forwards, in the next session, the charge relative to the case of the Begums or princesses of Oude, found in the pathetic circumstances of this part of the impeachment an ample field for the display of his oratory. Nothing could surpass the effect of his celebrated speech on this subject, 7th February, 1787; a speech which lasted above five hours, and made such an impression as to call forth first repeated plaudits, and immediately afterward a motion for adjournment, that the "members might have time to collect their scattered senses, and exercise a sober judgment when removed from the spell of the magician."

' Mr. Burke declared it to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Mr. Fox was not behind-hand with the leader of the impeachment in the measure of his panegyric; for he said, "All that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." Even Mr. Pitt is reported to have acknowledged "that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind."

The eloquence of the accusers of Mr. Hastings, and the partial support of Mr. Pitt, having led a majority of the house to vote charges of impeachment against that late governor-general, the next display of the talents of the leading managers took place before the peers assembled in Westminster Hall. Here Mr. Sheridan's oratorical reputation was carried to the highest pitch by his speech of 13th June, 1788: language itself seemed too poor to furnish adequate expressions for the exuberance of his mind; and the picture of the sufferings of the aged princess of Oude was wrought up with magical effect. "This day," said Mr. Burke, "has Mr. Sheridan made a display of talents unparalleled in the annals of oratory, and amazed the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents."

The second volume of this work contains very little of the private life of Sheridan, whose attention was now almost wholly engrossed by parliamentary business. The king's illness in 1788 ap-

peared at last to hold out a prospect of office to him and his coadjutors: but their imprudent assertion of the right of the prince to step into the immediate and uncontrolled exercise of the royal power was injurious to their cause, and proved not the most inconsiderable of the means which enabled Mr. Pitt to preserve a majority in parliament until the king's recovery. The next grand political question was the French revolution, in which Sheridan for a time took part with Mr. Fox, both dissenting from their hitherto venerated colleague Burke. The difference between the latter and Sheridan attracted the public attention less, but it was of earlier date, and perhaps of deeper foundation, than the celebrated rupture between Burke and Fox. Our armament against Russia in 1790, the debates on the finances, and the discussions on parliamentary reform, all furnished favourable occasions for the exertion of Sheridan's elocution. In the end of 1792, when war with revolutionary France was deemed inevitable by the ministry, and when Mr. Fox almost alone ventured to recommend the measure of sending an ambassador to the Jacobins who ruled Paris, Sheridan gave a cordial support to his political leader; treating with ridicule the addresses of the French to their partisans in England, and contending that there was no sufficient cause for plunging the nation into hostilities. The death of Louis XVI., the subsequent overthrow of the most distinguished men in France, and the final horrors of the reign of Jacobinism, unfortunately concurred to give popularity to the contest, and to invest with an appearance of necessity that which many judicious men regarded at first as a needless and unfortunate rupture. At last, however, the separate pacification of Austria, and the open threat of invading this country with an overpowering force, united in the cause those who had originally been most adverse to it, and among others Mr. Sheridan; who, at the time of the unfortunate mutiny in the fleet in 1797, took a decided part with government, and, some time afterward, gave no slight stimulus to the patriotic sentiments of the day by his tragedy of *Pizarro*. On other questions, however, he continued hostile to the ministry, and in none more than in the grand discussions relative to the union with Ireland. Of Bonaparte, he at first thought favourably: but the restless and aggrandising spirit betrayed by him in the year of peace (1802) effectually undeceived Mr. Sheridan, and gave rise to some of his finest parliamentary effusions.

‘ Though in the tablet and volume of his mind there may be some marginal note about cashiering the king of Etruria, yet the whole text is occupied with the destruction of England. This is the first vision that breaks upon him through the gleam of the morning; this is his last prayer at night, to whatever deity he addresses it, whether to Jupiter or Mahomet; to the goddess of battles or the goddess of reason.’

‘ He says he is an instrument in the hands of Providence; that he is an envoy of God. He says he is an instrument in the hands

of Providence to restore Switzerland to happiness, and to elevate Italy to splendor and importance. I think he is an instrument in the hands of Providence to make the English love their constitution the better; to cling to it with more fondness; to hang round it with greater tenderness.'

On the formation of the Fox and Grenville ministry, in February 1806, Mr. Sheridan was evidently intitled to a place of emolument; although his careless habits made it altogether undesirable to introduce him into the cabinet. Mr. Fox is said to have advised him to accept a patent place, as affording him an income that would be secure in any event: but this he declined, less perhaps from a confidence in the permanency of the new ministry than from a dread of the odium that might have attended such a choice. We pass over his election for Westminster in 1806, and his failure in the succeeding summer, when a change of ministers led to a dissolution of parliament. He was then returned for Ilchester, and was one of those who raised their voice in the house against the expedition to Copenhagen: but his brilliant day was now beginning to pass: he was drawing to his sixtieth year; and a constitution naturally strong had been much shaken by incessant irregularities. The assassination of Mr. Perceval in the spring of 1812 led to a proposition, real or ostensible, for the introduction of the opposition into office, and Mr. S. has been loudly blamed for secretly attempting to counteract the prospects of his political associates: but we have no room to dwell on this mysterious part of our politics, particularly as, at the general election which ensued, Mr. S. was excluded from parliament. His circumstances now became more embarrassed than ever: his health declined rapidly; and it was only in an occasional effusion of convivial wit that it was possible to recognize the last star of the most brilliant constellation of British orators.

Mr. Sheridan's death took place on the 7th of July, 1816, in his 65th year: he had been twice married, having lost his first wife in 1792: his second, the present widow, was Miss Ogle, daughter of the dean of Winchester: who had the precaution both to settle her portion on herself and children, and to prevail on Sheridan to set apart a farther sum from the sale of shares in the theatre: this formed their chief resource in his latter years, and is now a provision for his only surviving son.

The habitual imprudence of this distinguished character is perfectly familiar to our readers, and it is needless to enlarge on the endless disappointments which it brought on him in political as well as in private life: but the extent of his early errors, through vacillation and speculative ardor, are less generally known. No one could have a more favourable introduction into the highest departments of the drama. We have seen that, aided by the councils of Garrick, and supported by monied friends, Sheridan became, before his 28th year, almost sole proprietor of our greatest theatre,

and was required to attend only to the higher departments of the concern, the choice of managers and the preparation of new pieces; of detail of every kind, whether relative to the actors or the expenses of the theatre, he was wholly independent. This fair prospect he marred by an impatience to figure in a sphere which was not only entirely different from his proper line, but already occupied by men of the first ability. His effusions of eloquence on Mr. Hastings's trial (1787 and 1788) have been surpassed by no orator of the same standing in parliament: but on no future occasion did he rise to the grandeur of these displays. His whole career, indeed furnished a distressing proof of native talent impeded by a want of culture; illustrating both the drama and the senate for a season, but falling into the shade at the time when continued exertion would have brought it forth in augmented splendor. How different is this from the account which we had occasion to render some years ago (M. R. vol. lxxx.) of the progress of Gibbon; whose uncertainty and change of plan lasted only until he had fixed on an adequate object; and who, when once thoroughly engaged, retired from parliament and the attractions of a town-life, to dedicate himself with unremitted application to the completion of a permanent monument of fame.

On the more culpable irregularities of Sheridan, we decline to enlarge: but every reader of sensibility will be concerned to learn that even Mr. Fox had latterly conceived (vol. ii. p. 340) an aversion to his visits. Of his carelessness, the public have heard many anecdotes, but none could be more striking than an admission made by himself in a chancery-suit connected with the theatre; in which (vol. ii. p. 312) he acknowledged that a letter from the duke of Bedford's solicitor had lain *for twelve months unopened* among his papers. Similar negligence was evinced in the spring of 1799, when the tragedy of *Pizarro* was in preparation for Drury-Lane. The original play of Kotzebue was intitled *The Spaniards in Peru*; and a bad translation of it, having been shown to Sheridan early in the season, was immediately adopted by him as the basis of an improved drama. This intention coming to the knowledge of a person acquainted with the German language, a new translation was commenced by him, and notice sent to Sheridan that, unless the sum of 100*l.* was paid, it would be continued and printed. Sheridan, aware that a previous publication would greatly injure the success of the piece, complied with this unhandsome proposition, and paid the money, but still proceeded slowly with his task. Soon afterward, a friend informed him that Mrs. Plumptre had been engaged to translate a series of Kotzebue's plays, and among others *The Spaniards in Peru*: and the MS. of the translation was shown to a mutual friend, who prevailed on Mrs. P. to write a note to Mr. S., stating that, according to her previous agreement with the bookseller, the translation would be published in about six weeks, unless Mr. S. wished for a longer delay.

‘ A month elapsing without Mrs. Plumptre’s hearing any thing more, she naturally concluded that Mr. Sheridan was grown indifferent upon the subject, and the translation was printed, when, two days before it was to be published, he made his proposed visit. He was full of apologies for not having sooner paid attention to her note, but said the truth was, that he had only read it the day before. “ All the notes and letters I receive,” he said, “ are thrown into a bag, and I read them when I am at leisure. It so happened that a longer period than usual elapsed without my looking them over; but yesterday, when I went into the country, I took the bag with me, read the letters in the carriage, and there I found your note.” ’

Fortunately, in this case there was no unhandsome intention, and the publication of the translation was postponed.

It has often happened to celebrated orators to lower themselves in the scale of reputation by venturing to appeal to the public in print: but such was not the fate of Sheridan, whose printed compositions were eminently successful, because they were works of imagination, and in no way dependent on extent of research. His erudition, if we except the classics and English poetry, was very limited: in the transaction just mentioned, he begged from Mrs. Plumptre a copy of her translation, ‘ as he was much perplexed with those he had,’ and was quite unacquainted with German. “ Indeed,” he said, (vol. ii. p. 296.) “ I know nothing of modern languages: I can with difficulty puzzle out a sentence of French by the help of a grammar and dictionary.” It was some years previous to this (in 1796) that an attempt was made by Mr. Ireland to impose on the public the MS. of *Vortigern* as a genuine production of Shakspeare. Sheridan, after a slight inspection of the papers, agreed to purchase the play for the theatre; and it is amusing to observe the impressions of a mind so penetrating and judicious, but too indolent to make that thorough investigation which the importance of the matter required.

‘ Previous to the signing of the agreement, he and Richardson went to inspect the fair copy of the play which had been made from the manuscript. After perusing several pages, Mr. Sheridan came to one line which was not strictly correct, upon which, turning to Mr. Ireland, he remarked, “ This is rather strange; for though you are acquainted with my opinion as to Shakspeare, yet, be it as it may, he certainly always wrote poetry.” Having perused a few pages further, he again paused, and laying down the manuscript, spoke to the following effect: “ There are certainly some bold ideas; but they are crude and undigested. It is very odd; one would think that Shakspeare must have been very young when he wrote the play. As to the doubting whether it be really his, or not, who can possibly look at the papers and not believe them ancient?” ’

After these various anecdotes and observations on Sheridan, we must close our report by a few remarks on his biographer. It has been often remarked that the task of writing a life has a strong tendency to inspire the narrator with partiality, and is the cause of the public being so largely supplied with biographical panegyrics: but such is certainly not the case with Dr. Watkins; who, at one time cold and at another time hostile to Mr. S., runs the risk of being suspected by the ardent friends of the orator to have undertaken the task with a view to depreciate his reputation. We can scarcely turn to a chapter in the second volume that does not contain charges not only of imprudence but of intemperance, vehemence, and inconsistency: in short, almost the only passages, in which the biographer deigns to bestow an approving epithet, are those in which Mr. S. is represented as differing from his opposition-friends, and giving (vol. ii. p. 317.) a temporary support to government. If it were not to be wished that the life of Sheridan should be written by an oppositionist, Dr. W. is evidently in the contrary extreme; being adverse to all the points for which Sheridan contended most eagerly; viz. the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, a reform in parliament, and the maintenance of peace with the French revolutionists. In his ardor for the ministerial cause, Dr. W. very good naturedly takes it for granted (vol. ii. pp. 120. 247.) that Mr. John Reeves, and other declamatory members of the loyal associations in 1793, were influenced by no private calculation, but were actually hurried by patriotic zeal into that course which so soon led them into offices under government. In several parts of the book, (such as vol. ii. p. 170,) we have much irrevalent matter; in others, (vol. ii. p. 126.) a strange obscurity in the expression: but the great faults of Dr. W. are diffuseness and want of discrimination. Instead of selecting the leading points of his subject, and rigorously excluding all subordinate matter, he has spoken more or less of almost every debate in which Sheridan took a part; so that nothing is exhibited in a forcible light, and the reader rises from the perusal without any distinct preference of one part of his speeches to another.—The decorations of the volume consist of three engravings; the first, a portrait of Mr. Sheridan from a painting by sir Joshua Reynolds; and the others being portraits of his first and his second lady.

ART. III.—*Narrative of a Journey into Persia*, in the Suite of the Imperial Russian Embassy, in the year 1817. By Moritz von Kotzebue, Captain on the Staff of the Russian Army, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the German. Illustrated by Plates. 1 vol. 8vo.

[From the European Magazine.]

PERSIA is one of those countries which present the most repulsive and discouraging obstacles to the researches of an ordinary traveller. The dreary desolation of a great part of its territory; the cloister-like and sepulchral dulness of its towns; the total seclu-

sion of one half of the inhabitants, and the unaccommodating and intractable apathy of the other; the absence of a public press; and the want of facilities for circulating epistolary correspondence, are considerations which would repress the zeal and relax the industry of the most ardent inquirer, who could resort only to the common sources of information. When we reflect also that the nature of the climate is such, that it is often necessary to journey after sunset, and to sleep during the day, we may imagine it possible for a stranger to travel from Laristan to the borders of Armenia, without enabling himself to draw up a more circumstantial account of the country, than a topographer would be qualified to give of Oxford, after a midnight walk through that venerable city.

The case is far different with a traveller who, on entering Persia, is amply provided with letters of introduction, and with credentials which place him in immediate and familiar communication with the inhabitants. It is to such facilities that we owe the perspicuous and interesting details recorded by colonel Johnson in his journey; and to the same advantages, united with those of a resident public functionary, we are indebted for the luminous researches of sir John Malcolm, and for the picturesque and lively delineation of Persian society and manners in the volumes of Mr. Morier. These works have withdrawn the veil which intercepted from our view so ancient and renowned a nation; they have diminished, if we may so say, the idea of its remoteness and have gone far to remove that barrier of prejudice, by which, more than by the interposition of rivers and mountains, Asia has been disunited from Europe. The same observations apply to the present narrative, which is a very estimable accompaniment to the writings of our own countrymen respecting Persia. Accustomed as we have been, to judge of that kingdom on the testimony of Englishmen, it is both interesting and instructive to compare their statements with those of foreigners, who have contemplated the subject with other feelings and other views. It peculiarly concerns us to ascertain what has been said in Russia, respecting the country in question; and for this purpose, the volume before us will be of indubitable service, as it in some degree partakes of the character of an official document. Captain Kotzebue was attached as an *employé* to the suite of General Jermoloff, on his recent embassy to Persia, and appears to have successfully availed himself of the peculiar opportunities for observation, which such a situation afforded him. He has brought together a number of curious anecdotes relative to the leading individuals in the Persian court, and others illustrative of the general character of the people, with whom, he and his companions, appear to have been on terms of perfect friendship, and even intimacy. In his account of various interviews and visits, we trace instances of that facility which has been often remarked in the Russians, of accommodating themselves to the genius, disposition, and usages of any foreign nation among whom they happen to reside. With respect to the mission itself,

it appears, from what captain Kotzebue has thought fit to disclose, to have been merely an affair of state-ceremony, a renewal of professions of amity between the two powers, and a reciprocation of good wishes, testified by the usual interchange of presents and compliments *de part et d'autre*. With excusable partiality, he has endeavoured to show, that the Russian ambassador was received with honours and distinctions which had never before been manifested to the representative of any sovereign upon earth; and it is not a little amusing to observe the frankness and spirit with which his English translator exposes and corrects these exaggerations.

To those of our readers who wish to study the character of the Persians, to inquire into their domestic establishments, the condition of their females, the state of education among them, and the extent of their intellectual resources, we would recommend this volume, as presenting in a small compass, a varied fund of information. The perusal is very entertaining, for the writer's mode of narrating, partakes more of the vivacity of a Frenchman, than of the sentimental dulness of a German. In adverting to a specimen, we may proceed at once to the court; and passing over the ceremonials of audience, select the following picture of the shah on his throne.

‘ His majesty is of a middle stature; of his face, nothing is seen but two large fine eyes; the rest is concealed by his beard, which hangs down to his knees. It is said to be the finest in Persia, and it is invoked on all occasions calling for the most sacred testimony.

‘ He sat upon a golden throne, richly ornamented with real stones. It was shaped like one of our old-fashioned chairs. On the first step there was worked a bas-relief of a tiger in gold.

‘ His dress was of gold stuff, with the addition of a shawl. The crown increased in breadth towards the summit, and was surmounted by three diamond plumes. On his arms, where every Persian carries his Alcoran, there were two diamonds well known in Europe, surrounded by others of very large sizes. His dagger and his girdle were profusely studded with stones and pearls.

‘ The tent was hung with red silk, and on the right of the throne his majesty's seventeen sons stood ranged against the curtain: they were the only persons who shared the honours of the audience with us. Immediately adjoining the throne, was a handsome youth, said to be a nephew of the king, who stood in waiting near a carpet worked with genuine pearls, and upon which lay a round cushion, with tassels adorned with pearls of an enormous size. Upon this carpet stood the great kallon, which is crowded with large brilliants; and a cup, which appeared to be formed of a single stone. Immediately before the tent stood three officers, the first bearing a crown upon a cushion richly embroidered; the second, a sabre, and the third, a shield, which from the number of precious stones with which it is ornamented, formed one of the most valuable ar-

ticles of the royal treasure. From this short description, it may be seen that the value of single articles is immense; but I must confess that, upon the whole, there was no appearance of that Asiatic magnificence which has been so highly extolled by European travellers.

‘At the conclusion of the audience, the prime minister was allowed to come into the tent, where he stood next to the members of the embassy. The king, in a loud voice, said much to him in praise of the ambassador, and particularly mentioned his excellency’s delicacy in rising from his seat every time that he addressed him. This convinced his majesty, that if his excellency knew how to assert his rights, he also showed much good taste in the exercise of them.

‘The king dismissed us very graciously, and commanded the prime minister to see that the embassy were provided with every thing which they could want. We returned as we had come, making three bows in the court, where the adjutant-general resumed his slippers, at the place where he had left them. Mahmud-Chan accompanied us home, where the ambassador justly expatiated on the noble qualities of the Shah, respecting whom, we learnt that he was also the first poet of his nation.’

We cannot dismiss Mr. Kotzebue until we have accompanied him to the tent, where the presents from his imperial master were laid out for the inspection of the king of Persia.

‘His majesty now came, and, perhaps, for the first time in his life, saw a full length reflection of his own figure. “These mirrors,” said he, “are dearer to me than all my treasures.” Continual exclamations of Pach! pach! and Whoop! whoop! again resounded throughout the tent, whenever he touched any article. The service of cut glass pleased him exceedingly. He desired almost every article to be presented to him separately, inquired where each had been made, and always said that it pleased him more than all his treasures.” The ambassador observed, that the treasures of Persia were too well known in Europe to render it possible to surprise his majesty by the magnificence of the imperial present; but these articles were all the produce of Russian manufactories, with which, by these specimens, the emperor was desirous of making his majesty acquainted. “They are far dearer to me than all my treasures!” he again exclaimed,

‘He spoke with much graceful ease, and showed that he knew how to appreciate each article. He took up a beautiful goblet of cut glass, and said to his excellency, “truly this glass is so fine that it might seduce me to drink wine!”

‘The superintendant of the presents, was allowed to present every article into his own hands; an honour which is never extended to any person but the prime minister,—which affords another proof that the king is proud only when the customs of his country require that he should be so.

‘ The sable furs excited his admiration to such a degree, that he doubted at first whether they were not dyed; a hesitation which created no surprise, since those worn even by the most opulent chancs were reddish. When the ambassador had convinced him that the colour was natural, adding, that the emperor had selected them himself, he suddenly laid his hand on the furs, and, resting it there, said, “ I wish that my hand may happen to touch the place where that of the emperor has rested; my friendship is sincere, and lasts for ever.”

‘ He took a pleasure in looking frequently in the mirrors, and at last said, smilingly, “ These will make me vain of my person.” He desired that the machinery of the elephant might be put in motion, and admired its mechanism. He praised the costume of the Russian ladies, and was in such good spirits, and so lively, that he sent orders to his principal officers throughout the camp, “ to come and admire the presents which the great emperor had sent to his friend the great Shah;” and he commanded the minister instantly to despatch a courier to Teheran, with orders to build a saloon expressly for the reception of the presents; adding, “ He who shall be the first to bring intelligence of their safe arrival, shall receive a reward of one thousand tumanes; but he who disregards my commands, shall be answerable for his neglect with his head.”’

ART. IV.—*Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland*, in a Series of Letters, written in the year 1818. By John Gamble, Esq. author of ‘ Irish Sketches,’ ‘ Sarsfield,’ ‘ Northern Irish Tales,’ &c. 8vo.

[From the Gentleman’s Magazine.]

IN the present age of tours and journeys, when the liberation of the continent has opened so wild a field for investigation, Ireland seems to be sinking into provincial obscurity, and is likely to be more than ever neglected. But its claims to notice, though superseded for a time, by those of more distant countries, which have the attraction of novelty to recommend them, are not intrinsically diminished, and can never be regarded with indifference. These claims continue to be deeply felt, but they are of such a nature, that the acknowledgment of them is no gratifying duty; indeed, the very mention of Ireland conjures up a host of painful recollections and forebodings, from which the mind, rather than combat them, would willingly escape, seeking refuge from the trouble of devising a present remedy, in the passive hope that future events may, somehow or other, avert the threatened evil. Thus, to vary the similitude, that once distracted country appears on our political horizon like a slumbering volcano, which, at any moment, in a season of seeming tranquillity, may again vomit forth its devastating fires. Impressed with an apprehension that some terrible explosion is preparing, we stand aloof, in still but unquiet

apprehension, half ashamed of our inertness, and ready to applaud the first adventurous spirit who shall explore the penetralia of the dreaded region, and bring back truth either to confirm or dispel our fears, and at all events to relieve us from suspense. Nor were there wanting men of sufficient nerve to accomplish that desirable aim, if firmness and perseverance were the only requisites; but Ireland is not a country to be explored by a mere stranger; and he who, on making the attempt, had to depend only on the common and obvious means of information, would return, very little the wiser from his expedition. It is only by a native, that such a country can be worthily described, and that native must divest himself of many cherished and deep-rooted partialities, before he ventures upon the task.

To the credit of possessing these qualifications, the present writer, if we may judge from his own avowal, which is corroborated by circumstantial evidence, has a fair and just title. Ireland is his birth place, and the abode of his youth; but he has passed a season of his maturer years in other countries, and has thus enabled himself to appreciate her condition, by comparing it with theirs. He returns with his *amor patriæ* undiminished, though regulated by a wider survey of the world; he reviews the scenes of his early days with the calm eye of experience, and he observes changes which (setting aside all the sanguine anticipations of juvenile enthusiasm,) indicate retrogradation rather than improvement, and mournfully disappoint the hopes which he had formed. He records his observations in a series of letters to a friend, and this mode of communication, while it relieves him from the restraint which might have been imposed upon him by the idea that he was delivering his testimony at the bar of the public, is perfectly consistent with the design of his work. He identifies himself with his countrymen, and concludes that he cannot better describe them, than by a frank and unreserved display of his own feelings.

The following is a portion of the letter which he writes, after having taken up his residence in his native town.

‘ I have now been better than a week in Strabane, and it is time, therefore, that I should write. Yet little have I to tell, except that I have seen a few old acquaintances, visited my old walks, and that I have found every thing changed, and changed for the worse. Since I was last here, this town and neighbourhood have been visited by two almost of the heaviest calamities which can befall human beings. Fever and famine have been let loose, and it is hard to say which has destroyed the most.

‘ It would be too much to assert that the latter caused the former; but it undoubtedly was the cause of its wide diffusion. Hordes of wandering beggars, impelled by the cravings of hunger, carried the distemper from door to door; and, from their wretched habiliments, wafted contagion far and wide. Almost the entire mountain population, literally speaking, took up their beds and walked;

and, with their diseased blankets wrapped round them, sought, in the low lands, the succour which charity could not give, but at the hazard of life.

‘Irish usages have always opened a ready way to the beggar. The most holy men, says one of their laws, were remarkable for hospitality; and the gospel commands us to receive the sojourner, to entertain him, and to relieve his wants. Even in ordinary times, the poor claim charity as a matter less of favour than of right; and approach the rich man’s door, almost with the freedom of an inmate; but they now, in frightful numbers, besieged every house, and forced their way into kitchens, parlours, and even rooms the most remote.

‘Those who condemn the English system of poor laws, would have here found reason to change their opinion; and have beheld the evils inseparable from leaving our fellow men to seek in infirmity and old age, that bread, which, were society constructed as it ought to be, should be wanting to none. The immediate evil was the rapid propagation of the fever, which, almost at the same instant, showed itself in the town and country, the hill and valley,—the lord’s castle,—the tradesman’s house,—and the poor man’s cabin. I do not understand, however, that its malignity was much greater than on former occasions; though its diffusion so out-baffled all calculation, and could only be paralleled in those barbarous times, when battle and murder spread havoc over the land, and pestilence gathered the gleanings of those whom they had spared.’

He gives an alarming account of the state of things in the North of Ireland, a district which he declares to be so much changed in the course of ten years, than he can scarcely recognize it to be the same land.

‘The late war, while it aided party and increased taxes, increased wealth; and the natural consequences of wealth, refinement in manner of living, improvement in dressing, and a taste for luxuries followed. Of a social disposition as the people are, and captivated by unaccustomed enjoyment, it is possible that even then this prosperity was more apparent than real, and though something was gained, that little was saved. Besides, unconnected as landlords and tenants unfortunately now are, by those ties which bound them together formerly so closely, rents were raised to an enormous pitch, and even in those days paid with difficulty and murmuring, are now scarcely paid at all. With the stoppage of the war, trade seemed likewise to stop, and like a bow too forcibly bent, society, with hideous recoil, flew back to the opposite extreme; for, as if prosperity, which is not very natural to any land, should be particularly unnatural to Ireland, the terrible harvest of the year before last, succeeded to the peace, heaped misery on misery, disease on poverty, and generated the fever and famine of which I have already spoken.

‘ The northern farmer, who in general cultivates only a few acres of land, scarcely able to feed his family, and totally unable to relieve the hundredth part of the misery which daily and hourly knocked at his door, fell unavoidably into arrears. Humane landlords spared their tenants, and though the motives which dictated such conduct were in the highest degree praiseworthy, there were occasions in which it rather did harm than good; for from the supineness incident to our nature, many, because they could not pay all, relaxed in their efforts, and paid none at all.

‘ But there is little danger that humanity in the excess should ever be very injurious to mankind, and the great suffering sprung from the opposite cause. Selfish landlords and agents, filled the pounds with cattle, seized and auctioned grain, household furniture, beds, bedding, and whatever else they could lay hands on; and by this cruel, as well as foolish policy, while they gained transient payment, incalculably added to the aggregate of suffering, and irreparably injured their struggling, and to their further shame, I must add, meritorious tenantry. The linen-trade felt the general depression; money became so scarce, that numbers could not purchase even the flax-seed that was necessary to sow their ground, and thousands of hogsheads, after being in vain offered for sale here, were shipped for England and Scotland, and sold at an immense loss, to make oil of.

‘ By the combination of these causes, and many others, this country, a short while ago, presented not so much a melancholy, as a frightful spectacle; the abode once of comfort, it seemed now a huge arena of misery; and law-suits, ejectments, distresses, imprisonments, assailed those whom the fever had spared.

‘ But violence has, in its own nature, a period at which it must cease, and the disease, in a measure, has wrought its own cure. There are few law-suits; for of what avail to go to law, where there are so little means of payment? and besides, many to whom large sums are owing, actually cannot command the trifle necessary to go to law. In many places, society is transported back to the practice of the ruder ages, and payments in kind, are becoming the commonest of any. A few weeks ago, a relation of mine, disposed of a field of corn, which was ready for cutting, for which, according to the valuation of two men who viewed it, she is, in December, to get an equivalent quantity of oatmeal. A poor man who has a few acres of land from her, and is now nearly three years in arrears, expects, as the harvest is so favourable a one, shortly to pay a part of it, but not in money, but by giving her potatoes and turf. I know not that this has ever occurred to lawyers on circuit, as has been reported, but I am sure that surgeons and apothecaries, (physicians are here pretty much out of the question,) have oftentimes been paid in a similar manner.’

Continuing his enumeration of these distresses, he adds,

‘ It is sad to contemplate this fertile land, deserted or neglected by its gentry, its natural guardians and protectors, and leaving their

poor tenantry to the mercy of servile and rapacious agents, who shear the flocks which they were appointed to tend, and turn them out in shivering and unshapen nakedness, to meet the storms of these pitiless times. To the absence of those people, much of the misery of Ireland is attributable, and heavy, in all probability, will be its re-action on themselves, for their shameful negligence of those to whom they owe their means of living, and their cruel and thoughtless abandonment of them. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise," saith the Lord, "I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."

'I express myself more warmly than I am wont, but I cannot forbear; for the history of Ireland is a melancholy one, and melancholy is it to think, that Time, which gives relief to the sufferings of others, seems only to give increase to hers. That in this enlightened age, and under a British government, she should endure as great evils as in the rudest times, and under the most barbarous one; that whatever was of good in her cup, should, by a wretched fatality, be converted into evil, and that all kinds of causes have combined in plunging her into wretchedness; that moral as well as natural ones, have aggregated to blight her happiness; that the storms of Europe are concentrated in louder tempests on her forlorn head; and that, situated in the waste of the earth, as of the Atlantic, she should meet the first, and feel the most and the longest, the howling blast and gathering wintry wave of climate, situation, fortune, and time. Even that Atlantic which bore to the New World the crimes of the Old, bore back to Ireland, who was in no degree their participator, a full portion of the punishment of them; for it is my decided opinion, that much of the actual misery, of this province at least, is owing to the undue cultivation of the potatoe, which a few years back, confined as it ought to be to the garden, like the bramble, has now overrun every spot almost to the mountain-top.

'The multiplication of human beings, by this means, is far beyond what the earth can properly nourish, and these bleak and misty hills, fit habitations alone for shepherds and their flocks, are now thickly swarming with men. Far better not to be, than to be for purposes of misery, and to be trodden on and oppressed; and trodden on and oppressed, man ever will be, when he is too abundant, and, like every other object, to be valued, he must be rare.

'The superabundant population of Ireland is not the parent evil, but it aggravates every other. Partial emigration has only fed the flame, and besides, that emigration is almost exclusively Presbyterian,—the sturdy, though decaying oak of this forlorn wilderness of man. Reared with high ideas of himself, and with the remembrance full in his mind, of those days when his ancestors, bearing the favoured name of protestants, like Roman citizens in a remote province, living on a footing of equality almost with the highest, he cannot accommodate himself to the degradation wrought in his once lofty condition, and he takes refuge in America from unac-

customed misery, where his perseverance and industry soon procure him independence and affluence.'

This is an appalling picture; but who, that contemplates the condition of some districts in England, can suppose that it is exaggerated or over-wrought? It was not for the writer's interest to deal in misrepresentation. His sympathy, in so much misery, may have biassed him towards certain popular and impracticable theories, but it does not appear to have induced him, in the slightest degree, to swerve from the truth. In describing the wretchedness of his countrymen, he has honestly endeavoured to trace it to its true cause, and, without recommending any rash innovation, he has pleaded for the speedy adoption of those measures, which, as far as human wisdom can avail, may tend to a radical and permanent cure.

ART. V.—*On the Trade of the United States of North America with China.*

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

OF all the phenomena which occur in the history of commerce, from its earliest period to the present time, the most extraordinary, perhaps, is the intercourse between Europe and the East, chiefly through the medium of the English East India Company. This intercourse, as far as we are concerned, may be divided into two grand branches, the first with our own empire in Hindoostan, the second with the great Chinese empire, and the latter chiefly for the sake of obtaining a single article, the use of which has become so habitual to all ranks of society, that it has long ceased to be a luxury, and may be now fairly classed among the chief necessities of life. The immense importance of both these branches of our Asiatic commerce is universally acknowledged, and therefore, you may, probably, not be indisposed to admit into your valuable miscellany some observations on the danger with which one of them—the trade with China, appears to be threatened. I am induced to communicate them to you, because they are chiefly collected from conversation with intelligent Americans, and though they may be thought in some respects exaggerated, show us at least the sentiments and views of our rivals in a point of such great importance. We all know the enterprising spirit of the merchants of the United States, the boldness and intrepidity of their seamen, the astonishing and rapid increase of their maritime power, and the peculiar local advantages of that great continent. The American government beholds with pleasure the increasing commerce of its subjects with China, which promises to become more and more important to the republic, and has undoubtedly been much encouraged and promoted by numerous articles in American

newspapers, and other periodical publications, minutely pointing out its great advantages.

It would not be easy to find another instance of an intercourse with so remote a country, which so amply rewards the activity of the merchant and the seaman, as this trade with China, and the Americans possess such great advantages above the English, that well-informed persons do not hesitate to prognosticate, that the latter will not be able, in the long run, to maintain the competition with the former, but will be, in the end, obliged entirely to abandon to them the trade of the Chinese seas. If this opinion be just, it must be confessed that a great danger threatens the British commerce; a very productive source of gain would be lost—a great many seamen in Great Britain would be thrown out of employment—and even the commerce with the European continent could not but decrease, since Europe would have no occasion to draw from Great Britain its supplies of Chinese produce, which it would receive directly, and upon more advantageous terms from the Americans.

On the other hand, the vast advantages which the American republic may derive, and most certainly will derive, from an active intercourse with the Chinese empire, are almost incalculable. Considered merely as an excellent school for the marine, it is of the highest importance to a state whose external security wholly depends on a numerous and formidable navy. The goods which find a ready sale must partly be fetched from very remote countries, and the dangers and privations with which the seaman has to contend, in seas hitherto but little frequented, and on unknown coasts, call forth all his energies, enrich him with useful experience, and increase his dexterity. Thus a large number of sailors may be kept in constant employ, and the prospect will not only excite in the natives, particularly the inhabitants of the sea-coast of America, a continually increasing propensity to a sea-faring life, but also attract crowds of able seamen from foreign countries, especially from the British islands, who will settle with their families in America, and promote the population, the increase of which is so favourable an object with the American government. In the country itself a new source of gain will be opened at the same time, to thousands of industrious persons; the spirit of speculation will receive a new impulse, and numerous merchants, even from England itself, will settle in America, in order to share in so promising a prospect of gain, and to acquire riches in a short time. The nations of Europe are too much accustomed to the use of many Chinese productions easily to renounce them, and the possession of the trade with China will therefore give the Americans an opportunity for a most advantageous commercial intercourse with Europe, and to double their gains.

Not only have the Americans a much shorter way to China than the English and the other nations of Europe, but they are able to

obtain the produce and merchandise of that empire on much more favourable terms. The Europeans are obliged to purchase all they want of the Chinese for the most part with ready money, or silver bars, and China is therefore considered by Europe, as the country to which the precious metals chiefly flow, so that the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru go again from Europe to Asia, where they are swallowed up by a gulf from which they do not easily return. The Americans on the contrary, are not obliged to carry on the Chinese trade with the precious metals: they carry to the Chinese market either various articles of their own produce, which are highly esteemed there, or others which they have obtained in exchange for them: and are thus able to employ for other purposes, the money which they must otherwise take to Asia. If the trade which Europe carries on with China may be called in the highest degree passive, that of the United States is very far from being so.

China is an immense market, which now offers itself to the activity of the American merchant; the more this trade increases, the more persons it will employ; and the gain which it gives is so very great, that even on account of this single branch of American commerce, the speculative merchant is perhaps no where in a situation so favourable for becoming soon and easily rich, as in the United States. By this commerce, which is capable of being greatly extended, and has numerous concomitant advantages, America will enrich itself more and more, at the expense of Great Britain; and the turn thus given to a main branch of the commerce of the world, cannot but be very advantageous to the rest of Europe.

An article that is especially in request, in the Chinese provinces from Canton to Peking, and to the extreme frontiers of Chinese Tartary, is fine furs. Both the Chinese and Mantchews are eager to possess them, and the more distinguished and wealthy the Mandarins, the richer and finer must be the furs which they require for their oriental dress. This article of trade can therefore never fail of a certain sale in that vast and populous empire; for the use of it is inconceivably extensive, and the wearing of furs, not merely a luxury, but a habit, which has rendered them indispensably necessary. But the Americans by their almost exclusive trade with the northwest coast, and their great continent extending from California to the North Pole, possesses an inexhaustible source from which to supply the Chinese market with this favorite article, and the competition which they have to fear from other nations, particularly the English and the Russians, cannot do them any injury worth mentioning. The Americans, therefore, seem to be destined by nature to be the chief factors in this trade with China, which is inconceivably profitable, and must in time monopolize it entirely; as the period is certainly not remote, when the population of the United States, taking its direction from east to west, will extend to the shores of the great South sea, and their

ships be then able to navigate directly from thence to the Pacific ocean.

On the north-west coasts of America, above California, which are but thinly inhabited by wild tribes, there are sea otters, black, dark brown, and white bears, wolves, foxes, beavers, deer, racoons, white American lynxes, or great wild cats, ermines, seals, rabbits, martins, and other wild animals, whose fur is more or less beautiful and precious, in such abundance, that the natives can procure them with little trouble, and in their uncivilised state, willingly exchange them for the most insignificant trifles. The American ships bring to these savages, pieces of iron, nails, knives, chisels, shovels, buttons of copper, and of coloured glass, little looking glasses, tobacco, brandy, powder, arms, coarse cotton, and woollen goods, old clothes, and all kinds of toys which look showy, but are of no value. Most of these things are purchased by the American merchants at very low prices, and the vessels which sail with cargoes of this kind from the American ports, may be sure of obtaining in exchange the richest cargoes of furs and skins. With these they proceed directly from the north-west coast of America to China, and exchange their goods for Chinese produce with which they return, always with great gain, to the United States.

It is evident how greatly America must gain by this simple mode of intercourse, which does not even require a large capital: not to mention other advantages attending it. First the merchant gains in the purchase of trifles of little worth, which are agreeable and useful to the savages, and the manufactory of which employs many hands and promotes internal industry. For goods, the purchase of which requires but a small capital, there is an opportunity of procuring articles which are of great value in a remote and extensive empire, and then exchanging them for other articles which may be disposed of with great profit both in America and Europe. The trade may be carried on too, in small vessels, of 100 or 150 tons burden, the equipment of which is not expensive, (America being so rich in materials for ship building,) and which require but a few sailors to man them; so that an American merchant may carry on so profitable a trade with a very moderate capital. Even those who have no capital, may carry it on upon credit, since the expense of the articles to be provided for bartering is so very small, that means are easily found to obtain them. If one will share the profit with the ship owner and the captain, it is not necessary to advance any money, and profit may be made without the smallest risk. A few cannon and muskets, are sufficient on board a ship that sails to the north-west coast of America, as a defence, in case of need, against the natives; and small vessels are even better than larger ones, because they can sail up the creeks. If several vessels sail at once on such an enterprise, which in case of need can assist each other there is not the least danger.

The north-west coast is now so well known to the enterprising and experienced sailors of the United States, that they do not consider a voyage to it as more important and dangerous than one to Europe, or even to the West Indies. The smallest American vessels, brigs, and even schooners under a hundred tons burden, sails thither without any apprehension. They have no need of spending a long time after their arrival, to procure the necessary cargo of more or less valuable skins and furs; in China they have not long to wait to exchange their cargoes for the productions of the country, and it may be calculated, that unless some extraordinary accident happens, the return cargo gives a profit of from three hundred to five hundred per cent. including the articles for barter, provisions, pay of the sailors, and other expenses.

This trade, which so amply rewards the activity and enterprise of the merchants and mariners, continues to engage the attention of more and more persons in almost all the American sea-ports. Many merchants at Boston and Salem in New England, at Bristol, in Rhode Island, at New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charlestown, &c. have thus attained great wealth, in a few years, and the more intimate and various the relations with China become, the greater advantages does it promise in future. The friendly footing on which the Americans are with the natives of Nootka or King George's Sound, and of many other parts of the north-west coast, of the New World, so fully secures to them this rich fur trade, the basis of the intercourse with China, that they may be said to have it entirely in their own hands, and to have no rival to fear.

In this trade to the north-west coast the British merchant is greatly impeded by the East India Company, which possesses the exclusive privilege of trading with China. With the active spirit of the Americans, the exportation from the United States to the north-west coast, will continue to increase, and they must bear away the prize, as their principal rivals cannot carry on the trade with the same advantages as they can. Hence the American trade with China will become more active and extensive, while that of Great Britain will continually decline. The price of sea-otter skins is now so high at Macao and Canton, that £20 sterling are often paid for a single skin: many an American sailor brings home a profit of several thousand dollars for his own share; we may judge then, what must be the gain of the American merchant.

The valuable and beautiful furs, which the north-west coast of America supplies in such great abundance, are not the only articles which the Americans furnish the Chinese with. They are in want of many other things with which they are furnished from the United States, and thus the ties formed by commerce between China and America, must become more firm and durable. Above all, a remarkable production deserves to be mentioned here, which grows in America itself, and is almost peculiar to the United States; a production which is almost wholly unknown in Europe,

but has been in use in China from time immemorial, and is held there in extraordinary esteem. This is the root *Panax quinquefolia*, or ginseng. The Chinese writers call this plant a precious gift of nature, sweeter than honey and the honey-comb, more valuable than fine gold, and jewels, and pearls, a glorious gift of heaven, bestowed by the gods upon mortals for their happiness, and their enjoyment on earth. Placed on a par with the philosopher's stone, it is called the food of immortality, and it passes among the priests and physicians for a universal remedy, wholesome for all weaknesses of the frail body, applicable to all diseases; nay, it is even said to prolong life, invigorating the nerves, strengthening the understanding, cheering the soul, soothing the mind, taming the wild passions, and bestowing inexhaustible delights upon our mortal existence.

The reigning dynasty of the Mantchews, in China, were proud that nature produced this wonderful root, with such magical powers, in their original country; for it was found in Chinese Mogul Tartary; but sparingly scattered in certain places and single districts. Here it was considered as one of the regalia of the crown, only the emperor had the right to have it gathered, and guards were posted at the places where it grew, that no one might presume to take openly, or by stealth, what was for the emperor alone. How fortunate was it for the Americans that they accidentally discovered, not very long ago, that this root, so highly esteemed in China, and paid for there with its weight in gold, which it had been always supposed was only to be found in Tartary, as the Chinese had always boasted, was indigenous in the United States, and might be there collected in far greater abundance than in China, hitherto the only country where it was known to grow.

It grows in the United States, in the whole of the immense tract from the Canadian Lakes to Georgia: is found even in the northern states of New York and Pennsylvania, and flourishes in Virginia and the two Carolinas. Nature has spread it here, particularly in the tract between the Alleghany mountains and the sea, and it thrives especially where the mountains take a south-westerly direction. It loves a fertile soil and cool shady spots on the declivity of the mountains.

While Europe produces nothing which it can offer to the Chinese in exchange for their productions, America possesses in this remarkable plant an article peculiarly its own, which is, above all others, proper for the trade with China.

Many of your readers may, perhaps, be curious to be better acquainted with a plant so esteemed by the great Chinese Mandarins, and in the Harems. The stalk of this plant, which attains the height of about a foot from the ground, is of a dark red. It is adorned with elliptical leaves, three of which always grow together, and each of which is again divided into five little leaves. On account of the symbolical meaning attached to the numbers three

and five, which these leaves present to the eye, the plant obtained in ancient times, in China, the character of particular sacredness. The growth of this singular plant is extremely slow, but then it attains an age unusual in plants of this kind: when it has stood fifteen years or more, the root is not yet an inch in diameter. Every year the stalk makes at the upper part of the root, as each new shoot marks, which show by their number the age of the plant. The root itself is of an elliptical form, and commonly consists only of one piece. The plant bears but a few seeds; two or three grains are all that can be gathered from one stem; these are of a bright red colour, in shape and size like those that may be collected from the honeysuckle. They ripen in America, in the latter half of the month of September, and their taste is more aromatic than that of the root itself, but less bitter.

In China the greatest care is taken in gathering this valuable root. It is not done till it has attained the highest perfection and maturity: this is during the autumn and winter. In America they long committed, from ignorance and inattention, the great fault of collecting the root from the spring to the first frost. As it is always soft and watery at this season, it naturally shrunk together in drying, became very hard, and lost not only in weight but in goodness. This mistake is still committed in some parts of the United States, where the inhabitants make the collecting of the root only an occasional object; and when they are hunting or travelling, dig up the plant at all seasons when they happen to meet with it. But by this they deprive the ground of a valuable production, which would be far more valuable if it were tended and cultivated with due care. Though the ginseng roots thus collected by ignorant persons do not fetch in China the high prices which are given for such as have attained their proper maturity, yet the demand for them is not the less brisk. The American merchants in the interior purchase large quantities by the pound, or the hundred weight, of the country people, who employ themselves in collecting and digging this root, and gain by exporting it to China, about one hundred per cent.

But the profit is incomparably greater when ginseng roots, perfectly ripe, and carefully gathered at the proper time, are brought to Macao or China. The Americans begin to be more sensible of this advantage, in proportion as the intercourse with China becomes more active. They have made themselves better acquainted with the nature of the plant, and the taste of the Chinese; employ greater care in gathering, and acquire more skill in digging it. One man can gather about eight or nine pounds daily. Hence the quantity of this article exported from the United States increases at the same time that its quality improves; and the trade with ginseng roots in the Chinese markets continues to become more and more profitable to America. The exportation already amounts to at least 500 cwt. annually.

In China they understand the art of preparing the ginseng, in such a manner, that it appears semi-transparent: in this case a much higher value is set upon it. In America they have also learnt this art, and the process employed is very simple. The merchants in the American commercial towns purchase the roots so prepared, and rendered partly transparent, at six or seven piastres a piece; and sell them in China, according to the quality, at from fifty to a hundred piastres a piece. Even in Louisiana and Kentucky, they carry on this extremely profitable export trade to China.

A great part of the East India trade, in which such large capitals are now employed, by the merchants of the United States, is also calculated chiefly with a view to China. The Americans have found means to obtain in the East Indies, a considerable sale for many of the productions of their country; and for these, they take in return East India goods, which they dispose of to advantage in the Chinese markets, and, at the same time, gain the freight. Besides their own produce and manufactures, they carry, also, manufactured goods which they have purchased in Europe, directly from the ports of the United States to Canton. Articles particularly in request there, are opium, Indian birds' nests, benjamin, scarlet berries, gum lac, Russia leather, cordovan, coloured linen, white, black, and spotted lamb skins, writing paper, razors, grind-stones, carpets, penknives, coarse cloth, buttons, axes, scythes, locks, watches, and numerous other articles, which the Chinese have hitherto received almost exclusively by the ships of the English East India Company.

The American merchants, on the other hand, bring back from the Chinese seas, partly for home consumption, partly for the supply of Europe, immense quantities of tea, of the most various kinds, porcelaine, Indian ink, lackered articles, pearls both genuine and artificial, coral, paints, half silk stuffs, fans, cowries, various kinds of silk, pictures and drawings in India ink, &c.

I have thus, Mr. Editor, given a sketch of what may be called the American view of this important question; though it is, doubtless, partial, and may be in some particulars exaggerated, it still seems to merit the serious consideration of those who appreciate the importance of our China trade: I forbear from examining what may be said to weaken the force of the reasonings above stated, in the hope that some of your readers, better qualified than myself, may be induced to take up so interesting a subject, and either show them to be ill founded, or else point out what change (if any) in our system, may enable us to avert the threatened loss of so valuable a branch of our commerce.

H. E. L.

ART. VI.—Observations on the Opossum.

[From Voigt's Magazine of Natural Sciences, published at Wiemar.]

I HAVE had in my possession, for some months past, this “*wonder of all the land animals*,” as Lawson calls it, and for which I am indebted to the goodness of one of my North American friends, *Dr. Tidyman* of Charleston, South Carolina.

This animal is of the bigness of a middle sized cat. The form of its head, like that of the fox, having a long, naked, flesh-coloured, almost proboscis-like snout, with the nose a little turned upwards resembling somewhat that of a pig. The opening of the mouth is large, the lower jaw perceptibly shorter than the upper, and the upper canine teeth visible even when the mouth is shut. The head is white, with a light blackish streak lengthwise along the forehead. The part before the anterior corners of the eyes, towards the nose, are marked by a similar blackish streak. On both sides of the snout, and particularly along the cheeks there are a number of long hairs, or whiskers. The eye-balls are small, but their *corneæ*, relatively to the size of the eyes, are very large and considerably convex, so that there is very little seen of the white of the eyes. The black brown colour of the iris gives it an animated look. There is in this animal, as in the *quadrumania* generally, scarcely a rudiment of the *membrana nictitans* visible. The ears are large, black, bare, and apparently membranous, as in the bat, being without an intervening cartilage, and in my animal, without the white border, which others have noticed in this genus.

The neck is short and thick; so is also the trunk. On the back of the trunk particularly, the hair is long and rugged, as with the badger. The colour of the hair is white, slightly mixed with black, being darkest about the shoulders.

On the belly is placed a remarkable *pouch* which is readily observed by its prominence, especially where the singular *ossa marsupialia*, or *cornua pelvis abdominalia* lie beneath—the opening of the pouch is only marked by a longitudinal slit.

The tail is about as long as the remaining part of the animal. It is almost entirely naked, and somewhat scaly, like that of the common rat. It is however a true *cauda prehensilis*.

The fore-arms and legs, are black and covered with a soft hair; the toes are naked, and flesh-coloured. The hind feet are furnished with thumbs, having small flat nails. The other toes are furnished with *claws* of a white colour.

I have given a figure, taken from the living animal in the 6th part of my delineations of natural objects.

This is a true *animal omnivorum*, being satisfied with every sort of food. It is particularly fond of plums and above all, besides wild-fowl and birds, of *bulion soup*. It chews its food very deliberately and with loud smacking. It handles large pieces, quite dexterously, with its fore paws; and uses them also with great

readiness in cleaning its snout—whilst it is employed in this business it sits on its hind legs like a squirrel.*

Its voice is weak and grunting, which, however, it seldom emits, unless it be disturbed or enraged. It drinks little, occasionally none at all for some days. It makes urine but seldom, and quite as seldom evacuates fæces when it is in perfect health—generally but once every 4 or 5 days—it does neither into its bed, but goes for this purpose to some other place in its box. It keeps itself in general very clean, and is upon the whole a well disposed and quiet animal. It is slow, and as it were, thoughtful in all its movements, and so tenacious of life, that in America, they have a saying, “that if a cat has 9 lives, the opossum has 19.

Its remaining natural history does not belong to this place. That has already been given in previous numbers of this Journal.

I will add a few words relative to the history of the first notices and delineations, that were given of this animal in Europe after the discovery of the new world.

Vincent Pinzon, who accompanied the great Colon, in his voyage of discovery, is the first, as far as I know, who described this animal. His notice is found, among others in the *Herwagian* collections, (*novas orbis* s. 121, first edition 1532.)

A living opossum was brought, about the end of the 15th century, to *Seville*, and from thence was taken to the king of Grenada. At this place *Peter Martyr*, saw it, in a dead state, and gave a more faithful and circumstantial account of it, describing it, as a monstrum animal, vulpino rostro, cercopethecæ cauda; vesperitibones auribus, manibus humanis, pedibus semiam demulans, &c.

The name *Simivulpa* was given to it by Gylle. (In his *Aelianus*, 1535, 4. p. 209.) Gessner afterwards adopted this name.

The earliest delineation of this animal that I know of, and which is indeed very deficient, is found in the unfortunate Servet's edition of Ptolemæus 1535, Fol. Tab. 23, brought from the eastern shore of Terra Firma. Reperitur hic animal habens reservaculum quo suos pullos secum portat et eos non nisi lactandi tempore emittit. (This was therefore quite misunderstood.) Tale regi Hispanie gravate oblatum est.

The first tolerable figure is given by Nurenberg, p. 156, excepting indeed the unnatural curly hair and the misfigured hind-feet.

ART. VII.—*Description of the Laplanders.*

[From ‘Clarke’s Travels’ part third.]

ONE would think, that to a wild *Lapp*, living in tents, poverty or riches would be almost indifferent: but there is no people more prone to avarice. Their sole object seems to be the amassing of treasure, and for the strange purpose of burying it afterwards. The

* Like all the *mamalia* that are obliged to use their fore feet in a variety of directions for particular purposes, this animal is furnished with *clavicles*.

avarice of a *Lapp* is gratified in collecting a number of *silver* vessels, or of *silver* inlaid with *gold*, or even of *brass* vessels, and pieces of *silver* coin. Being unable to carry this treasure with him in his journeys, he buries the whole of it; not even, as it was before stated, making his wife acquainted with the place where it is concealed. If sudden death befall the owner, it is generally lost. Some of the *Lapps* possess 1 cwt. of *silver*; and those who enjoy a property of 1500 or 1000 *rein-deer*, have much more: in short, such an astonishing quantity of specie is dispersed among them, that Mr. *Grape* attributed its scarcity in *Sweden* to this practice among the *Laplanders*. As they keep it almost always buried, it does not happen to the owner to be gratified even with a sight of his hidden treasure more than once or twice in a year.

‘The *Lapps* marry very early; the men seldom later than the age of *eighteen*, or the women later than *fifteen*: but the *Finns* and the *Swedes* are prohibited from such early marriages. Very little previous ceremony is used upon these occasions: an interchange of presents, and copious libations of brandy, are all that take place before the solemnization and consummation. The gifts consist of *rings*, *spoons*, *cups* of *silver* or of *silver* gilt, and *rix-dollars* in specie, according to the wealth of the parties. The richest make also other gifts; such as, *silver* girdles, and silk or cotton *handkerchiefs* for the neck. When bans have been published in the church, which is very commonly the case, the marriage immediately succeeds their publication; and the nuptials are consummated in one of the log-houses near the church, in which the *Lapps* deposit their stores for the annual fair. Upon these occasions, the bridegroom treats his friends with brandy, dried *rein-deer* flesh cooked without broth, *rein-deer* cheese, and bread and butter. If he be of a wealthy family, beer is also brewed: or, wanting this, plenty of *pima* and curds and whey are provided. The luxury of smoking tobacco, so general among the *Lapps*, is, of course, largely indulged upon these occasions, and even takes place during the repast. *Dancing*, being unknown among them, forms no part of the merrymaking. After the marriage-feast, a general collection is made in money for the married couple: when the distribution of brandy is renewed, and continued for two or three hours, according as the gifts are more or less liberal. Upon this occasion, gifts of *rein-deer* are promised to the bridegroom, which he is afterwards to go and demand: but if he makes the visit without carrying brandy to the owner of the *rein-deer*, the promise is never kept. The dowry of wealthy parents, among the *Laplanders*, to their children when they marry, consists of from thirty to fifty and even eighty *rein-deer*, besides vessels of *silver* and other utensils.

‘The poorer class of *Lapps* are supported by becoming carriers for the *Colonists* and more wealthy *Laplanders*, to the different fairs, &c. In this manner they undertake the most distant journeys, accompanied by all the members of their family, so distributed, as

to manage each a train of *rein-deer*¹ with sledges. Each train belonging to the whole *caravan* is called a *kaid*; and to the management of a *raid*, women and children are adequate. A *Laplander*, his wife, and children, even those whose ages do not exceed eight or nine years, have each their *raid* to conduct, drawn by eight, twelve, or fifteen *rein-deer*, laden with merchandise. The richest *Lapps* let out their *rein-deer*, to work in these *raids*. The sledge is called *Achia*. In the first *achia*, drawn by one of the *rein-deer*, sits the driver of the *raid*; followed by a train of sledges, drawn by other *rein-deer*, one after another, all fastened in a line. As they travel with great rapidity, through forests and among rocks, it sometimes happens that one of the *rein-deer* falls; or a sledge, encountering some obstacle, is suddenly checked in its progress: and when this occurs, a *rein-deer* is often strangled by the cord fastened to its neck, before the driver can go to his aid. In all such cases, where accidents have occasioned losses not chargeable to any negligence in the driver, his employer is obliged to make good the deficiency. The journeys with *raids* are, of course, liable to danger, and to the utmost degree of fatigue: yet women far advanced in pregnancy are often the drivers; and such is their easy labour, in parturition, that child-birth hardly occasions any interruption to the progress of the *raid*. When the child is born, it is packed up in a wooden trough, called *Komsio*, like a fiddle-case: this was before described: a little arch over its face prevents the infant from suffocation. The *komsio*, lined with fur, and coated with a kind of leather called *Sissna*, is well fenced against the cold; and it is very rare that any accident happens to children born during these journeys. The greatest vice among the *Laplanders* is their love of spirituous liquor. To their habitual use of brandy may be ascribed almost the only evils to which they are liable. This accursed practice is so general, that mothers pour the hellish dose down the throats of their infants at the breast. At all their christenings and funerals, intoxication prevails, the ceremonies of rejoicing or of mourning being made mere pretexts for dram-drinking. As soon as intoxication begins, both men and women commence the ferocious howl which they call *Joicka*; the only species of song, if it may bear the name of *song*, known among them. Swearing also, and gambling with cards, are pretty much in vogue; although quarrels seldom happen; and blood is rarely, if it be ever, shed in any brawls that may arise.

‘All the agricultural colonists of Lapland, and almost all the Swedish inhabitants and peasants of the provinces surrounding the north of the Gulph of Bothnia, believe that the *Lapps* are witches: that, as magicians, they possess the power of committing injuries upon the persons of those whom they do not see, and even upon those whom they never have seen. This persuasion exists among the Swedes in more civilized parts of their country. Mr. Grape told us, that a merchant, south of Stockholm, was fully persuaded

that, as he had lived so long in Lapland, he had learned some of these wizard arts, and vehemently besought him to exhibit some proof of Lapland magic. Finding that the most solemn protestations had no power to banish this credulity from his friend's mind, and being tired with his repeated importunities, he at last resolved to make a dupe of him. Pretending, therefore, reluctantly to acquiesce, he said, that he had no longer any objection to accomplish the only thing it was in his power to perform, in order to satisfy such urgent curiosity: and knowing that his friend had lately lost a spouse to whom he was by no means attached, he added, "If you have any matters you wish to settle with your late wife, which were left unfinished at her decease, I will introduce her to you for a few minutes." The terrified merchant regarded him in silence for an instant; when perceiving that Mr. Grape was beginning to mutter some incantation, he seized him by both his arms, exclaiming, with the greatest eagerness and agitation, "Raise the D——l, if you will; but, for God's sake, suffer my wife to rest in peace!"

ART. VIII.—*Novelties of French Literature.*

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

FEW historical works of the present century have met such extensive success as the *History of Cromwell*, by M. Villemain.* We learn that scarcely a single politician in Paris has neglected to peruse it, and that the substantial declaration of public approbation has been evinced in the sale of several thousand copies; thus demonstrating that fame is not always empty-handed. M. Villemain has been long known in France, and indeed in many other parts of Europe, as a man of sound talents and distinguished attainments; and the knowledge of his being employed in writing the history of Cromwell, was sufficient, long before he had completed half his undertaking, to excite a general desire for its appearance.

The *History of Cromwell*, undertaken by a Frenchman, was evidently less intended to supply any chasm in our own information of the events of the time, in which that great and singular character flourished, than to enable the French to apply to their views and situation, the conclusions which were to be adduced from the relation of facts, so analogous to the recent, and, in a slight degree, still existing, circumstances and events of their own nation. With every disposition to speak well of M. Villemain's *Cromwell*, we beg it to be understood, that we review it as a French book, and not as an English one. Many of the facts contained in it would appear stale or unprofitable to the English; but there is scarcely a line of the historical part of the work, which is not new to the French, and it would therefore be an act of considerable injustice, to rob M. Villemain of the credit which belongs to him,

* Two volumes, octavo.

for having collected, from authentic sources, a variety of useful and interesting information, as it respects his own countrymen. We may even go farther, and assert, that there are some parts of his book which would be interesting to the English reader, both for the facts that they contain, and the plain, nervous style, in which those facts are related.

M. Villemain follows Cromwell through all the various incidents of his public life, and lays before the reader a picture, full of the astonishment and wonder excited by this extraordinary character. If the disposition of a man, so closely shut up within himself, and whose conduct was seldom influenced by those general rules which govern society, can be ascertained by an investigation of the motives of his actions, we are ready to give M. Villemain credit for the talent of having unmasked the hypocrite; but the life of Cromwell was such a mixture of vice and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, and the ultimate display of each, was under such extraordinary circumstances, that it is difficult to say whether his virtue was produced by policy, or his vice by the deviations which too frequently detract from the reputation of the most virtuous. The ungovernable ambition of Cromwell, appears to have led him into many wanton acts of cruelty; but, on the other hand, he was far from being destitute of the softer feelings of humanity: his conduct towards his mother, for instance, was highly praiseworthy, and his attentions, in her last illness, were really more than might have been expected from a man surrounded by the business of the state, and ever watchful to preserve his ill-gained power. Indeed, the mother of Cromwell appears to have deserved all the attentions that could be shown to her, and the Protector, whether he acted from motives of true filial piety, or a desire to appear virtuous to the multitude, could not have taken a more effectual step towards public favour.

A valuable Comment on the Constitutions of the French Nation, with an historical and political Essay on the Charter, &c. has appeared, by count Lanjuinais, peer of France, &c. &c. a name illustrious in the annals of freedom and rational liberty.—Count Lanjuinais hailed the French revolution with joy,—that revolution which has been so much calumniated, and to which Louis XVI. declared ‘*he and the queen were infinitely attached;*’ (Moniteur, December 24, 1790.) The crimes that resistance to principles produced, are only imputable to the authors of that resistance; unfortunately, vengeance superseded a legitimate defence, when M. Lanjuinais was one of the first to rise against the perversion of the real principles of the revolution; the consequence was, his being denounced, when, to save his life, he was obliged to pass a rigorous winter in a hay-loft, sleeping on straw, with a scanty supply of food, only once in two or three days; the wind and rain beating in upon him in all directions. Robespierre fell, and Lanjuinais was re-called; he has, since that period, acted a distinguished but uniform part in the political theatre. He protested

against Bonaparte's elevation to the empire; yet Napoleon knew him to be as honest as he was enlightened, and he created him a senator, in which character he steadily opposed every measure of ambition and aggression. In 1815, on Napoleon's return, he was chosen president of the chamber of representatives, contrary to the wishes of Napoleon, who sent for him, and, in his haughty manner, said, 'Well, sir, you have been chosen president; now answer me, without tergiversation, the questions I shall put?'—'Sir, I will do it, with the rapidity of lightning: I never have to compromise with my conscience.'—'Are you for me? Are you mine?'—'No, sire; I am for France: be yourself for her, and I am then for you.' Napoleon turned on his heel.

This sketch of the author will serve as a criticism on the work, and offers a guarantee of the constitutional doctrines that abound in it. A brief analysis of the contents only requires to be added. The work contains the whole of the laws not abrogated, and some of those which have been abrogated improperly, since the revolution. On looking over them, we find rich materials for a constitutional charter; and when the abbe Montesquieu composed the present one, we wish he had paid a little more attention to what had already been done. The historical Essay on the Charter, is a master-piece; he exposes its excellencies and its defects, and, if the French legislators would only consult the volumes before us, France might soon possess the best constitution in the world.

An Historical and Critical Essay on the French Revolution, its causes and results, augmented by a review of the consulate, and the reign of Napoleon, has appeared from the pen of M. Paganel.—The work of Madame de Stael owes more of its charms to the enchanting style of the author, than to any real information which it contains; it is a monument raised by filial piety to the memory of a parent, whom she might be permitted to consider 'the greatest of men;' while others, not bound by similar ties, regard him as a mere political schemer, whose first object was his own aggrandizement. M. Necker offered to become minister of finance without a salary; his generosity was admired, and it was forgotten that M. Necker was a banker and stock-jobber; and by thus being at the head of the finances, he could, in one day, realize on the Stock Exchange, more than any minister's salary would produce in many years. This we say was possible; but did he execute it? Did room permit, we could give what might be regarded as conclusive evidence, that M. Necker, while minister, made use of the influence and knowledge he possessed, in speculating on the exchanges of Paris, London, Amsterdam, and Hamburg; hence that colossal fortune which no one could account for his having made, it being very clear that he had it not before he became minister, and that he did not make it by peculation.*

* There is a curious anecdote on this subject. The abbe St. Pierre had stated in his writings, that he never knew a colossal fortune honestly obtained. The

Madame de Stael tells us, her father would have prevented the revolution; but we think, with M. Paganel, that he was one of the causes which accelerated it. And to those who have only read the work of Madame de Stael, the work before us is necessary, in order to give them a correct idea of that revolution, which is, perhaps, not yet terminated. Mr. Paganel excels rather in the correctness of his details, and the impartiality of his statements, than in the style and dignity of the historian; but, after all, this sober use of the powers of the imagination, is a quality most precious in a writer of history; yet he does not want either energy or dignity, when the occasion commands it; we shall select, as a specimen of his manner, the portraits of Bailly and Mirabeau.

‘Bailly was celebrated in learned Europe, long before the French revolution declared itself by terrific symptoms; and his fellow-citizens, in calling him to the states-general, rendered a brilliant homage to the philosopher who had enriched the museum of history by learned discoveries, and traced the first steps of man in the vast empire that nature had submitted to him.

‘A profound observer, Bailly had explored the origin of times and their revolutions: a pure, ingenious, and eloquent writer, uniting taste with genius, he had adorned the sciences with all the charms of literature, and rendered their study more attractive and easy, at the same time that he aggrandized their domain.

‘This philosopher, who, aided by the history of the heavens, had thrown so much light on the history of man, seemed also destined to reform the political and religious abuses which had accumulated in France. Bailly appeared at the assembly of the nation as the envoy of the human race.

‘What a contrast is offered, in the history of the revolution, between Bailly presiding over the members of the *Tiers-etat*, and proclaiming them the representatives of the nation, and accounting it the proudest day of his life, that in which the nobles and the clergy joined the National Assembly; and Bailly dragged to the scaffold with humiliations and outrage.

‘Amongst the most illustrious victims of the prejudices of revolutions and tyranny, is there one who has sustained a more perilous combat for virtue, or a longer or more severe trial of courage?

‘Socrates was not more generous, nor Jesus more resigned.

‘What titles to immortality decorate the name and memory of Bailly! The nation, under his presidency, repaired in an instant, ages of oppression; it did more—it acquitted towards the philosopher, the debt of the universe. What sublime harmony in the sittings, when the *Tiers-etat* said, *We are the French nation*.

countess de Genlis went to him, and said ‘she could cite an instance,’ and named M. Necker. ‘My dear countess,’ replied the abbe, ‘what would you say, if I told you that I had precisely Mr. Necker in my eye when I wrote the paragraph?’

‘ Such was the renown and the rights of Bailly to public esteem, that, in calling him to the mayoralty of Paris, the king appeared to wish to give to the nation and its representatives, the most irrefragable guarantee of his adherence to the reforms decreed by the assembly.

‘ But this homage, which supreme power rendered to talent and virtue, deceived none of those who were acquainted with the politics of courts. To take Bailly from the assembly, to present this first example of fortune to ambitious youth, to cover with the popularity of the mayor, a vast plan of intrigues, and a system of counter-revolution; such were the secret motives of the counsels which swayed the court, and deceived the monarch.

‘ Had he, in fact, the confidence of the court and ministers? The philosopher, by his expressed wishes, his writings, and his immortal presidences, had called reason, truth, and justice, to govern man, and forced the government to recognize the nation’s rights.

‘ To justify Bailly from betraying the cause he had embraced, would be to insult his memory; he might be the tool of an artful court, and the dupe of his own virtues; but he would never be wanting to himself, nor wither the civic laurels with which his brows were crowned. Had he been less simple in his manners, he would have avoided the snare; and the scandal of his execution would not have soiled the cause of liberty.

‘ All was grand, vast, and sublime, in the conceptions and the discourses of Mirabeau. As a civilian, he was the oracle of reason, the interpreter of nature; as an orator, he armed himself with the thunder of Demosthenes: sometimes, like Cicero, he took possession of all minds and hearts, equally powerful in the art of convincing, as in that of persuading and pleasing. When he ascended the tribune, the intriguer turned pale, and the enemy of his country trembled. What orator appeared more profoundly penetrated with that eternal justice, which alone, in all times, in all places, ought to regulate the fate of nations: that justice which the proudest despots endeavour in vain to stifle, and which even the silence of a people in chains invokes and demands without ceasing. Let us behold Mirabeau at the *Jur de Paume*, proud of representing the commons, when it was scarcely dared to lisp the name of *people*,—combating despotism hand to hand: such was Hercules in the cradle, strangling and destroying the serpents of Eurystheus.

‘ At other times, we have seen him defeat the best-planned intrigues, by one of those terrible expressions, which fell from the tribune like the thunder-bolt from the clouds; fixing, with his eagle eye, the seditious intriguer, stretching towards him an arm which seemed already to reach him, and tear off the mask he wore; and after this sudden tempest, bringing back calm into the assembly, and renewing, without an effort, the thread of a learned and profound discussion.’

The author then goes on, and relates the measure of ‘ war to the castle, and peace to the cottage;’ which he proves to have been

organized at the Palais Royal, by Egalité Orleans, the hero of the faction. 'Orleans,' says he, 'could not flatter himself that he would ever be raised to the throne by the free choice of the people: his detestable reputation left him no other means of ascending it than of intrigue and anarchy. It was opened before him by that horrible way, but his courage was unequal to such a hazardous enterprize. The revolution, plotted by Orleans, was remote as east from west, from that beneficent reform which, according to the plans of wise and virtuous citizens, was hoped to be effected by the mere ascendancy of reason and the influence of knowledge;—for, to limit the expenses of the court, reform the vices of administration, and, above all, to abolish tithes, feudal services and privileges; such was, in 1789, the object of the revolution.'

This extract will suffice at once to convey an idea of the author's literary talents, and his profound acquaintance with the history of the events he traces, and the characters of the leading persons of the revolution.

ART IX.—State of Literature and the Fine Arts in Dublin.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THERE is no clear evidence existing that letters (with the exception of some theological writings) were cultivated in the city of Dublin prior to the reign of Elizabeth. The reformation was indeed preceded by the dawning of science in some countries of Europe, it was, however, that great event which produced its glorious morning, not only in the countries which embraced its doctrines, but in those which still adhered to the ancient faith. Prior to that era, an university was attempted, more than once, to be founded in the capital; but from the ignorance, the poverty, and the troubles of the times, the attempt always failed. The literature of Dublin then may be deemed coeval with the foundation of Trinity college, and from that time to the present no place in the world has advanced more rapidly in science and the Belles Lettres than the Irish metropolis. Of this there cannot be a more convincing evidence than the many illustrious names which reflect so much honour on their native city, and which, perhaps, no city of the same extent can surpass. Elegant literature and the fine arts require the fostering protection of the sovereign or the government, and the patronage of the nobility and the opulent to cause them to flourish; without such support they are found rarely to attain any degree of perfection in a provincial capital, and truth compels us to state, that not only have they declined most perceptibly in Dublin since the union, but the very taste and inclination for them are deteriorated.

When Dublin possessed a parliament, it had also a press of its own. Its acts and debates awakened the literature of the law and the university, and party views, and political interests, excited the attention of, and imparted a literary impulse to the public. Elo-

quence was not confined within the walls of the parliament-house, it embellished the courts of law, and enlivened the university, whilst the weapons of wit and satire were wielded with effect and dexterity by all parties. Now, the lively tumult is at rest, and all is secret or silent, as in a Turkish divan.

As the copy-right of books was confined to Great Britain, the reprinting of smaller and cheaper editions became a considerable branch of trade in Dublin, and many works respectable for their execution and correctness, thus republished, were exported to America, and to other countries. Whilst the act of union was still pending, application was made by petition to the Irish Parliament to secure to the Irish printers a continuance of that right so advantageous to the Irish press; but by the neglect or mismanagement of those who were to conduct the petition, it was lost, and nothing here was effected.* Meanwhile the English printers availed themselves immediately and effectually of the act of union. Under the plausible pretence of securing to the Irish publisher the benefit of the copy-right, the English act was extended to Ireland, which secured indeed a nominal right, that they well knew would be wholly unavailable in competition with the trade at London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Thus have the Dublin booksellers ceased to be publishers by act of Parliament, and must be content to be the agents of those of London.

Besides the injury the trade has sustained, great numbers who formerly were in the habits of reading are by this act interdicted from doing so, as the books which once, by their comparative cheapness, were within their means of purchasing, cannot be procured. The printing business is therefore confined to devotional and moral tracts, which are paid for by charitable societies for gratuitous distribution—to printing hand-bills and play-bills—to some half dozen newspapers, which are by no means remarkable, and to one or two very middling magazines, which can scarcely maintain an ephemeral existence.

Pue's Occurrences was the first newspaper ever established in Dublin; it commenced in the year 1700, and was so called from the proprietor who conducted it. It maintained itself for more than half a century.

* While the act of union was in progress, the booksellers of Dublin prepared a petition to parliament to secure their rights, and prayed to be heard by counsel upon the subject. To conduct the petition and defray the expense, a subscription was entered into by the booksellers, and some gentlemen eminent at the bar were feed for the purpose. It happened by some accident that the petition was not heard on the night appointed, and it stood over for another. When it was to come on the lawyers were called on, but they refused to attend without a retaining fee. The subscriptions were exhausted, and they actually sat in the parlour of a house in College Green, opposite the parliament house, while the proprietor went out to collect fresh subscriptions; but before this could be effected parliament was up, and no subsequent opportunity occurred till its final dissolution.

Faulkner's Journal was established by the celebrated bookseller of that name in 1728, and displayed in its composition that honest blundering simplicity so conspicuous in the character of the man. The sheet was remarkable for the paleness of the ink, and the darkness of the paper; and the peculiarities of the style have been happily imitated on several occasions, of which the following is a specimen: 'House of Industry first contrived by Mr. Ben. Houghton, weaver, and several other worthy clergymen, for taking up cripples that lie in the street, folks without legs that stand in corners, and such like vagrants. We have the pleasure to hear, that all ballad-singers, blind-harpers, hackball, and many other nefarious old women, are in there already.' It was afterwards conducted with ability and party spirit. It has recently been re-established on new principles.

Freeman's Journal came out in 1763. It was established by a committee for conducting a free press, and assumed as its emblem and motto, 'The Wreath or the Rod.' In this first appeared several of the essays afterwards collected and published in 'Barataria,' and which evinced a spirit and energy not inferior to Junius. It afterwards was edited by a person called the 'Sham Squire,' and degenerated. It has within some years, however, revived, and regained some of its original spirit.

The *Hibernian Journal* was established in 1771, and, like the former, conducted by a committee for a free press. The fate of Mills, its first printer, is characteristic of the summary mode of proceeding at that time in Dublin. Some of the numbers of the 'Pranceriana' first appeared in that paper, and it became the organ of attack by one party of the college on another. On a dark evening in February a coach drove up to the printer's door in Dame-street, to which he was called out, and while he was talking to those in the inside, he was pushed in by some one behind, and immediately carried to the college pump, which then stood in the middle of the front court, and almost suffocated. A reward was offered by the common council, and a scholar of the house, who was concerned, was admonished by the board. The printer is thus noticed in the admonition, which was the production of the celebrated Dr. Leland: 'Cum constet scholarium ignotorum cœtum injuriam admovisse in typographum quendam famosum nomine Mills, qui nefariis flagitiis nobiliora quæque Collegii membra in chartis suis laccessiverat,' &c.

The *Morning Post* was also called the Dalkey Gazette. A convivial society some years ago existed in Dublin, who periodically assembled at the island of Dalkey, and elected a king and other officers of state. A column of this paper was always devoted to their proceedings, which were then interesting, as the society comprised a number of respectable citizens. The last monarch was a bookseller of the name of Armitage, who was always called 'King Stephen.'

The *Volunteer Evening Post* was established about the year 1780, and its fate displays a lively trait of the temper of those times. The spirit of opposition to the then government was so strong, that no Irish printer could be found to compose a paragraph in its favour against the popular cause. Government was therefore obliged to send a press and printers from England for this purpose; but it required some management to establish it. It first assumed a popular name, and professed to take a warm part on that side. To increase the deception, the portrait of a volunteer in full uniform was exhibited every night in an illuminated transparency, and a prize medal was proposed and given by the editors for the best poetical composition on the Volunteer Institution, and every thing was practised, and with great success, to complete the deception. At length the secret transpired, and the mob proceeded to take summary vengeance. The editor escaped, but the printer was dragged to the Tenter fields, and tarred and feathered. But the most extraordinary proceeding was that of the counties of Ireland, some of which actually came forward with resolutions, that the paper was established on fallacious principles, and for the wicked purpose of putting down the Volunteer Institution, they therefore conjured their countrymen not to read it. The effect of this prohibition of a literary work was as singular as the cause. It was fatal to the newspaper, no one was found to purchase it, and the editors returned to England after three years' fruitless effort.

The *Press* was established in the year 1797, and was conducted with an energy and ability too successful at that perilous period. The first conductor had been convicted of a libel on lord Camden, and the celebrated Arthur O'Conner became the avowed editor. The paper was suppressed by the military a short time previous to the rebellion. The essays and other pieces contained in it were published in one volume, with the imprint of London, under the name of 'The Beauties of the Press,' and afterwards circulated in Dublin.

The *Baratariana* appeared in 1770. It was a keen and vigorous attack on the administration of lord Townshend in this country, and conducted with great ability.

The *Anthologia Hibernica* commenced in the year 1793, and was strictly a national work devoted to the antiquities and literature of Ireland. All the literary men resident in the kingdom contributed to the undertaking, and it was a valuable repository of ingenious essays and learned communications. Political discussion, however, soon superseded every other, and this excellent periodical work expired in two years, as several others had before, in the distractions of the country.

The *Union Star*. This atrocious composition appeared in the year 1797. It was published at irregular intervals, printed only on one side, and was secretly posted during the night in the most conspicuous parts of the city. It commenced with the motto, 'Per-

haps some arm more lucky than the rest may reach his heart, and free the world from bondage,' and denounced by name and description such men as were inimical to the cause it advocated. A reward of 700*l.* was offered by government for the author and publisher, but though well known he was never avowed.

The Antiunionist. This appeared in 1799, with a view to oppose the legislative union then in agitation. It displayed some wit, but it seemed to want the energy and spirit which alone give efficacy to opinions in great political discussions. Like the last efforts of the French under Napoleon, the *Antiunionist* displayed the imbecility of an exhausted subject and a worn-out people.

The Irish Magazine. This was first published in 1807. It was edited by an extraordinary man of the name of Cox, a gun-smith, whose father, as he says himself, was a bricklayer in the county of Meath. The Magazine was almost exclusively matter compiled by himself. It contained biographical notices of the dead, and severe attacks upon the living. The work was a series of scurrility, calumny, and vulgarity; but there was withal a fund of information, a strong sense, and a humour and drollery so captivating, that its circulation extended to all parts of Ireland, and it continued for some time the only periodical publication, and became even a school book in some of the hedge schools. The usual number printed and circulated annually amounted to 60,000 or about 5,000 monthly. The author was convicted of a libel in 1811, continued his magazine while in Newgate, with an increased circulation, was convicted of a second, and finally agreed to transport himself to America, which put an end to his magazine in 1815. He is since dead.

The Medical Journal was first published in 1807. It was the first ever attempted in Dublin, and intended as a receptacle for all medical essays and communications which might be made on the subject; but notwithstanding the extensive hospitals of Dublin, the rising reputation of the schools of surgery and physic, and the talent supposed to exist in the respective professions, this work could only be supported for eighteen months. Its place is now, in some measure, supplied by 'Hospital Reports,' two volumes of which appeared in the summer of 1817; one anonymous, and the other under the sanction of the College of Physicians.

The Dublin Examiner was the last attempt to establish a respectable periodical work in Dublin. It commenced in May, 1816, and was continued monthly. It contained a critical review of recent works, with essays and other original matter, and proposed, in some measure, to establish a Review in the metropolis of Ireland, similar to those of Edinburgh and London. It continued only to the end of the year, exhibiting a melancholy instance of the low state of literature in a country which, while its talents continue largely to enrich literature abroad, cannot support at home one single periodical publication.

The Royal Irish Academy publish their transactions at their own cost, as do the editors of the statistical work now in progress under the patronage of the Dublin Society. The university press, in the College Park, was formerly distinguished for its correct editions of several of the classics; it has, however, long since ceased to work.

Another reason of the depression of the Irish press, and paucity of original literary publications in Dublin, is the facility with which the best English works may be procured. All the London and Edinburgh periodical works are taken in at the two library societies, 'The Dublin' and 'The Institute,' to one or other of which almost every respectable inhabitant of the capital is a subscriber.

It must not, however, be inferred, that Irish genius or talent has declined. It is true there is no encouragement for literary exertion in the Irish metropolis, because the Dublin bookseller will run no risk in publishing an original work, however great its merits. It must appear in London, or not at all. Nevertheless, Dublin can even now boast of many existing characters in the various walks of literature and the arts, as well as in the senate, the church, the bar, the army, and on the stage, which uphold its pretensions to the high rank that it has obtained in these respects.

With respect to the progress of the fine arts, and especially of painting, very little has been known of their early state in Ireland. Bindon, a gentleman of fortune, and an amateur artist, made laudable attempts to encourage them.

He painted portraits of Swift, Dean, Delany, and Dr. Sheridan. Shortly after this period James Latham (an Irish artist, born in Tipperary in 1696) having studied at Antwerp, cultivated his art with singular success. He painted portraits of the beautiful Mrs. Woffington, Geminiani the composer, and a few others, with so much truth, clearness, and purity of style, that he obtained the distinguished title of the Irish Vandyke. Although polite literature about the same time had attained its highest degree of excellence in England, yet painting was there still in its infancy, so far as it regarded a school of native artists, for the principal painters were foreigners, and even Jervas, a native of Dublin, arrived at distinction, although he is now better known by his translation of Don Quixote, than for any pictorial celebrity. It was not, indeed, till Reynolds founded the English school that painting began to be distinguished in England.

The same remark is applicable to sculpture, which, until lately, was wholly in the hands of foreigners. If, therefore, the fine arts were thus backward in arriving at maturity in the metropolis of the British empire, it is not surprising that their establishment should be of a recent date in Dublin. But the Irish government were not wanting to encourage the arts; for prior to the founding of the Royal Academy in London, which took place in 1768, the

Dublin artists formed themselves into a society as early as 1731, consisting of twelve members, who elected from their number a president, secretary, and treasurer.

This society soon after proceeded to build an exhibition-house, and were assisted by government with 500*l.* and by subscriptions, which amounted to 300*l.* The first exhibition was opened in 1765, and for a few years the rooms were well attended, but the admission money being small, the receipts were insufficient to defray the expenses. Under these circumstances, Richard Cranfield, treasurer to the society, took upon himself the whole management of the concern. About the year 1773 a schism took place in the society: the seceders opened a new exhibition room, which not succeeding was discontinued, and at length a coalition was effected, and the society now became respectable. From the year 1776 to 1782, the yearly exhibitions proved a losing concern, and a debt of 800*l.* was incurred. The exhibition, however, was continued until the year 1800, when the society's house was disposed of for other purposes. At length a permanent institution was established under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Richmond, with the title of 'The Society of the Artists of Dublin.'

A new society was also founded June 4, 1813, under the title of The Royal Irish Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in Ireland.

With all those liberal measures and plans for the encouragement of the arts, it must be confessed that the door is too widely opened for the admission of young candidates, whose friends or patrons, unfortunately for them, fancy they discover a genius for painting. Even distinguished talents, if they aim at fame or fortune, must not expect to find them in Ireland. The country is too poor, and if it were not so poor, there are few real connoisseurs in it to appreciate and reward the merit of a living artist. On the other hand, it would be unjust to conclude that the Dublin Society's school for drawing, sculpture, and architecture, had failed to produce the results expected from it. The two masters, the Wests, father and son, who so long presided over the academy, though eminent themselves, were yet more conspicuous for the number of celebrated artists which they had the honour of instructing in the art, among whom were Barry, Barrett, Hamilton, Tresham, Roberts, Brooks, Edward Smith the statuary, Thomas Ivory the architect, together with several others still living, but not less known to fame.

It is, however, more especially in architecture, that the inhabitants of the Irish capital have evinced a decided predilection. Every city may be said to prefer a particular style in their public buildings. That of London is grave and massive, being mostly of the Doric and Tuscan orders. That of Dublin is much lighter, affecting the bold portico and airy colonnade of the Ionic and Corinthian orders. In ecclesiastical structures the capital of the em-

pire admits of no competition; but, excepting two churches in Dublin, St. George's and the Castle chapel, and two or three half finished façades of others, so left for the erection of future steeples, the rest seem to set at defiance every principle of architecture. Moreover, with the exception of the cathedral of St. Patrick, and the new church of St. George, there is not a steeple with a spire among them all. To this rude unsightly style, the new R. C. Metropolitan chapel will, when finished, afford one more striking exception. The interiors of most of the churches are, however, handsome, and a few even grand. But in edifices allotted to civil purposes, Dublin is not excelled by any city in Europe.

ART. X.—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* Edinburgh, 1819. 8vo. 3 vols.

WE are happy to learn that a re-publication of this remarkably entertaining work is in preparation at New York. It is a most amusing picture of the present state of Scotch manners, and a portraiture of the most celebrated among the Scottish *literati*; full of sprightliness and animation—a little overdrawn, and occasionally hyperbolical, but still sufficiently accurate to be instructive, as well as entertaining.

The author is *incognito*, under the assumed name of Peter Morris; and never was a character better supported. It is difficult to believe the letters are not genuine, and actually addressed, as they purport to be, by a Welch doctor, on a visit at Edinburgh, to his friends in Cardigan. There is no doubt, however, that the character is assumed for the purpose, and rumour has even gone so far, as to fix the authorship on Mr. Wilson, the poet; notwithstanding the very high praises, lavished in the letters on himself.

Trusting that the New York edition will not be given to the public so early as our November number, we shall present our readers with copious extracts, of both the lightest and the gravest parts of the work.

And first, we take the account of a dinner-party, to which the doctor says he was invited, at Mr. Jeffrey's country-seat.

'I had come, thanks to my rustic ignorance, exactly at the hour appointed for dinner, (five o'clock) so that I had three parts of an hour, of the great man, entirely to myself; during the whole of which space, he continued to talk about rural affairs, and to trot me up one field and down another, till I was weary without (credite posteri!) making one single allusion to law, politics, or literature.

'We were joined, towards six o'clock, by professor P——* and L——,† and one or two young advocates, who had walked out with them. Then came R. M——, whom you remember at Balloil, a relation and intimate friend of J——'s. He and the cele-

* Playfair.

† Leslie.

brated orator, Allison, officiate together in one of the Episcopalian chapels in Edinburgh. Although we never knew each other at Oxford, yet we immediately recognized each other's old High street faces, and began to claim a sort of acquaintance on that score, as all Oxonian cotemporaries, I believe, are accustomed to do, when they meet at a distance from their alma mater. There were several other gentlemen, mostly of grave years, so that I was not a little astonished, when somebody proposed a trial of strength in leaping. Nor was my astonishment at all diminished, when Mr. P.— began to throw off his coat and waistcoat, and to prepare himself for taking his part in the contest. When he did so much, I could have no apology, so I also stripped; and, indeed, the whole party did the same, except J—— alone, who was dressed in a short green jacket, with scarcely any skirts, and, therefore, seemed to consider himself as already “*accinctus ludo*.”

‘ I used to be a good leaper in my day—witness the thousands of times I have beat you in the Port-Meadow, and elsewhere—but I cut a very poor figure among these sinewy Caledonians. With the exception of L——, they all jumped wonderfully; and J—— was quite miraculous, considering his brevity of stride. But the greatest wonder of the whole was Mr. P——. He is also a short man, and he cannot be less than seventy, yet he took his stand with the assurance of an athletic, and positively beat every one of us—the very best of us, at least half a heel's breadth. I was quite thunderstruck, never having heard the least hint of his being ~~so~~ great a geometrician—in this sense of the word. I was, however, I must own, agreeably surprised by such a specimen of spirit and muscular strength in so venerable an old gentleman, and could not forbear complimenting him on his revival of the ancient peripatetic ideas, about the necessity of cultivating the external as well as the internal energies, and of mixing the activity of the practical, with that of the contemplative life. He took what I said with great suavity; and, indeed, I have never seen a better specimen of that easy hilarity and good humour, which sits with so much gracefulness on an honoured old age.

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By and bye, we were summoned to the drawing-room, where we found several ladies with Mrs. J——. She, you know, is an American, and J—— went across the Atlantic for her a few years ago, while we were at war with her country. She is a very pleasing person, and they have one extremely interesting little girl. J—— made no alteration in his dress, but joined the ladies exactly in his morning costume,—the little green jacket aforesaid; gray worsted pantaloons, and Hessian boots, and a black silk handkerchief. How had Grub street stared, to see the prince of reviewers in such a garb. The dinner was excellent—a glorious turbot and oyster-sauce for one thing; and (*sitesco referens*) there was no want of Champagne—the very wine, by the way, which I should have

guessed to be Jeffrey's favourite. It is impossible to conceive of him as being a lover of the genuine old black-strap, or even of the quiet balminess of Burgundy. The true reviewing diet is certainly Champagne, and devilled biscuit. Had there been any blue stocking lady present, she would have been sadly shocked with the material cast of the conversation during dinner—not a single word about

“The sweet new poem!”

‘Most of the company, though all men of literary habits, seemed to be as alive to the delights of the table as if they had been “let in,” (to use Dandie's phrase,) by Mons. Viard;—knowing in sauces, and delightfully reviewing every glass before they would suffer it to go down.

‘The introduction of the claret and desert, made, for a long time, very little alteration in the subject matter of the discourse; but by degrees, the natural feelings and interests of the company did begin to shine through the cloud of babillage; and various matters, in which I was much better pleased to hear their opinions were successively tabled—none of them, however, with the least appearance of what the Scotch very expressively forethought. Everything went on with the utmost possible facility, and, in general, with a very graceful kind of lightness. The whole tone of Mr. J——'s own conversation, indeed, was so pitched, that a proser, or a person at all ambitious, in the green-room phrase, to make an effect, would undoubtedly have found himself most grievously out of place. Amidst all this absence of “preparation,” however, (for it is impossible to talk of conversation without using French words)—I have never, I believe, heard so many ideas thrown out by any man in so short a space of time, and apparently with such entire negation of exertion. His conversation acted upon me like the first delightful hour after taking opium. The thoughts he scattered so readily about him (his words, rapid, and wonderfully rapid as they are, appearing to be continually panting after his conceptions)—his thoughts, I say, were at once so striking, and so just, that they took, in succession, entire possession of my imagination, and yet with so felicitous a tact did he forbear from expressing any one of these too fully, that the reason was always kept in a pleasing kind of excitement, by the endeavour, more thoroughly to examine their bearings. It is quite impossible to listen to him for a moment, without recalling all the best qualities of his composition—and yet I suspect his conversation is calculated to leave one with even a higher idea of his mind, at least of his fertility, than the best of his writings. I have heard some men display more profoundness of reflection, and others a much greater command of the conversational picturesque—but I never before witnessed any thing to be compared with the blending together of apparently little consistent powers in the whole strain of his discourse. Such a power, in the first place, of throwing away at once

every useless part of the idea to be discussed, and then such a happy redundancy of imagination, to present the essential and reserved part in its every possible relation, and point of view; and all this, connected with so much of the plain *sçavoir vivre* of actual existence, and such a thorough scorn of mystification, it is really a very wonderful intellectual coalition. The largeness of the views suggested by his speculative understanding, and the shrewdness with which his sound and close judgment seems to scrutinize them after they are suggested—these alone would be sufficient to make his conversation one of the most remarkable things in the world. But then he invests all this ground-work with such a play of fancy, wit, sarcasm, persiflage, every thing except humour—which again, were they united in any person entirely devoid either of the depth or the justness of J——'s intellect, would unquestionably render that person one of the most fascinating of all possible companions. The stagyrite, who places his *summum bonum* in having one's faculties kept at work, would certainly have thought himself in Elysium, had he been so fortunate as to discuss a flask of Chian in company with Mr. J——.

‘The mere animal spirits of the man, are absolutely miraculous. When one considers what a life of exertion he has led for these last twenty years, how his powers have been kept on the rack such a length of time, with writing, and concocting, and editing reviews on the one hand, and briefs, and speeches, and journeys, and trials, and cross-questionings, and the whole labyrinth of barristership on the other, one cannot help being quite thunderstruck on finding that he has still reserved such a large fund of energy which he can afford and delight to lavish, when even the comparative repose of his mind would be more than enough to please and satisfy every one. His vigour seems to be a perfect widow's cruise, bubbling for ever upwards, and refusing to be exhausted—swelling and spreading—till all the vessels of the neighbourhood are saturated, and more than saturated with the endless, unwearied irrigation of its superfluous richness.’

There is a very minute and lively description of the triennial dinner in honour of the memory of Burns; how much of it is fiction, and how much is fact, we cannot, at this distance, decide; but the following anecdote, one cannot help hoping is true.

‘A gentleman who proposed one of these toasts, mentioned a little anecdote, which gave infinite delight to all present, and which will do so to you. After the last of these triennial meetings, a pension of 50*l.* per annum was settled on Mrs. Burns, by a Scottish gentleman of large fortune, Mr. Maule of Panmure. One of the sons of the poet, however, has since that time gone out to India in a medical capacity; and being fortunate enough to obtain a situation of some little emolument, the first use he made of his success was to provide for his mother, in such a way as enabled her to de-

cline any farther continuance of Mr. Maule's bounty—conduct, as was well said, “worthy of the wife and son of the high-souled Burns”—one who, in spite of all his faults, and all his difficulties, contrived, in the true spirit of proud independence, *to owe no man any thing* when he died.’

Peter's account of the university, accords with the reports of some of our countrymen who have visited Edinburgh; it is certainly all sober truth, and is not a little remarkable, considering the high claims of the Scotch to superiority in literature of every kind.

‘In the society among which I have lived since my arrival here, (and I assure you its circle has been by no means a very confined one,) I am convinced there are very few subjects about which so little is said or thought, as the university of Edinburgh. I rather think that a well educated stranger, who had no previous knowledge that an university had its seat in this place, (if we can suppose the existence of such a person,) might sojourn in Edinburgh for many weeks without making the discovery for himself. And yet, from all that I can hear, the number of resident members of this university, is seldom below two thousand, and among those by whom their education is conducted, there are unquestionably some, whose names, in whatever European university they might be placed, could not fail to be regarded as among the most illustrious of its ornaments.

‘The first and most obvious cause of the smallness of attention attracted to the university of Edinburgh, is evidently the want of any academical dress. There are no gownsmen here, and this circumstance is one which, with our Oxford ideas, would alone be almost sufficient to prove the non-existence of an university. This, however, is a small matter after all, and rather an effect than a cause. The members of the university do not reside, as ours do, within the walls of the colleges; they go once or twice, as it may happen, to hear a discourse pronounced by one of their professors; but beyond this, they have little connection of any kind with the locale of the academical buildings; and it follows very naturally, that they feel themselves to have, comparatively, a very slight connection with academical life. They live in their father's houses, (for a great proportion of them belong to the city itself,) or they inhabit in whatever part of the city they please; and they dine alone or together, just as it suits them; they are never compelled to think of each other beyond the brief space of the day in which they are seated in the same lecture room; in short, the whole course and tenor of their existence is unacademical; and by persons thinking and living in a way so independent of each other, and so dispersed among the crowds of a city such as Edinburgh, any such badges of perpetual distinction, as our cap and gown, could scarcely fail to be regarded as very absurd and disagreeable incumbrances.

The want of these, however, has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, even in regard to their own individual comfort. So far as I comprehend the first part of the general system of university education in this place, it is as follows. The students enter at 14, 15, or even much earlier—exactly as used to be the case in our own universities two centuries ago; for I remember it is mentioned in lord Herbert, of Cherbury's *Memoirs*, (and that too, as a matter by no means out of the common course,) that he was not twelve years old when he came to reside at Oxford. When they enter, they are far less skilled in Latin, than boys of the same age at any of our great schools; and with the exception of those educated at one particular school in Edinburgh, they have no Greek. Their acquisition of these languages is not likely to be very rapid under the professors of Greek and Latin, to whose care the university entrusts them; for each of these gentlemen has to do with a class of at least two hundred pupils; and in such a class, it would be impossible to adopt, with the least effect, any other method of teaching than that by formal prælections. Now, of all ways, this is the least adapted for seizing and commanding the attention of a set of giddy urchins, who, although addressed by the name of "gentlemen," are, in fact, as full of the spirit of boyish romping, as at any previous period of their lives. A slight attempt is sometimes made to keep alive their attention, by examining them the one day, concerning what they had heard on the other; and this plan, I understand, begins to be carried into execution, in a more regular way than heretofore. But it is not possible to examine so great a number of boys, either very largely or very closely, and I should be very apprehensive, that their many temptations to idleness, must in general overcome, with little difficulty, this one slender stimulus to exertion.

'As for the professors of these languages, the nature of the duties which they perform, of course reduces them to something quite different from what we should understand by the name they bear. They are not employed in assisting young men to study, with greater facility or advantage, the poets, the historians, or the philosophers of antiquity; nay, it can scarcely be said, in any proper meaning of the term, that they are employed in teaching the principles of language. They are schoolmasters, in the strictest sense of the word—for their time is spent in laying the very lowest part of the foundation, on which a superstructure of erudition must be reared. A profound and accomplished scholar may, at times, be found discharging these duties, but most assuredly there is no need either of depth or of elegance, to enable him to discharge them as well as the occasion requires. The truth is, however, that very few men give themselves the trouble to become fine scholars, without being pushed on by many kinds of stimulus, and I know of no very powerful stimulus, within the action of which these gentlemen are placed. They have not the ambition and delight of

making their pupils fine scholars,—feelings, which in England, are productive of so many admirable results—because the system of the university is such, that their pupils are hurried out of their hands long before they could hope to inspire them with any thing like a permanent love for studies attended with so many difficulties. Nay, they have not the ambition and delight of elevating themselves to a high and honourable rank in public estimation, by their own proficiency in classical lore; for this is the only country in civilized Europe, (whatever may be the cause of the phenomenon) wherein attainments of that kind are regarded with a very slender degree of admiration: How this may have happened, I know not; but the fact is certain, that for these two hundred years, Scotland has produced no man of high reputation, whose fame rested, or rests, upon what we call classical learning; nor, at the present day, does she possess any one who might be entitled to form an exception to this rule of barrenness.

‘ Before these boys, therefore, have learned Latin enough to be able to read any Latin author with facility, and before they have learned Greek enough to enable them to understand any one line in any one Greek book in existence, they are handed over to the professor of logic, rhetoric, and belles-lettres, quasi jam linguarum satis periti. You and I know well enough, that it is no trifling matter to acquire any thing like a mastery, a true and effectual command, over the great languages of antiquity; we well remember how many years of busy exertion it cost us in boy-hood,—yes, and in manhood too, before we found ourselves in a condition to make any complete use of the treasures of wit and wisdom to which these glorious languages are the keys. When we then are told that the whole of the classical part of Scottish academical education is completed within the space of two years, and this with boys of the age I have mentioned, there is no occasion for saying one word more about the matter. We see and know, as well as if we had examined every lad in Edinburgh, that not one of them who has enjoyed no better means of instruction than these, can possibly know any thing more than the merest and narrowest rudiments of classical learning. This one simple fact is a sufficient explanation, not only of the small advances made by the individuals of this nation, in the paths of erudition, strictly so called—but of much that is peculiar, and if one may be permitted to say so, of much that is highly disagreeable too, in the general tone of the literature wherein the national mind is, and has been expressed. It shows, at once, the origin of much that distinguishes the authors of Scotland, not from those of England alone, but from those of all the other nations of Europe.—I do not mean that which honourably distinguishes them, (for of such distinction also they have much) but that which distinguishes them in a distressing and degrading manner—their ignorance of the great models of antiquity; nay, the irreverent spirit in which they have the audacity to speak

concerning men and works, whom, (considered as a class,) modern times have as yet in vain endeavoured to equal.

‘ This is a subject of which it would require a bolder man than I am, to say so much, to almost any Scotchman, whose education has been entirely conducted in his own country. If you venture only to tread upon the hem of that garment of self-sufficiency, in which the true Scotchman wraps himself, he is sure to turn round upon you as if you had aimed a dagger at his vitals; and as to this particular point of attack, he thinks he has most completely punished you for your presumption, (in the first place) and checked your courage for the future, (in the second) when he has lanced out against you one or two of those sarcasms about “longs and shorts,” and, the “superiority of things to words,” with which we have, till of late, been familiar in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. A single arrow from that redoubtable quiver, is hurled against you, and the archer turns away with a smile, nothing doubting, that your business is done—nor, indeed, is it necessary to prolong the contest; for, although you may not feel yourself to be entirely conquered, you must, at least, have seen enough to convince you, that you have no chance of making your adversary yield. If he have not justice on his side, he is, at least, tenacious of his purpose, and it would be a waste of trouble to attempt shaking his opinions either of you or of himself.

‘ The rest of the world, however, may be excused, if, *absent-reo*, they venture to speak and think a little more pertinaciously concerning the absurdity of this neglect of classical learning, which the Scotch do not deny or palliate, but acknowledge and defend. We may be excused, if we hesitate a little, to admit the weight of reasons from which the universal intellect of Christendom has always dissented, and at this moment dissents as firmly as ever, and to doubt whether the results of the system adopted in Scotland, have been so very splendid, as to authorize the tone of satisfied assurance, in which Scotchmen conceive themselves entitled to deride those who adhere to the older and more general style of discipline.

‘ It would be very useless to address to one, who has not given to the writers of antiquity some portion of such study as they deserve, any description of the chaste and delightful feelings with which the labours of such are rewarded—far more to demand his assent to conclusions derived from descriptions which he would not fail to treat as purely fantastical. The *incredulus odi* sort of disdain, with which several intelligent and well-educated men in this place have treated me, when I ventured in their presence to say a few words concerning that absurd kind of self-denial, abstinence, and *mortificatio spiritus*, which seems to be practised by the gentlemen of Scotland, in regard to this most rational and most enduring species of pleasures—the air of mingled scorn and pity with which they listened to me, and the condescending kind of

mock assent which they expressed in reply, have sufficiently convinced me that the countrymen of Dan. Hume are not over fond of taking any thing upon trust. The language of their looks being interpreted, is, "Yes—yes—it is all very well to speak about feelings and so forth; but is it not sad folly to waste so many years upon mere words?"—Of all the illogical, irrational sorts of delusion, with which ignorance ever came to the consolation of self-love, surely this is the most palpably absurd. The darkness of it may be *felt*—during the few short and hasty months in which the young gentlemen of Scotland go through the ceremonious quackery which they are pleased to call *learning Greek*, it is very true that they are occupied with mere words, and that, too, in the meanest sense of the phrase. They are seldom very sure whether any one word be a noun or a verb, and therefore, they are *occupied* about words. The few books, or fragments of books, which they read, are comprehended with a vast expense of labour, if they be comprehended at all—with continual recurrence to some wretched translation, English or Latin, or still more laborious recurrence to the unmanageable bulk and unreadable types of a Lexicon. It is no wonder, that they tell you all their time was spent upon *mere words*, and it would be a mighty wonder if the time so spent were recollected by them with any considerable feelings of kindliness. I must own, I am somewhat of my lord Byron's opinion concerning the absurdity of allowing boys to learn the ancient languages from books, the charm of which consists in any very delicate and evanescent beauties—any *curiosa felicitas* either of ideas or expressions. I also remember the time, when I complained to myself (to others I durst not) that I was occupied with mere words—and to this hour, I feel, as the noble Childe does, the miserable effects of that most painful kind of exercise, which with us is soon happily changed for something of a very different nature—but which here in Scotland gives birth to almost the only idea connected with the phrase *studying Greek*.

'But that a people so fond of the exercise of reason as the Scotch, should really think and speak as if it were possible for those who spend many years in the study of the classics, to be all the while occupied about mere words, this, I confess, is a thing that strikes me as being what Mr. Coleridge would call, "One of the voonders above voonders."—How can the thing be done? It is not in the power of the greatest index-making or bibliographical genius in the world to do so, were he to make the endeavour with all the zeal of his vocation. It is not possible, in the first place, to acquire any knowledge of the mere words—the vocables—of any ancient language, without reading very largely in the books which remain to us out of the ruins of its literature. Rich above all example as the literature of Greece once was, and rich as the pure literature of Greece is even at this moment, when compared with that of the Romans, it so happens that all the classical Greek works in the

world occupy but a trifling space in any man's library; and were it possible to read philosophers and historians as quickly as novelists or tourists, they might all be read through in no very alarming space of time by any circulating-library glutton who might please to attack them. Without reading, and being familiar with the whole of these books, or at least without doing something little short of this, it is absolutely impossible for any man to acquire even a good verbal knowledge of Greek. Now, that any man should make himself familiar with these books, without at the same time forming some pretty tolerable acquaintance with the subjects of which they treat—not even a Scotsman, I think, will venture to assert. And that any man can make himself acquainted with these books (in this sense of the phrase,) without having learned something that is worthy of being known—over and above the words submitted to his eyes in their pages—I am quite sure, no person of tolerable education in Christendom will assert, unless he be a Scotchman.

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‘ A person whose eyes had been accustomed only to such places as the schools of Oxford, or Sir Christopher Pegge's lecture-room, would certainly be very much struck with the *prima facie* mean condition of the majority of the students assembled at the prælections of these Edinburgh professors. Here and there one sees some small scattered remnant of the great flock of Dandies, trying to keep each other's high collars and stays in countenance, in a corner of the class-room; but these only heighten, by the contrast of their presence, the general effect of the slovenly and dirty mass which on every side surrounds them with its contaminating atmosphere; and upon the whole, nothing can be more distinct and visible, than that the greater part of the company are persons whose situation in life, had they been born in England, must have left them no chance of being able to share the advantages of our academical education.

‘ I could not help taking notice of this circumstance the other day to my friend W——; who not only admitted the justice of my observation, but went on to utter his comments on the fact I had observed, in a tone of opinion and sentiment, for which, I must confess, my own private reflections had by no means prepared me. So far from proceeding, as I had supposed every Scotchman in like circumstances would do, to point out the advantages which might be expected to arise, and which, in Scotland itself, had already, in fact, arisen, out of a so liberal and extensive diffusion of the higher species of education, my friend seemed to have no hesitation in condemning the whole system as being not friendly, but eminently hostile, to the true interests both of science in general, and of his country.

‘ Without at all understanding him in the literal sense of his words, I think it is possible that the result of his reflections may

have really led him to doubt, whether the system which takes in so much may not be somewhat weakened and debased through the very extension of its surface. I can easily believe that he may be a little doubtful whether the obvious and distinct advantages which must spring out of such a system, may not be counterbalanced, upon the whole, by the disadvantages which I should suppose must be equally inseparable from the mode of carrying it into practical effect; in other words, whether the result of good may not be less considerable in the great issue than that of evil, both to the individuals themselves, and to the community, of whose general character so much must directly and indirectly be dependent upon theirs. For myself, I say even so much with great hesitation, concerning a subject of which I cannot imagine myself to have had time or opportunity for any adequate examination; and of which, even had I possessed more of time and opportunity than I have done, I am still suspicious that my own early prejudices might render it impossible I should form a fair and impartial judgment.

‘ The expenses of university education, in the first place, amount in Scotland to no more than a very inconsiderable fraction of what they are in England. With us, we all know, a father of a family seldom thinks of sending his son to college, unless he can afford to give him an allowance of some 300*l.* per annum, or thereabouts. It is, no doubt, quite possible, to have apartments in a college, to attend prayers in chapel, and eat commons in hall, and to arrive, after four years residence, at the style and dignity of a Bachelor of Arts, without having disposal of so large an income. But, taking young men as they are, and as they always have been, it is needless to expect, that any one of them will easily submit to lie under any broad and distinct mark of inferiority to his fellows; and therefore it is, that we in common parlance speak of it as being impossible to live at Oxford or Cambridge, on less expensive terms than those I have mentioned. So long as our church retains her privileges and possessions, (which, thank God, I see no likelihood of her losing,) the benefices she has in her gift will always be enough to create a regular demand for a very large number of graduates born in the higher classes of society—so large a number, indeed, that even they alone would be able to give the *tone* in any university, and any college in England. And while this is so, young men of generous dispositions, who cannot afford to keep up with the *tone* thus given, would much rather be excused from entering upon a course of life, which must bring their incapacity of doing so continually before the eyes of other people, and of themselves. It would take a long time, moreover, to satisfy the great majority of English fathers of families, even in the more elevated walks of society, that a university education is a matter of so very great importance as to warrant them in running the risk of injuring the feelings and comfort of their children, by compelling them to submit to residing in college on inadequate

means. I believe it is well, that, in England, character is generally regarded as a far more important thing than mere intellect: and I consider the aversion I have just described, as one very honourable manifestation of this way of thinking.

‘ In Scotland, feelings of an equally honourable kind have led to a very opposite way of thinking and acting. The poverty of the colleges themselves, or at least of most of them, has prevented the adoption of any such regular and formal style of academical existence, as that which prevails in other countries, and most of all in our own. Instead of being possessed of large and ancient landed estates, and extensive rights of patronage in the church, and elsewhere, and so of forming in itself a very great and formidable corporate body in the state, as the university of Oxford or Cambridge does with us; the university of Edinburgh, for example, is a very recent and contracted institution, which possesses scarcely any property or patronage of any kind beyond the money paid annually in fees by pupils to their professors, and the necessary influence which the high character of some of these individual professors must at times give to their favour and recommendation. The want of public or corporate splendor has taken away all occasion or pretence for large expenditure in private among the members of the university; and both the corporation, and the individuals, have long since learned to consider their honour as not in the least degree affected by the absence of all those external “shows and forms,” which, with us, long habit has rendered such essential parts of every academical exercise and prospect. The barriers which prevent English parents and English sons from thinking of academical education, are thus entirely removed. Any young man who can afford to wear a decent coat, and live in a garret upon porridge or herrings, may, if he pleases, come to Edinburgh, and pass through his academical career, just as creditably as is required or expected. I am assured, that the great majority of the students here, have seldom more than 30*l.* or 40*l.* per annum, and that very many most respectable students contrive to do with little more than half so much money.

‘ Whatever may be thought of the results of this plan, there is no possibility that any man of good feeling should refuse his warmest admiration to the zeal both of the children and the parents by whose exertions it is carried into effect. The author of the Scotch novels has several times alluded, in a very moving way, to the hardships to which a poor man’s family in Scotland will submit, for the sake of affording to one of its members even those scanty means which a Scottish university education demands. You must remember the touches of pathos which he has thrown over the otherwise ludicrous enough exertions made in this way by the parents of the redoubtable Dominie Sampson; and those of Reuben Butler, in the last *Tales of my Landlord*, are represented in much the same kind. I have seen a little book of *Memoirs*, lately writ-

ten, and very well written, by a soldier of the 71st regiment, in which there occurs a still more affecting, because a real picture, of circumstances exactly similar. I question whether there can be imagined a finer display of the quiet heroism of affection and principle, than is afforded in the long and resolute struggle which the poor parents maintain—the pinching penury and self-denial to which they voluntarily submit, in order that their child may be enabled to procure advantages of which themselves are destitute, and which, when obtained, cannot fail to give him thoughts and ideas such as must, in spite of nature, draw some line of separation between him and them. There cannot be a nobler instance of the neglect of self—a more striking exemplification of the sublimity of the affections. Nor can the conduct of the son himself be regarded as much less admirable. The solitary and secluded life to which he devotes so many youthful years—the hard battle which he, too, must maintain against poverty, without any near voice of love to whisper courage into his bosom—the grief which he must feel when compelled to ask that which he well knows will be freely, but which, he too much fears, will be painfully given;—all these sorrows of poverty, united with those many sorrows and depressions which the merely intellectual part of a young student's existence must always be sufficient to create—the doubts and fears which must at times overcloud and darken the brightest intellect that ever expanded before the influence of exertion—the watching and tossing of over-excitement—the self-reproach of langor—the tightening of the heart-strings—and the blank wanderings of the brain—these things are enough to complete the gloomy foreground of a picture which would indeed require radiance in the distance to give it any measure of captivation. And yet these things are not more, unless books and men alike deceive us, than are actually operating at this moment in the persons of a very great proportion of the young men whom I have seen at work in the class-rooms of B—— and P——.*

Next to this serious dissertation,—we take up a view of an Edinburgh *tea-party*, or 'rout.'

'I was ushered into a room decently crowded with very well-drest people, and not having any suspicion that much amusement was likely to be had, I privately intended to make my bow to Mrs.——, and retire as soon as possible—for I had left a very snug party over their claret at my friend W——'s, and certainly thought I could spend the rest of the evening more agreeably with them, than at any such rout as I had yet met with in Edinburgh. I had not been long in the room, however, when I heard Mr. J——† announced, and as I had not seen him for some time, I resolved to stay, and, if possible, enjoy a little of his conversation in some corner. When he entered, I confess I was a good deal

* Playfair.

† Jeffrey.

struck with the different figure he made from what I had seen at C——g C——k. Instead of the slovenly set-out which he then sported—the green jacket, black neckcloth, and gray pantaloons—I have seldom seen a man more nice in his exterior than Mr. J—— now seemed to be. His little person looked very neat in the way he had now adorned it. He had a very well-cut blue coat—evidently not after the design of any Edinburgh artist—light ker-seymere breeches, and ribbed silk stockings—a pair of elegant buckles—white kid gloves, and a tri-color watch-ribbon. He held his hat under his arm in a very *degagée* manner—and altogether he was certainly one of the last men in the assembly, whom a stranger would have guessed to be either a great lawyer or a great reviewer. In short, he was more of a Dandy than any great author I ever saw—always excepting Tom Moore and David Williams.

‘Immediately after him, Dr. B—— came into the room, equipped in an equally fashionable, though not quite so splendid manner, and smiling on all around with the same mild, gentle air, which I had observed on his entrance to his lecture-room. Close upon his heels followed professor L——,* with a large moss-rose in his bosom. The professor made his obeisance to one or two ladies that stood near him, and then fixing himself close by the fire place, assumed an aspect of blank abstraction, which lasted for many minutes without the least alteration. The expression of his massy features and large gray eyes, rolling about while he stood in this attitude, was so solemn, that nothing could have formed a more amusing contrast to the light and smiling physiognomies of the less contemplative persons around him. I saw that Mr. J—— was eyeing him all the while with a very quizzical air, and indeed heard him whisper something about *heat*, to lady——, with whom he was conversing, which I fear could have been nothing more innocent than some sarcasm against the ruminating philosopher. For my part, I now perceived plainly, that I was in a rout of no ordinary character, and, rubbing my spectacles, prepared to make the best use of my time.

‘While I was studying very attentively the fine hemispherical development of the organ of causality, in the superior part of Mr. L——’s head, I heard the name of the earl of B——,† travelling up the stair-case, from the mouth of one lackey to that of another, and looked round with some curiosity to see the brother of the celebrated chancellor E——.‡ His lordship came into the room with a quick and hurried step, which one would not have expected from the venerable appearance of his white hairs—the finest white hairs, by the way, I ever saw, and curling in beautiful ringlets all down his shoulders. I could easily trace a strong family resemblance to his brother, although the earl has much the

* Leslie.

† Buchan.

‡ Erskine.

advantage, in so far as mere beauty of lineament is concerned. I do not remember to have seen a more exquisite old head, and think it is no wonder that so many portraits have been painted of him by the artists of Edinburgh. The features are all perfect; but the greatest beauty is in his clear blue eyes, which are chased in his head in a way that might teach something to the best sculptor in the world. Neither is there any want of expression in these fine features; although, indeed, they are very far from conveying any thing like the same ideas of power and penetration, which fall from the overhanging shaggy eye-brows of his brother. The person of the old earl is also very good; his legs, in particular, are well shaped, and wonderfully muscular in their appearance, considering their length of service.

‘He ran up immediately to professor L——, with whom he seemed to be on terms of infinite familiarity, and began to talk about the new plan for a grand national monument in Scotland, in honour of the conclusion of the late war. “My dear professor,” said he, “you must really subscribe—your name, you know, merely your name. As the duke of Sussex says to myself, in a letter I received from his royal highness only this morning, upon this very subject—lady B——’s nephew is aide-de-camp to his royal highness, and he is particularly kind and attentive on my account—His royal highness says, he has just taken the liberty (he does me too much honour,) to put me down as one of the committee. My dear lord B——, are his royal highness’s words, we positively can’t go on without you—you must give us your name—Now do, professor, do give us your name.” And then, without looking or waiting for the worthy professor’s reply, his lordship passed across the room to Mr. J——, and seizing him by the button, and whispering close into his ear, began making the very same request (for I could catch the words “duke of Sussex,”) in, I doubt not, the same phrase. But he stopped not for the reply of Mr. J—— any more than for that of professor L——; and after looking round the room for a single moment, he vanished through a folding-door into an inner apartment, where, from some preparatory screams of a violin that reached my ear, I had no doubt there was about to be an interlude of concert, to break the intense seriousness of thought, supposed to be inseparable from the keen intellectual collisions of a *conversazione*.

‘On looking into the room which had just received lord B——, I observed him take his place among a row of musical cognoscenti, male and female, who already occupied a set of chairs disposed formally all around the centre of enchantment. By and bye, a young lady began thumping on the piano-forte; and I guessed, from the exquisite accompaniment of Mr. Yaniewicz, that it was her design to treat us with some of the beautiful airs in the *don Giovanni* of Mozart. Nothing, however, could be more utterly distressing, than the mode in which the whole of her performance

murdered that divine masterpiece, unless, indeed, it might be the nauseous sing-song of compliments, which the ignorance or the politeness of the audience thundered out upon its conclusion.

‘After this blessed consummation had restored to us the free use of our limbs and tongues, (I say free—for in spite of nods, and whispers of rebuke, administered by some of the dowagers, our silence had never been much more complete than the music merited,) I joined a small party, which had gradually clustered around Mr. J——, and soon found that the redoubtable critic had been so unfortunate as to fall into an ambush laid to entrap him by a skilful party of bluestocking *tirailleures*. There he was pinioned up against the wall, and listening with a greater expression of misery than I should have supposed to be compatible with his Pocomurante disposition to the hints of one, the remarks of another, the suggestion of a third, the rebuke of a fourth, the dissertation of a fifth, and last, not least, in this cruel catalogue of inflictions, to the question of a sixth. “Well now, Mr. J——, don’t you agree with me, in being decidedly of opinion, that Mr. S—— is the true author of the Tales of my Landlord? O Lord!—they’re so like Mr. S——, some of the stories—one could almost believe one heard him telling them. Could not you do the same, Mr. J——?”—The shrug of ineffable derision which Mr. J—— vainly endeavoured to keep down, in making some inaudible reply of two syllables to this, did not a whit dismay another, who forthwith began to ply him with query upon query, about the conduct of lord B——, in deserting his wife—and whether or not, he (Mr. J——,) considered it likely, that lord B—— had had himself, (lord B——,) in his eye, in drawing the character of the Corsair—“and oh, now Mr. J——, don’t you think Gulnare so romantic a name? I wish I had been christened Gulnare. Can people change their names, Mr. J——, without an estate?”—“Why, yes, Ma’am,” replied the critic—after a most malicious pause, “by being married.”—* * * * “Mr. J——,” exclaimed a fierce-looking damsel with a mop head—“I insist upon hearing if you have read Peter Bell—will you ever be convinced? Shall I ever be able to persuade you? Can you deny the beauty of the white sapling—“as white as cream?” Can you be blind to the pathetic incident of the poor ass kneeling under the blows of the cruel, hard-hearted, odious Peter? Can you be blind to the charm of the boat?”’

“Why—oh—the laker has made a good deal of his tub—*“Twin sister to the Crescent-Moon.”*’

“Ah! naughty man, you are incorrigible—I’ll go speak to Mr. W——n*.”’

‘I looked round, and saw Mr. W——n. He had a little book of fishing-flies in his hand, and was loudly and sonorously explaining the beauty of a bit of grizzled hackle on the wings of one of

them to Mr. M——.* My venerable friend seemed to be listening with the deepest interest to what he said, but the young lady broke in upon their conversation with the utmost intrepidity. I could just hear enough of what passed, to be satisfied, that the brother poet made as light of the matter as the adverse critic. I suspect, that from the cruelty of Peter Bell's bludgeon, she made a transition to the cruelty of killing poor innocent trouts; but before that subject had time to be adequately discussed, supper was announced, and I descended close behind Mr. J——, who had a lady upon each arm, one all the way down discussing the bank restriction bill, and the other displaying equal eloquence in praise of "that delightful—that luminous article in the last number upon the Corn Laws." "

The sketches of the principal men at the bar, was given in this Journal, some time since, from Blackwood's Magazine, where it had appeared by anticipation; we pass it over, therefore, and find the following traits of the judges of the court of session.

' There would be no end of it, were I to begin telling you anecdotes about lord Hermand. I hear a new one every day; for he alone furnishes half the materials of conversation to the young groups of stove-school wits, of which I have already said a word or two in describing the Outer-House. There is one, however, which I must venture upon. When Guy Mannering came out, the judge was so much delighted with the picture of the life of the old Scottish lawyers in that most charming novel, that he could talk of nothing else but Pleydell, Dandie, and the High Jinks, for many weeks. He usually carried one volume of the book about with him, and one morning, on the bench, his love for it so completely got the better of him, that he lugged in the subject, head and shoulders, into the midst of a speech about some most dry point of law—nay, getting warmer every moment he spoke of it, he at last fairly plucked the volume from his pocket, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of all his brethren, insisted upon reading aloud the whole passage for their edification. He went through the task with his wonted vivacity; gave great effect to every speech, and most appropriate expression to every joke; and when it was done, I suppose the court would have no difficulty in confessing that they had very seldom been so well entertained. During the whole scene, Mr. W. S——† was present, seated, indeed, in his official capacity, close under the judge.

' Like almost all the old Scottish lawyers, lord Hermand is no less keen in farming than in law, and in the enjoyment of good company. Formerly it was looked upon as quite inconsistent with the proper character of an advocate, to say nothing of a judge, to want some piece of land, the superintendence of the cultivation of which, might afford an agreeable, no less than profitable relaxa-

* Mc'Kenzie.

† Walter Scott.

tion, from the toils of the profession. In those days, it was understood that every lawyer spent the Saturday and Sunday of every week in the milder part of the year, not in Edinburgh, but at his farm, or villa,—and the way they went about this was sufficiently characteristic. In order that no time might be lost in town after the business of the court on Saturday, the lawyers had established themselves in the privilege of going to the parliament-house, on that morning, in a style of dress, which must have afforded a most picturesque contrast to the strictly legal costume of full-dress black suits, in which, at that time, they made their appearance there on the other mornings of the week. They retained their gowns and wigs, but every other part of their equipment was in the very extreme of opposition to the usual integuments worn in company with these—riding-coats of all the splendid hues, not then as now, abandoned to livery-servants, bright mazarine blue, pea-green, drummer's yellow, &c. &c., but always buckskin breeches, and top-boots and spurs. The steeds to be forthwith mounted by these embryo cavaliers, were meantime drawn up in regular lines or circles, under the direction of serving-men and cadies in the parliament-close; and no sooner did the judges leave the bench, than the whole squadron got rid of their incumbrances, and were off in a twinkling—some to their own estates—others to the estates of their friends—but every one to some place or other out of Edinburgh. Although all this parade has long since dropt into disuse and oblivion, the passion for farming has by no means deserted its hold of the Scotch lawyers. Among many others, as I have said, lord Hermand keeps up the old spirit with infinite zeal. It is not now in the power of professional people to leave Edinburgh at the end of every week; but the moment any session of the court is over, and a few weeks of intermission are put in his power, he quits the city on the instant, and buries himself among his woods, and corn-fields, and cattle, till necessity compels him once more to exchange these for the “*pulvis, strepitusque Romæ.*” Even in the city, there is in his dress and gait, a great deal that marks his lordship's rural attachments and habits. His stockings are always of the true farmer's sort, with broad stripes alternately of black and white worsted—and his shoes are evidently intended for harder work than pacing the smooth granite of the streets of Edinburgh. I confess that my eye lingers with very singular delight, even upon these little traits in the appearance of one, that may well be considered, and therefore cannot fail to be honoured, as the last representative of so fine a class.'

The Edinburgh Review has seldom been more severely, never more justly handled. The extracts subjoined, will be found, by all that have observed the rise and the decline of that powerful and mischievous Journal, to contain a faithful picture.

‘It is a very easy thing to deny, that the doctrines of religious scepticism have been ever openly and broadly promulgated in the

pages of the Edinburgh Review; but I think no candid person can entertain the slightest doubt, that the tendency of the whole work has been uniformly and essentially infidel. Unless it had been so, it must have been continually at variance with itself—it must have been but one string of discords from beginning to end. The whole tone of the jeering, sarcastic criticisms, with which it has been accustomed to salute the works of the more meditative and Christian authors of the time, would be enough to reveal to us the true purpose it has in view, even although it had never contained a single word expressly and distinctly bearing upon the subject of religion. The truth is, moreover, that, in the present state of the world, all Christians are well entitled to say, “they that are not with us are against us;” and the coldness and silence of the Edinburgh Reviewers, would have been enough to satisfy any good Christian what their tenets are, even although they had never broken upon their general rule of coldness and silence, by one single audacious whisper of mockery. The negative would have been enough without the positive side of the proof; but alas! those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, can have little difficulty in acknowledging, that the Edinburgh Reviewers have furnished their adversaries abundantly with both.

‘The system of political opinions, inculcated in the Edinburgh Review, is, in like manner, as I honestly think, admirably fitted to go hand in hand with a system of scepticism; but entirely irreconcilable with the notion of any fervent love and attachment for a religion, which is, above all other things, the religion of feeling. The politicians of this Review are men of great shrewdness and sagacity, and many of them are men of much honesty; but it is impossible to suppose for a moment, that they are men either of very high or of very beautiful feeling. The whole of their views, in regard to the most important series of political convulsions which modern times have ever witnessed, are at variance with deep or refined feeling—they appeal uniformly and unhesitatingly to ideas, which stand exactly in the opposite extremity from those which men inspired with such feelings would have inculcated upon such occasions. To submit to Bonaparte, for example, and to refuse aid to the young patriotism of Spain—these were advices which could only have been seriously pressed upon the consideration of such a nation as England, by men who had banished from their own minds a very great part of that reverence for *feeling*, (as abstracted from mere questions of immediate and obvious utility,) in the strength and nourishment of which the true old character of England, and of English politicians, grew. In a word, it is sufficiently manifest, that whatever faults the system of these Reviewers may have had, or may still have, it has at least the merit of being a system uniform and consistent in itself. To destroy in men’s minds the lingering vestiges of love for a religion which is hated by self-love, because its mysteries baffle and c

found the scrutiny of the self-complacent—to reduce the high feeling of patriotism to a principle of arithmetical calculation of utility—and to counteract, by a continued series of sarcastic and merry antidotes, the impression likely to be produced by works appealing to the graver and more mysterious feelings of the human heart—these are purposes which I would by no means say the leaders of this celebrated Journal ever contemplated calmly and leisurely, as the prime objects of their endeavours—but they are purposes which have been all alike firmly, although some of them, perhaps, unconsciously pursued by them; and, indeed, to speak the plain truth of the whole matter, no one of which could have been firmly or effectually pursued, with being pursued in conjunction with the others. “A house divided against itself cannot stand.”

* * * * *

‘ In regard to literature, I think the success of the Edinburgh Review has been far more triumphant than in any other department of its exertions. Here it had to encounter fewer obstacles in the previous character and habits of the Scotch people; for the influence of the sceptical philosophy, introduced by the great men of the last age, had very much removed all feelings of intense admiration for any works besides their own, from among almost the only class of people who in Scotland are much interested about such subjects. The Scotch education, too, as you have already seen in part, is not such as to oppose any very formidable barrier of repugnant feelings against the encroachment of the spirit of degrading mockery. Ignorant, in a great measure, of the mighty spirits of antiquity, the Scotch student wants, in truth, the most powerful of all those feelings, which teach and prepare other men to regard, with an eye of humility, as well as of admiration, those who, in their own time, seem to revive the greatness of the departed, and vindicate once more, the innate greatness of our nature. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing to meet with men, calling themselves classical scholars, who seem to think it a part of their character as such, to undervalue, on all occasions, the exertions of contemporary genius. But these are only your empty race of solemn pretenders, who read particular books, only because few other people read them—and who, unable themselves to produce any thing worthy of the attention of their own age, are glad to shelter their imbecility under the shadow of over-strained exclusive reverence for ages that have gone by. It is not necessary to suppose, that liberal and enlightened scholarship has any thing in common with these reverend Tom Foliots. The just and genuine effect of intimate acquaintance with the great authors of antiquity, is to make men love and reverence the great authors of their own time—the intellectual kinsmen and heirs of those whom they have so been wont to worship.

‘ It is, indeed, a very deplorable thing to observe, in what an absurd state of ignorance the majority of educated people in Scotland have been persuaded to keep themselves, concerning much of the best and truest literature of their own age, as well as of the ages that have gone by. Among the whigs in Edinburgh, above all, a stranger from the south is every day thunderstruck by some new mark of total and inconceivable ignorance concerning men and things, which, to every man of education with whom he has conversed in any other town of Britain, are “familiar as household words.” The degree to which the intellectual subjection of these people have been carried, is a thing of which I am quite sure you cannot possibly have the smallest suspicion. The Edinburgh Reviewers have not checked or impeded only the influence of particular authors among their countrymen; they have entirely prevented them from ever coming beyond the Tweed. They have willed them to be unknown, absolutely and literally unknown, and so are they at this moment.

* * * * *

‘ The spirit of this facetious and rejoicing ignorance, has become so habitual to the Scotchmen of the present day, that even they who have thrown off all allegiance to the Edinburgh Review, cannot divest themselves of its influence. There is no work which has done so much to weaken the authority of the Edinburgh Review, in such matters, as Blackwood's Magazine; and yet I saw an article in that work the other day, in which it seemed to be made matter of congratulatory reflection, that “if Mr. Coleridge should make his appearance suddenly among any company of well educated people on this side the Tweed, he would meet with some little difficulty in making them comprehend who he was.”—What a fine idea for a Scottish critic to hug himself upon! How great is the blessing of a contented disposition!

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‘ The *prestige* of the Edinburgh Review has now, most undoubtedly, vanished even here; but there still remains a shadow of it sufficient to invest its old conductors with a kind of authority over the minds of those, who once were disposed to consider them as infallible judges, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*; and then the high eminence of some of these gentlemen in their profession of the law, gives them another kind of hold upon the great body of persons following that profession, which is every thing in Edinburgh; because the influence of those who follow it is not neutralized to any considerable extent, by the presence of any great aristocracy, or of any great intellectual cultivation out of themselves. The Scotch are a people of talkers; and among such people, it is wonderful how far the influence of any one person may be carried around and below him, by mere second—third—and fourth-hand babbling, all derived from one trivial source. I am not, however, of opinion, that this kind of work will go on much longer. Jeff-

rey has evidently got sick of the Review—and, indeed, when I look back to what he has done, and compare that with what he might have done, I think this is no wonder; Brougham has enough to do in parliament—that is to say, he gives himself enough to do; and even there, you well know what a charlatan kind of reputation he has—Horner is dead—Walter Scott has long since left them.—The Review is now a very sensible, plain sort of book; in its best parts, certainly not rising above the British Review—and in its inferior parts, there is often a display of calm drivelling, much beyond what the British Review itself would admit. And then there is no point—no wit—no joke—no spirit, nothing of the glee of young existence about it. It is a very dull book, more proper to read between sleeping and waking, among old, sober, cautious tradesmen, than to give any spring to the fancy or reason of the young, the active, and the intelligent. The secret will out ere long—viz. That the Edinburgh Reviewers have not been able to get any effectual recruits among the young people about them. There is no infusion of fresh blood in the veins of the Review. When one visits Edinburgh, where one cannot stir a step without stumbling over troops of confident, comfortable, glib, smart young whigs, one is at a loss to understand the meaning of this dearth. One would suppose, that every ball-room and tavern overflowed with gay Edinburgh Reviewers. One hears a perpetual buzz about Jeffrey, Brougham, *the Review*, &c. &c., and would never doubt, that prime articles were undergoing the process of concoction in every corner. But, alas! the fact is, that the young Edinburgh whigs are a set of very stupid fellows, and the Review must wait long enough, if it is never to be resuscitated but by them.

‘They are really a very disagreeable set of pretenders—I mean those of them that do make any pretensions at all to literary character. They are very ill educated in general; they have no classical learning; few of them can construe two lines of any Latin poet; and as for Greek, they scarcely know which end of the book should be held to their noses. They have never studied any philosophy of any kind—unless attending a course of lectures on metaphysics, delivered by a man far too ingenious to be comprehended for above five sentences at a time, by persons of their acquirements and capacity, can be called studying philosophy. They know sometimes a little about chemistry and geology, to be sure; but these are studies in which the proficiency of mere amateurs, can never be any great matter. They know a very little of English history and politics—enough to enable them to spin out a few half-hours of *blarney*, in their debating societies. But, upon the whole, it may safely be asserted, that all they know, worthy of being known, upon any subject of general literature, politics or philosophy, is derived from the Edinburgh Review itself; and as they cannot do the Review any great service by giving it back its own materials, I conceive that this work is just in the act of falling a sacrifice to

habits of superficial acquirement, and contented ignorance, which it was short-sighted enough to encourage, if not to create, in order to serve its own temporary purposes among the rising generation of Scotland.

‘One would imagine, however that these young whigs might have begun, long ere this time, to suspect somewhat of their own situation. They must be quite aware, that they have never written a single page in the *Edinburgh Review*, or that, if they have so, their pages were uniformly looked upon as the mere lumber of the book; contrasting too, their own unproductive petulence, with the laborious and fruitful early years of those whom they worship, and in whose walk they would fain be supposed to be following—it is difficult to understand how they happen to keep themselves so free from the qualms of conscious imbecility. Perhaps, after all, they are *au fond* less conceited than they appear to be; but certainly, to judge from externals, there never was a more self-satisfied crew of young ignoramus. After being let a little into their real character and attainments, I cannot say but that I derived a considerable degree of amusement from the contemplation of their manners. As for their talk, it is such utter drivelling, the moment they leave their text-books, (the moment they give over quoting,) that I must own I found no great entertainment in it. It is a pity to see a fine country, like Scotland, a country so rich in recollections of glorious antiquity, so rich in the monuments of genius, at this moment adorned with not a few full-grown living trees of immortal fruit—it is a pity to see such a country so devoid of promise for the future harvest. It is a pity to see her soil wasting on the nurture of this unproductive pestilential underwood, juices which, under better direction, might give breadth to the oak, and elevation to the pine.’

ART. XI.—*Mazeppa and Don Juan.*

THESE two poems, so confidently attributed to the pen of lord Byron, have attracted much less attention in this country than in Great Britain. They have, indeed, been republished here, and have found numerous readers, as will ever be the case with any production of that bard, whose earlier inspirations excited among us such enthusiastic applause. But ‘*Mazeppa*’ was speedily dismissed with indifference from public attention, and *Don Juan* survives in our minds, chiefly by means of the strong disapprobation which its indelicacy and impiety incurred. It is, indeed, a circumstance most auspicious to the cause of our national literature, and creditable to our national taste, that, although our reading public, endure much of the insipidity with which our literary caterers on the other side of the Atlantic supply us, and re-print many of the dullest and most evanescent novelties of the British press; yet the true character of such works is soon discovered, and

they quickly sink into deserved insignificance—while none but volumes of genuine, sterling merit, attain to the distinction of a second edition; and neither the charms of wit, nor the celebrity of a favourite author, can recommend works of impure or immoral sentiment to any degree of lasting esteem. Thus the spell of lord Byron's name could not make the *Vampire* tolerable, nor *Mazeppa* popular, nor obtain forgiveness for the offensiveness of *Don Juan*.

It is curious, therefore, to observe the contradictory observations of the British critics upon the two last.—We subjoin an epitome of some of them.

1. *The London Literary Gazette*, after expressing a decided opinion that lord Byron is the author of *Don Juan*, calls that poem 'this witty, if a little licentious, and delightful, if not very moral, production;' and concludes the review, which comprehends copious *excerpta*, both of the most exceptionable and the most innocent passages, with declaring, 'though we cannot approve of every part, we have been much delighted with the whole.'

2. *The Electric Review*, calls *Don Juan*, 'poetry which it is impossible to read without admiration; yet, which it is equally impossible to admire, without losing some degree of self-respect; such as no brother could read aloud to his sister, no husband to his wife; poetry, in which the deliberate purpose of the author is to corrupt, by inflaming the mind, to seduce to the love of evil, which he has himself chosen as his good,' &c.

'The poet's pathos,' it is afterwards said, 'is but the sentimentalism of the drunkard between his cups, or the relenting softness of the courtesan, who, the next moment, resumes the bad boldness of her degraded character. With such a man, who would wish either to laugh or to weep? And yet, who that reads him can refrain alternately from either.'

Of *Mazeppa*, it is only remarked, 'that it is less vigorously written than most of his lordship's productions, and at the commencement, very slowly gains upon the reader's interest. It may, however, be read without much offence, and it will amply repay perusal.'

3. *The Monthly Review Enlarged*, commences like the rest, with a page or two of abstract speculation on *poetry* in general, quite as applicable to any other poet, or any other poems; and finally, coming down to the subject, observes—'the story of *Mazeppa* possesses the novelty of a lively vein, introduced into the octo-syllabic measure, which was before sacred to the author's *dreadful* heroes, but it is certainly not one of his happiest efforts, although it contains some good description of *Siberian* scenery.'

'As the basis of this narrative, viz. a love-intrigue, is in conformity with lord Byron's favourite contemplations, so the horrors of the result are congenial to the general nature of his pictures. Something new, however, is certainly presented in this incident, together with the descriptions and feelings to which it gives rise;

and in these particulars, the poem has its chief, and perhaps its only merit.'

Don Juan is called 'a poem which has also such demerits, that neither his lordship, nor his usual publisher, has chosen to acknowledge it: but which, if originality and variety be the surest test of genius, has certainly the highest title to it; and which, we think, would have puzzled Aristotle with all his strength of poetics to explain, have animated Longinus with some of its passages, have delighted Aristophanes, and have choked Anacreon with joy, instead of with a grape. We might almost imagine that the ambition had seized the author to please and to displease the world at the same time; but we can scarcely think that he deserves the fate of the old man and his son and the ass, in the fable, or that he will please nobody, how strongly soever we may condemn the more than poetic license of his muse. He has here exhibited that wonderful versatility of style and thought, which appear almost incompatible within the scope of a single subject; and the familiar and the sentimental, the witty and the sublime, the sarcastic and the pathetic, the gloomy and the droll, are all touched with so happy an art, and mingled together with such a power of union, yet such a discrimination of style, that a perusal of the poem appears more like a pleasing and ludicrous dream, than the sober feeling of reality. It is certainly one of the strangest, though not the best of dreams; and it is much to be wished that the author, before he lay down to sleep had invoked, like Shakspeare's Lysander, some good angel to protect him against the *wicked* spirit of slumbers. We hope, however, that his readers have learnt to admire his genius without being in danger from its influence; and we must not be surprised if a poet *will* not always write to instruct as well as to please us. Still we must explicitly condemn and reprobate various passages and expressions in the poem, which we shall not insult the understanding, the taste, or the feeling of our readers by pointing out; endeavouring rather, like artful chemists, to extract an essence from the mass, which, resembling the honey from poisonous flowers, may yet be sweet and pure.'

In conclusion. 'Voluptuous, then, as is his delineation of the delight which the sex confer on us in this world, and powerful as are the varied attractions of his pen, it requires some exertion to withdraw ourselves from his spell, and to bestow merited censure on all the abuses which he commits, both as a painter and as a writer. We must, however, close his volume; and *again* we would remind him that these are not the deeds of which the recollection will enable him to say, on his death-bed, "*Nec me vixisse pœnitet, quoniam ita vixi ut me non frustrâ natum existimem.*"'

4. *The Gentleman's Magazine.* 'Italy, with all its charms of blue lakes and eternal sunshine, does not abound in poets, and it should seem as if other poets than its own, felt the influence of that land of silk and slavery. Lord Byron's vigorous and original

style has certainly received no obvious improvement since his residence on the shores of the Mediterranean, and his present poem forms no exception to the general rank of his Italian efforts. But he is a poetic genius; indolence may enfeeble his powers, as it does those of all men, but it cannot extinguish them; carelessness of fame, or contempt of criticism may debase his poetry by commonplace allusion, or negligent arrangement, but the true fire still burns, and if it be only exposed to the air for a moment, it flames out and vindicates its early brilliancy. Mazeppa is to us the least interesting of the noble bard's works.'

5. *The European Magazine*, speaking of Don Juan; 'It is a lively, witty, and amusing work; though the laxity of morals it betrays, and the occasional sneers at religion, detract considerably from its respectability. On the whole, however, we cannot highly compliment his lordship upon this addition to his works, nor conceive it at all calculated to increase that admiration of his talents his prior works have so justly obtained for him.

'In closing this hasty and imperfect notice, we must apologize to our readers for any incorrectness that may appear. Of the poem itself, we have only to say—that, notwithstanding its easy versification, and undoubted merit as to composition, it presents a pruriency of thought and language, that it would have been better to repress than indulge. Nothing is so easy as to give licentiousness an inviting aspect—and when genius, whose inspired strains should take a nobler range, condescends to revel in its bosom—however lofty it may be—however superior in the eyes of the world, it disgraces itself by prostituting the richest gift of God to man.'

6. *The Monthly Magazine*, (sir Richard Philips's.) 'A poem, of which two cantos have been published within the month, under the title of Don Juan, is considered to be from the pen of lord Byron; and it certainly indicates the powers of the same genius that produced Childe Harold and Beppo. Great, however, as its literary merits undoubtedly are, we fear that, in justice, its moral qualities must be rated very low. But lord Byron does not affect to be a moral writer; on the contrary, he seems to have a wish to be thought otherwise; and it is evident from all his works, that, to the delight which he himself takes in the exercise of his own impressive talents, we are chiefly indebted for the various effusions of his superb poetry. Don Juan is incomplete; the author intends to construct a large poem, and we have no doubt will produce, if he perseveres, one of the finest epics in a gay spirit, that has enriched any language. The story is founded on the adventures of the dramatic hero of the same name, and is managed with astonishing ease and libertine gayety. The flexibility of the English language was never exhibited so perfectly before; in pliability, it now appears equal to the cartilaginous suppleness of the Italian, and, in agility, turns all the skipping graces of the French into shrugs and dislocations.

‘ We have now to notice an acknowledged work of lord Byron, of a more serious character than *Don Juan*, *Mazeppa*, which is very like other works of this noble poet, and, in our opinion, not less original than the finest of them. The same intense thinking pervades it; the same igneous touches of a rapt and fiery spirit, sparkle and shine in every part; it is also marked with the same carelessness of moral consequences, provided moral emotion is excited; and it interests us in despite of the objection which *a priori* we perhaps might have made to the choice of the story. But it is the glory of lord Byron’s muse, to compel us to sympathize with a class of persons, with whom we should be ashamed to acknowledge any communion of mind; in contempt of all our pharasaical affectations of propriety and decorum, he lays hold of us as it were with a dreadful hand, and compelling us to look inward upon the secrets of our own hearts, shows one by one, shaking us with dread while he does so, the germs within ourselves of each of those libertine frailties on which he so delights to expatiate. The object of the poet seems to have been, to delineate that vivid impression which the casual observation of trivial things makes, in moments of high intellectual excitement, when our senses acquire a sort of instantaneous power of snatching images that are never, by any change of circumstances, afterwards removed from the memory. *Mazeppa*, for an intrigue with a lady, is tied naked on the back of a wild horse, which bears him furiously away to the desert; and, if all that is fine in the poem, is not contained in the description of this flight, all that original is; and it is, in our opinion, the most skilful and original composition of its kind in English poetry.’

7. *The British Review*. ‘ Of a poem (*Don Juan*,) so flagitious that no bookseller has been willing to take upon himself the publication, though most of them disgrace themselves by selling it, what can the critic say? His praise or censure ought to found itself on examples, produced from the work itself. For praise, as far as regards the poetry, many passages might be exhibited; for condemnation, as far as regards the morality, all; but none for either purpose can be produced, without insult to the ear of decency, and vexation to the heart that feels for domestic or national happiness.’

8. *Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine*. ‘ If lord Byron be capable of receiving any pleasure from the interest his contemporaries and countrymen take in him and his muse, the eagerness of the reception which this little tale has met with, must afford abundantly such gratification. In truth, the public admiration for this remarkable man, has been carried to such an extreme, that to suspect the possibility of a failure in any thing he attempts, is a thing altogether out of the question. Of our other great authors, even the greatest, are not exempted from the workings of the commonplace critical mania so entirely as lord Byron is. We doubt very much whether there ever was any popularity so extensive as his,

and at the same time founded on such deep principles, in the whole history of English poets.

‘Mazeppa is a very fine and spirited sketch of a very noble story, and is every way worthy of its author.’

9. *The British Critic*. ‘The cold reception of Mazeppa, must have given to lord Byron rather a broad intimation of his decline in the public favour. Monotonous and mouthing mediocrity is but ill adapted to sustain a character which owes its advancement to a brilliant, wild, but meretricious irregularity. In Mazeppa, the noble lord has travelled out of his usual latitude; his genius appears to have been chilled by the inclement air of the north, and even where it would rouse itself into exertion, it only the more betrays by a speedy relapse, the lethargy increasing upon it. If the poet be dull, the public will be indifferent; and lord Byron has at last discovered that the occasional brilliances of his former poems have not cast a protecting shield over the insignificance of his last.

‘If Don Juan be not a satire—what is it? A more perplexing question could not be put to the critical squad. Of the four hundred and odd stanzas which the two cantos contain, not a tittle could, even in the utmost latitude of interpretation, be dignified by the name of poetry. It has not wit enough to be comic; it has not spirit enough to make it lyric; nor is it didactic of any thing but mischief. The versification and morality are about upon a par; as far, therefore, as we are enabled to give it any character at all, we should pronounce it a narrative of degrading debauchery in dog-grel rhyme.’

ART. XII.—*Madame Beauharnois.—Napoleon's Marriage.*

[From *Les Souvenirs et Anecdotes Secretes pour servir a l'Histoire de la Revolution.*]

WHEN the *St. Helena Manuscript* was published in London, I received the two first copies that reached Paris. I kept one, and sent the other to general Barras. The next time I saw him, I observed that the *memoire* must certainly have been drawn up by Bonaparte himself; for I thought nobody else could possibly have written it; and many of my friends were of the same opinion. You mistake, replied the general; the work itself contains evident proof that it is not written by him. On two occasions, mention is made of my connection with Bonaparte with reference to facts indifferent in themselves, and which, consequently, he could have no interest in misrepresenting; and yet the most erroneous statements are made.

The first error, continued Barras, appears in page 10, where I am styled a *seaman* by Bonaparte, who knew very well that I was not a seaman, and that if I had been in India, it was as a military officer, commanding troops of the line, and not as an officer of the navy.

The second error, which is more detailed, and consequently more apparent, occurs in page 15, where the following lines are attributed to Napoleon:

‘ The affair of the sections (on the 13th Vendemiaire,) raised me to the rank of general of division, and I thus acquired a sort of celebrity. The successful party, being dissatisfied with the victory, I was detained in Paris against my inclination, for all my ambition was to appear in the field in my new rank.

‘ Thus I remained idle in Paris. I had no relations; I was totally ignorant of the forms of society, and I visited only at the house of Barras, where I was always kindly received. There, for the first time, I saw my wife, who had so great an influence over the events of my life, and whose memory will ever be dear to me.

‘ I was not insensible to female charms, though I was naturally timid in the company of women. Madame de Beauharnois was the first who inspired me with confidence; one day when I chanced to be sitting near her, she paid me many flattering compliments on my military talent. I was delighted with her praises—I followed her wherever she went; in short, I fell passionately in love with her, and our friends remarked it long before I had courage to tell her so.

‘ At length Barras spoke to me on the subject. I had no reason to disguise my sentiments. Well, said he, since it is so, you must marry Madame de Beauharnois. You have military rank and talents that may be turned to advantage; but you are solitary, without fortune, without connection. You must marry, that will give weight to your character. Madame de Beauharnois is agreeable and intelligent, but she is a widow; and the state of widowhood is nothing now-a-days. Women no longer play a high part in public affairs, they must marry to acquire consequence. You have talent which will distinguish you in the world; Madame de Beauharnois likes you;—will you entrust me with the negociation?

‘ I awaited the answer with the utmost anxiety; it proved favourable. Madame de Beauharnois granted me her hand; and, if in the course of my life I ever enjoyed happiness, I owe it entirely to her.’

Thus, continued Barras, Bonaparte transforms me into the negociator of his marriage; but it is all a fabrication. He certainly saw Madame de Beauharnois, for the first time at my house, and as it is stated, there fell in love with her, and formed the plan of his marriage; the *denouement*, however, was nearly brought about before I had the least knowledge of the affair; and it was not until the eve of his marriage, that Bonaparte came to inform me of it, and to know whether I approved of the match. It was certainly somewhat late to ask such a question; but I had no reason to withhold my consent, and I offered him my congratulations. He is made to say, as you will observe, *that if he ever enjoyed happiness*

in his life, he is indebted for it to his wife. It may be so; but a few days after his marriage, he spoke to me in a very different tone. From these circumstances, added Barras, I conclude that the *manuscript* is not the production of Bonaparte.

M. Tabarié, under secretary of state for the war department, likewise observed to me, that the style bore not the least resemblance to Napoleon's. On this subject, he related to me the following curious particulars: 'I have seen,' said he, 'a vast number of letters and notes written by the emperor; his sentences were occasionally short, but for the most part interminably long. His style was fantastic, his expressions singular; but genius and depth of thinking were observable in every thing he wrote. He sometimes addressed five letters daily to the same minister, and yet his correspondence was always full of matter. This activity of mind lasted as long as fortune favoured him; when his prosperity began to decline, his letters became less frequent, and his ideas less clear; and, as we did not always understand what he wrote, we dreaded to receive a note from him. These notes ceased altogether, after the Russian campaign. It is customary to judge of the emperor only by his military glory; but if the letters transmitted by him to the different ministers and authorities, whilst in the plenitude of his power and faculties, should ever be collected together, posterity will regard him even as a greater politician than a captain.'

Bonaparte's Law Knowledge.—What particularly astonished Treilhard was the prodigious memory of the emperor:—it was a subject to which he was continually alluding.

The articles of the civil code, after being drawn up and taken into consideration in private conferences, were submitted to the discussion of the council of state, at which Napoleon frequently presided. Treilhard wondered at the readiness with which Bonaparte frequently illustrated the point in question, by quoting extempore, whole passages from the Roman civil law; a subject which, from its nature, seemed to be entirely foreign to him. One day the emperor requested his attendance, in order to acquaint him with some new ideas on criminal legislation; after conversing together for some time, they formed themselves into a little committee, and the counsellor of state took the liberty of asking the emperor how he had acquired so familiar a knowledge of law affairs, considering that his whole life had been spent in camps? Bonaparte replied:—

'When I was merely a lieutenant, I was put under arrest, unjustly it is true; but that is nothing to the point. The little room which was assigned for my prison, contained no furniture but an old chair, an old bed, and an old cupboard; in the cupboard was a ponderous folio volume, older and more worm-eaten than all the rest; it proved to be the Digest. As I had no paper, pens, ink, or pencils, you may easily imagine that this book was a valuable prize to me. It was so voluminous, and the leaves were so covered

with marginal notes in manuscript, that had I been confined a hundred years I could never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian, and the decisions of the Roman legislators. Thus I picked up my knowledge of civil law, with which I so often trouble you.'

ART. XIII.—*Italian Literature.* Histoire Literaire d'Italie, par P. L. Ginguene, Tomes 7, 8, and 9.

[From the Journal des Savans.]

A COURSE of Italian literature begun at the Athenæum of Paris, in 1802, gave rise to this work, the three first volumes of which, divided after the example of Tiraboschi, into the heads of Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, Sciences, and Belles Lettres, appeared in 1811, 1812, 1813. Literary history, since the time when Bacon marked its place, which was still vacant, in the table of human knowledge, has been the subject of a great number of books, which differ from each other in the distribution and choice of the materials, as much as in the form and the style.

M. Ginguene in his first three volumes, brought down the literary history of Italy to the end of the 15th century. On beginning the fourth volume, he divided into three parts, the picture of the age of Leo X. 1. Poetry. 2. Study of the sciences, and ancient languages. 3. Italian prose, philosophy, history, novels, &c. Two branches of poetry, the epic and the dramatic alone, sufficed to fill the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes. It might be expected to find in the seventh, the history of the other kinds of poetry; but the author announces at the beginning of this volume, that he has changed his plan, and thought fit to place several articles of the second and third parts before those of the first, of which he still had to treat. We disapprove of his reasons for this change, and shall, therefore, follow the order which we should have preferred, and begin with the ninth volume, which treats of didactic poetry, satire, and lyric poetry, in which sonnets are included.

This volume, exclusive of the general table of contents of the whole work, with which it is terminated, contains but 430 pages, of which, only the first 264 are by M. Ginguene. The poem of the Bees, by Ruccelai, and that of Alamanni on Agriculture, (*La Coltivazione*) are the first two with which he makes us acquainted. The second appears to be far too little known, even in France, where the author composed it in banishment, and dedicated two hundred fine verses to Francis I.

Among the Italian Satires of the serious class, M. G. distinguishes those of Ariosto, Alamanni, and Ercole Bentivoglio; he neglects nothing that can show their originality; but it appears to us, that excepting some pieces of Ariosto, there is not to be found in any of these Satires (says M. Daunou, the Reviewer) either the energy of Juvenal, the ingenius raillery of Horace, or the happy

mixture of both these, such as we find in Boileau, and some more modern French satirists. The pre-eminence which the Italians might claim here is not very glorious; they invented the burlesque satire, and have preserved in it a superiority which is neither to be disputed nor envied. Those who have attempted to imitate them in this way of writing, have for ever disgraced it among us, by adding grossness of expression to meanness of ideas; whereas, in Italy, as M. G. has not failed to remark, buffoonery in the thoughts is compatible with harmony of versification, purity of language, and grace of style. This kind of composition, created by Burchiello, in the fifteenth century, was cultivated by many poets of the sixteenth; but M. G. has been obliged to employ much art and care, not to extract from all these Satires, any thing unworthy of the gravity of a literary history, and yet to give a just and complete idea of this species of composition. Here, as in the other chapters, there are excellent biographical notices.

The text of M. G. finishes with the first article of the following chapter: this article treats of cardinal Bembo, considered as a lyric poet, and as the head of the school of the Petrarchists. All the rest of the volume is by M. Salfi, a learned Italian.

The title of lyric poetry is extended in Italy, to many fugitive pieces, which we are not accustomed to include under that designation; for we, indeed, almost exclusively reserve it for the Ode: they apply it, not only to their *Canzoni*, but also to sonnets and various pieces, which we should call either amatory or elegiac. Under this head, therefore, we here find a very great number of authors, a multitude of productions, and especially of sonnets: in a word, all such poems as are not comprehended under the title of the epic, dramatic, didactic, or satirical.

In distinguishing the different sects of lyric poets, and the characteristics of their poetry, M. Salfi has not neglected the peculiar forms of their versification. He relates, for instance, how Brocardo and Tolomei, reviving a project conceived by Leo Alberti in the fifteenth century, endeavoured to subject Italian poetry to the laws of Latin versification. Brocardo published rules and examples of this kind of verse, promising to support them on principles of philosophy and music. It was in vain, however, that Italian hexameters, pentameters, &c. were composed, the theory never gained credit, and M. Salfi is persuaded that there is no reason to regret its failure.

The rather long list of these lyric poets is terminated at least by a celebrated name; Tasso, if he had not a title to immortal glory, would merit a brilliant reputation by his *Canzoni*, and even by his Sonnets. His Lyric Poems, in the extracts and translations given of them, are highly interesting, and decidedly superior to all those of his contemporaries.

M. Salfi has collected in a particular section, information relative to the Italian poetesses of the sixteenth century. Here the

attempts are numerous, but success is rare. Though the subjects of these poems are very different, being both religious and amatory, an obscure and cold mysticism reigns almost equally throughout: the art employed is too apparent to suffer us to see any trace of profound or genuine sensibility. In truth, we should reduce to very small collections, all these lyric productions of the Italian poets of both sexes, if we retrenched the forms of expression which have grown trite; such as golden hair, necks of alabaster, sparkling eyes, inflamed hearts, and the stars, and Aurora, and zephyr, all the common places, in short, of exotic mythology. Those are true poets, who know how to substitute for this *verbiage*, or, at least, to mix with it the warm expression of some original sentiment or thought; and this is a merit which cannot be allowed among the Italian poets, to any but Petrarch, Guidiccioni, sometimes to Costanzo, and almost always to Tasso.

The extreme utility of the volume of which we have given an account, consists in pointing out the poems which still remain highly interesting, and in giving an instructive analysis of those, the reading of which would be of no advantage.

ART. XIV.—*Notoria*.

Mr. Walsh's 'Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain, respecting the United States of America,' part 1.

It is owing to an accidental disappointment, that the present number of this Journal does not contain a full and particular notice of this highly interesting work. The subject, however, will not very soon become stale, and shall be our theme on a future occasion. Meantime, we are happy to learn from the publisher, that a second edition is in preparation.

Salt as a Manure.—A pamphlet, showing the advantages of salt as a manure, for arable and pasture lands, has recently been published, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of Agriculture, and on the recommendation of its President, by Messrs. M. Carey & Son;—at whose store it is for sale. The information which it contains, is worthy the attention of all agriculturalists, and the very reasonable price for which it is sold, should be an additional recommendation.

Agricultural Almanac.—To the same society, we are soon to be indebted for an Almanac of the year 1820, intended

for the use and benefit of farmers. The well known agricultural experience, and literary talents of the *Curators* of that society, give assurance of the utility and elegance of the work.

New Law Books.—Among the recent publications, are announced the 15th volume of Tyng's Massachusetts Reports, 4th of Wheaton's Reports, and the first of 'Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Circuit Court of the United States, for the third Circuit.' By R. Peters, jun. Esq. and a second edition of Moore's Digested Index, with additions, by J. E. Hall, Esq.

Fine Arts.—One of the disadvantages under which our artists have laboured, has been the difficulty of procuring canvas, well prepared for painting, and the necessity of importing all their canvas for *large* pictures. Mr. M'Cauley, floor-cloth manufacturer of Philadelphia, has recently obviated this difficulty, by preparing it of any size, and of a quality far superior to that which can be procured in Europe.

Parisian Journals.—There has been for sometime established at Paris, a 'Hermes Romanus,' in the Latin lan-

guage, from which foreigners, the most distant conversant with Latin, might deduce favourable ideas of French literature, manners, and power. A rival to this Journal, is now on the point of appearing in the 'Athenæum,' to be printed in the Greek language, and designed chiefly for circulation in the Greek Islands.

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Coloured Snow.—It appears by the *Giornale di Fisica*, &c. that a shower of red snow fell in Carniola, in the nights of the 5th and 6th of March, 1808. On the same night, a shower of snow, of a rose colour, fell over the surface of Carnia, Cadore, Belluno, and Feltri, to the height of twenty centimetres. The earth was previously covered with snow of a pure white, and the coloured snow was succeeded by other of a pure white; neither were the two kinds mingled together, but remained perfectly distinct, even during liquefaction. When a portion of this snow was melted, and the water evaporated, a little finely-divided earth, of a rosy colour, remained, not attractable by the magnet, and consisting of silex, alumine, and oxide of iron.

The same phenomenon happened at the same time in the mountains of Valtelline, Brescia, and the Tyrol. This snow was of a red or blood-rose colour, and was underlaid and covered with white snow. Its colour faded gradually until it was dissolved. On the same evenings, of the 5th and 6th of March, 1803, a shower of red snow fell at Pezzo, at the extremity of the Valle Camonica. It was preceded by a very violent wind on the 5th.

On the evenings of the 14th and 15th of March, 1813, coloured rain and snow fell over a very large extent of country. Red rain fell in the two Calabrias, and on the opposite part of Abruzzo, the wind being at east and south-east. Snow and hail of a yellow red colour fell over all Tuscany, with a north wind. Red snow fell at Tolmezzo, the wind being at north-east, and in the Carnia Alps. And, finally, snow of a brownish yellow colour fell at Bologna, the wind being south-west.

An Electrical Man.—Dr. Hartmann, of Francfort, on the Oder, has published in a German Medical Journal, a statement, according to which, he is able to produce at pleasure, an efflux of electrical matter from his body towards other persons. You hear the crackling, see the sparks, and feel the electric shock. He has now acquired this faculty to so high a degree, that it depends solely on his own pleasure to make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other part of his body. Thus in this electrical man, the will has an influence on the development of the electricity, which had not hitherto been observed, except in the electrical eel.

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Paper from Beet-Root.—A. M. Sisen has published at Copenhagen, an account of a series of experiments which he has made for ascertaining the practicability of manufacturing paper from the pulp of beet-root. As a proof of the success of his experiments, he has printed his work on paper manufactured from this material.

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Education.—From a statement made by Mr. Brougham, in the House of Commons, it appears that the number of schools for the whole of England is 4,800, and the number of children educated at the endowed and unendowed schools, comprehending day schools, is about 700,000. The number of day schools is 3,500, and the number of children educated there is 50,000, leaving 650,000 for the number educated at the endowed and unendowed schools throughout England.

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Sweden.—The universities of Sweden are in an excellent state. In the beginning of the year, the whole number of pupils was 3,485. The expense to government is about 70,000 pounds per annum, a great part of which is for the support of poor students. There are 45 printing presses in Sweden, 16 of which are in Stockholm. The number of Journals amounts to 46, of which eight appear in the capital.

ERRATA.—In the number for October, page 318, 6th line from the bottom, for *infuse*, read *insure*.—Page 327. line 4th from the bottom, for *elasticity*, read *chastity*.

THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1819.

ART. I.—*Excursion from Edinburgh to Dublin.*

[Continued.]

Ayr, April 16, 12 P. M.

WE had taken seats last night in the coach for this place, which was to leave Glasgow early this morning; but on rising, just in season for our departure, an accident, somewhat humorous, though vexatious, interposed unexpectedly an obstacle. It was one of those mistakes which result from the inattention and negligence of others, and reminded me of the common-sense maxim of Dr. Franklin.—‘If you want any thing done, go yourself; if you do not, send;’ a principle which, though rather safer of application in my own country, will serve very well, if occasionally remembered, in this. As it was deemed expedient that either my companion or myself should proceed forthwith to Ayr, in order to secure seats in the public coach for Port Patrick, on the following day, and that the other should continue behind to correct the mistake, and complete some desired arrangements; a turn of king George’s head decided the question of remaining, in favour of myself; and it was determined accordingly, that I should follow in the afternoon’s coach. I did not regret the detention, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing a few objects in Glasgow, which I had previously neglected. Several of my friends, learning my delay, called to proffer the hospitalities of their respective families; but these I declined accepting, as I was unwilling to repeat leave-takings. They attended me, however, to the Roman Catholic church, a recent Gothic structure of some merit; to some singeing machines, so called, where the finest gauze is prepared, and receives its finish by being drawn over a red-hot cylinder of iron; to an ingenious mechanical apparatus, driven by a steam engine, where linen cloths are passed through all the stages of dressing, from a state of prime roughness to final packing;—(and the whole for the moderate average price of nine shillings sterling, per parcel of 24 yards,) and to the lecture room of Dr. * * * *, a gentleman much skilled in chemistry, who politely exhibited his apparatus, and performed several curious and entertaining experiments with gas.

At 4 P. M. I entered the telegraph coach for Ayr, with feelings impressed with the many and unremitting attentions which I had received since the evening of my arrival in Glasgow. The coach drove from the city in a cloud of *dust*,—an unusual annoyance in my own country at this season of the year. My route to this place was by Kingswell, Fenwick, Kilmarnock, and Monkton. Five miles after leaving Glasgow, I looked back for a glimpse of Ben Lomond. A gentleman had mentioned with great exactness, the spot where, if the air should prove clear, it might be seen; and had apprised me of several circumstances by which to determine its appearance. Beyond the Campsie Fells, I descried a towering conical height, streaked with snow, and partially veiled in mist, which I was willing to distinguish as the mountain described. For the first few miles, the country was fertile and productive; beyond that, a dreary extensive tract succeeded, clothed with scanty verdure, and scarcely enlivened by the smoke of a single cabin; after which, the country again improved, and continued to do so as the road approached Ayr. Kilmarnock is a town famous for its weavers. There is an iron railway, the most extensive of the kind in North Britain, which has been constructed from that place to the harbour of Troon, solely at the expense of the duke of Portland. The town has had a more than common notoriety of late, from having given birth to several seditious meetings, which occasioned the arrest of two or three of the more suspected agents; whose trial, within a few days, has excited a strong sensation in the metropolis, and resulted in their acquittal. On the way, I saw three or four half ruinous, castellated piles of building, but none of them worthy of remark. It was twilight when I entered Ayr,—a pretty, though irregular town. I recognized the two bridges, familiarly called the ‘Brigs of Ayr,’ spanning the limpid waters of its interesting stream. My feelings and recollections, on approaching the town, were filled with BURNS.—I found my friend impatiently awaiting my arrival. We were soon seated at a supper, which he had ordered to be in readiness; and the remainder of the evening passed in various and enlivening conversation.

Port Patrick, April 17.—We left Ayr at 7 this morning, in the public coach, drawn by two horses,—a proof that we were no longer in a great travelling track. The vehicle had taken the name of Diligence; a word, which every day’s use along the road, has contracted into the more convenient term *Dilly*. A second view of Ayr, in the broader light of day, confirmed, in some degree, the impression which I had received of its prettiness: but, owing to its partial irregularity, and a few ill constructed houses, on the whole I think it strikes best when seen at a distance, and forming a part of the landscape. It makes then a very good appearance. The town of Ayr contains 5,000 inhabitants, and has improved much within a few years. Lately a theatre has been opened in it, which allows forty pounds for the full regular receipts of a night.

It is probably the smallest town north of the Ouse, which is provided with such a luxurious appendage; and this does not speak so favourably of the sober, staid habits of the people, as might be wished.

The morning proved uncommonly serene; the air was mild, and the rays of the sun, which shone with great splendor, were finely reflected from the peaceful bosom of the Ayr, and the still *bonnier* waters of the river Doon. The aspect of the country for many miles, was exceedingly lovely. There was more of woodland than I anticipated; and, besides frequent and detached groups of trees, there were several extensive tracts which were beautifully covered. The peasantry, on our leaving Ayr, were seen actively at work; the birds were carolling their matin hymns, and the breeze, as it brushed over the landscape, was barely sufficient to curl the smoke which ascended from the few cabins that peeped from their shelters of coppice, emulous to form a part in the delightful scene. Two miles from the town, we came to the hut where Burns was born. It is a low thatched building of a single story, forming the corner, and connected by the same roof with two or three others of a similar size. A trifling bribe easily prevailed on the driver of the *Dilly* to stop, while my companion and myself examined the interior of this humble dwelling. A sign is affixed to the walls without, which bears the inscription which follows:—‘Burn’s cottage,—Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof, on the 29th January, 1759.’ Two small rooms occupy the whole floor of the house; in one of which, now used as the kitchen, is a recess where stood the bed in which the poet was born. The other apartment is furnished with some neatness, and boasts an engraved view of the dwelling, and a large painting of Burns, which, from its size and style of execution, seems to have been intended for a tavern sign-board. The present occupier of the cabin, an elderly sawney-looking man, who seemed to have been never particularly abstemious in the use of whiskey, said that it was in that room that he last saw Burns, and then took a *dram* with him; adding, ‘poor fellow.’ He seemed nowise averse to repeating the draught, even at this early hour; and, accordingly leaving him enough for a double and tripple portion, we mounted our seats and pursued our journey. Alloway Kirk, distant half a mile further, on the right, is pleasantly situated on the margin of the Doon, a few yards from the road. It is now unroofed. The walls, however, and belfrey remain, though in a ruinous state. A small cemetery surrounds it.

The Doon is a romantic little stream. Its ‘banks and braes’ are indeed ‘bonnie;’—and we thought its various beauties abundantly entitled to the praises which have been lavished upon them by the Ayrshire bard. The view from Carrick Hill, a little further on, was uncommonly pretty and extensive—the scenery soft and beautifully varied. Shortly after, we passed the ruins of Battarsan

castle, and subsequently at no great distance, the nobler remains of Corseragwell abbey. This last, with its mouldering towers and cloisters, and arches, its moss-grown walls, and grass-grown courts, was a most venerable and imposing object. Its order is a florid Gothic. The road, the greater part of the day, followed closely the windings of the coast. The large rocky island of Arran, streaked with snow, the tall, stern cliff of Ailsea, and the abrupt iron-bound shore of Kintyre, continued in sight for many miles.

Leaving Kirk-Oswald, a pretty place on the seacoast, where we breakfasted, the country became much more hilly; and beyond Girvan, ten miles further, it assumed a very wild aspect. The soil was poor, and covered with slight verdure. A few sheep only were browsing among the heath and broom. For some miles, our path led us along a ledge which was cut from the precipice that shelved abruptly to the water's edge. We noticed many ravines, or fissures, at intervals, in the hilly ridge on our left, some of great depth. It was common also to see streams, or rather *burns*, as they are termed, gushing through these openings and producing a fine effect. Several sea views were very magnificent.

We dined at a miserable inn at Ballantrae, and had as miserable fare. My food consisted of barley-broth, oatmeal cakes and eggs. Leaving Ballantrae, the country became much more wild and bleak, than even it had appeared before. The hills were scantily covered with furze, and exhibited barely a few patches of *heather*. We entered a deep glen, where scarcely a single habitation was to be seen, which extended for three or four miles, till it terminated with a full view of the waters of Loch Ryan. The first sight of the lake, though it served to vary, could hardly be said to relieve the scene. As we proceeded, however, the hills near the loch, began to be covered with birches and broom; and the road gradually became pleasanter, as it followed its margin—a firm, smooth beach, to Stranraer, a distance of nine miles. This town stands at the head of the lake, and is large and neat. Loch Ryan itself, is an estuary, extending nine or ten miles into the main land, and occupying a breadth of three or four. It would be very pretty, if the country on each side of it were productive and well managed. A few boats, which we saw near Stranraer, skimming the surface of the lake, gave to the scene considerable expression.

From S. to Port Patrick, the road was good, and the country much improved. Two miles distant from Port P. we came in sight of St. George's channel, and saw distinctly beyond, in the horizon, the coast of Ireland; the first time that I had seen it since losing sight of the Wicklow mountains, while on my passage to Liverpool. Again I beheld it with pleasure. We find Port Patrick a neat and rather romantic village, built under an amphitheatre of hills, and extending round a small cove in a semicircular form. The harbour is well protected, and is almost enclosed by high ledges of rocks, which jut from the mainland, and exhibit some

singular and fantastic appearances. We alighted at a small, but comfortable inn, where the people are all civility. A cheerful fire of *peat* blazed in the grate, which indicated our vicinity to Ireland. We have learnt that the packet for Donaghadee, will not sail till 12 o'clock, to-morrow. An opportunity, however, was presented to cross the channel this evening, in a return carrier smack. The master of the vessel was very urgent that we should take passage with him, and offered to accommodate us for a sum much less than the regular packet fare. We had several reasons for declining the proposal. It is sufficient to say, that a journey of fifty-six miles over a rugged tract of country, added to the known comforts of an English inn, left us little inclination to pursue immediately our course, whether by sea or land—much less to relinquish the prospect of a luxurious bed, for a straitened *birth* in a miserable cabin.* The night is dark, and indicates hard weather. Determining accordingly, to make the best of our situation, we have ordered such comforts as the inn affords, and are now employing the evening in conversation or in writing.

Bay of Port Patrick, April 18—noon. I have just come on board the 'Westmoreland' packet, for Donaghadee, and am attempting, with a miserable pen which I found in the cabin, to fill up my journal. This morning I walked round the village of Port P. and climbed one of the hills which environ it. The bold, rocky shore which forms its harbour, struck my fancy very much. Ireland appeared in full view to the west. At 12, we took tickets for a passage in the packet for Donaghadee. The price of them was an half guinea each, exclusive of two or three minor charges. We are now standing over slowly to the Irish coast. The wind is ahead and light, and we shall not probably arrive there under several hours. The British coast is gradually receding, and the Irish slowly enlarging on the view. I left the former with some emotion—impatient to step foot upon the 'land of sweet Erin'; a country where I expect to find much that is new to amuse and instruct me.

Previously to taking a short farewell of Scotland, I will retrace one or two recollections of recent date.—I had occasion yesterday, to remark a singular resemblance between a real and an imagined scene. Every reader of novels, as well as of graver descriptive works, insensibly pictures to his fancy the various scenes which the author attempts to represent. No matter whether the views which he forms, accord with those of the writer, or not. To himself, they are consistent, intelligible, and unconfused. His fancy spreads a map where each object has its known and determined place, and should years intervene, between the delineation and its remembrance, the whole would rise, at the powerful bidding of

* As the event proved, however, if we had accepted the offer, we should have gained thirty hours on our route.

some association, fresh, and as mechanically upon the view, as the drop and sliding scenes of theatric representation obey the shifting cords of the attendant. I need not say after this, that I have heretofore been conversant with tales of fancy, but proceed to add, that Loch Ryan, whose dreary expanse of waters I yesterday first descried, a few miles distant from Stranraer, strongly reminded me of the idea which I had long ago formed of a lake mentioned in a certain popular romance, to a castle near which, the heroine is related to have been carried. There was the same cheerless, sterile aspect in the country around, which I conceived to enclose the supposed water in the romance to which I allude. The rocks seemed to project in the same rude and bold shapes from the main land; and I almost expected to see the appalling figure of some 'Father Schedoni' stalking amidst the gloom of the impending crags.

But another and a more interesting recollection was this morning suggested to my mind, while treading the hills of Port Patrick. I remembered that it was there the celebrated colonel Gardiner, in the intervals of his engagements with the duties of a garrison, had often walked and enjoyed those ravishing, pious meditations, which his letters more than once intimate, and which the glowing pen of Doddridge has feelingly depicted. One passage, in a letter of that eminent believer, I well remembered.—'I took a walk,' said he, upon one occasion, 'upon the mountains which are over against Ireland; and I persuade myself, that were I capable of giving you a description of what passed there, you would say that I had much better reason to remember my God, from the hills of Port Patrick, than David from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites.' This passage, which forcibly expressed the ardours of his piety, induced a train of reflections, which it would be foreign to my purpose here to introduce; reflections, however, which touched upon most of the facts of his singular and unearthly history, and which terminated, as every former review has done, in the conviction, that in more than one event of that extraordinary man's life, we may trace the indisputable interposition of the 'finger of God.'

Seven P. M.—I change a bad pen, and still more miserable ink, for a pencil, but little better. For the last several hours we have been becalmed, and have barely moved six miles from Port P.—At present there is scarcely a breath of air stirring, and what is worse, there is no immediate prospect of an increase. To add to the uneasiness of our situation, no stores were provided by us this morning, and it was an early hour when we breakfasted. The half guinea which we paid on coming on board, merely secures a passage; every thing else being expected to be provided by the passenger. It did not occur to us to ascertain this before our departure; and even if it had, it is doubtful whether we should have made any provision, as the prospect was, that we should be in Ireland

in a few hours; and we were told that no passage had exceeded half a day for six months. Inquiring of the skipper, if there were any stores in the vessel, I found nothing except oatcakes and some shreds of salt beef; no biscuit, no ale, no beer. There is whiskey, indeed, but that I never drink—and water, which is not fit to be tasted. I gave the man, however, a *doceur*, desiring him to furnish what he could, and have just come up from inspecting, (for I can hardly say *feeding* upon) the banquet. It consisted of a jug of water, a broken plate of oatcakes, and two or three strips of greasy beef, which in appearance, and for ought I know, in taste, resembled the braids of a drayman's whip-lash. A single jack-knife completed the furniture of the table. Hungry as I was, a piece of oatcake was all I could eat, and I have just left the cabin, with the apprehension, that if the calm continues a day longer, there will inevitably be a famine on board. These oatcakes, for which Scotland is renowned, are at best an indifferent diet. As made by some of the better families, they become barely tolerable; but in general they are poor enough. It is usual to find them a quarter or half an inch in thickness. The meal of which they are composed is very coarse; and so dry are they, that unless the fauces are lubricated by some solvent draught, immediately on eating a piece, a stranger may come well nigh being choked. I have sometimes, when a little thirsty, inadvertently taken a piece of this bread into my mouth, without having any water or other liquid just at hand, and on the first attempt at mastication, have had my throat filled with the dust, and have felt it silently insinuating itself into every pore and vesicle of my lungs. The dough which is made of the bran of Indian corn, and given to poultry, by the farmers of America, would, if baked upon a tin, form a bread not unlike, I can *conceive*, to the oatcakes of Scotland,—certainly not inferior to them in quality.

Mr. * * * * and myself, are the only cabin passengers. There are many others in the vessel, but they belong to the steerage. Seven or eight of these are women, of whom, two or three have children. I am now seated on the binnacle, over the companion-way. A group of these women are sitting a few feet to my right, upon the main-deck, under the long-boat; each exhibiting a countenance which Hogarth might have taken for a caricature of woe. Another woman, who has been extremely sick, is at present lying under the gunwale before me, asleep, and breathing with a most *musical* nasal cadence—the helmsman at my left, is standing listless over the tiller, casting an apparently vacant gaze around, but hoping, no doubt, that every passing cloud will bring with it wind. * * * * is leaning over the bulwarks, half inclined to give up to sickness, which has been threatening him ever since he came on board. The sailors are carousing in the fore-castle; the confused sounds of their merriment are one moment swelling upon the ear, and the next, sinking away, till a new ebullition of wit produces a fresh shout of laughter. Having worn out my own pencil, I have

borrowed that of my companion, and am employing it merely for the sake of beguiling time. As it is becoming cool, however, I have determined to go below, to try by sleep, to cheat time more effectually, in hopes that a few hours will produce some change, or rather an increase in the wind.

Westmoreland Packet, April 19, 5 A. M.—I have just come on deck, after a broken night's rest. A breeze has sprung up, and we are this moment entering the small bay of Donaghadee. The men are employed in handing the sails.—The town of Donaghadee is neat in its appearance; the houses are white-washed, which seems one indication of our having crossed the channel. The fields are green; and I perceive, what I did not expect, a few *trees* along the coast. The skipper has gone below for our baggage, and the boat is getting ready to take us ashore.

Donaghadee, 6 A. M.—A few moments after, we found ourselves on *land*. There is a magic in that word; and the embarrassing situation in which we were placed, on board the packet, did not diminish the joy which we felt in realizing a change.* We were threatened with some difficulty at the custom-house, in having our luggage passed—and were told that we must wait till the officer was risen, which would not be till nine. A shilling, however, obviated the hindrance, and shortly after, we were conducted to the small inn where I am at present writing.

On entering a house, for the first time, in a strange country, it is natural to look around in search of something new. As I came into our present sitting-room, the first, of course, which I have seen in Ireland, I glanced my eye hastily over it, but saw nothing particularly to distinguish it from a comfortable apartment, of a similar size, in any common American house. Two or three well-rubbed tables, and half a dozen hair-bottomed chairs are ranged round the room, and a small fire of peat burns in the grate. The last, it is true, differs from our generous wood fires. We have just risen from a frugal, but well-served breakfast, consisting of eggs, tea, dry toast, excellent butter and cream. The people of the house are very civil—we have made an arrangement to leave this place forthwith, in the stage-coach for Belfast. The horn is this moment sounding, a summons to 'gang awa.'

Belfast, Donnegall Arms, quarter past 10 A. M.—Leaving Donaghadee, I mounted the top of the coach, and occupied a seat with the guard. We passed, near the town, a high conical mound, resembling the Silbury-hill Barrow, on the great Salisbury downs, in England. The guard said that all he knew about it was, that it was thrown up by the ancient inhabitants of this part of the island, 'to intrench themselves from the enemy.'—My itinerary states

* On landing, we had the *consoling* intelligence, that the vessel in which we had declined taking passage from Port Patrick, on the evening of the 17th, arrived here about twelve o'clock, the same night, a distance of 20 miles.—The master was well spoken of.

that it is of Danish origin. The country through which we passed, appeared generally much richer, and in higher cultivation than any I have seen in Scotland, except the Lothians and Roxburghshire. Instead of stone-walls, which accompanied us most of the way from Kilmarnock to Port Patrick, where the land was divided at all we perceived pretty embankments of earth, about three or four feet high, clothed with verdant turf, and sometimes topped with rows of hawthorn. These, enclosing the fields, and intersecting the country in every direction, added much to the enamelled beauty of the landscape. The fields too, we noticed, were of a much deeper green than those which we had left in Scotland, while the houses presented often very striking contrasts to each other. Some of them were uncommonly mean and comfortless; and many, on the other hand, remarkable for their neatness. The former were generally low, of a single story, frequently constructed of mud, and having thatched roofs, with tiled or *ground* floors. The better houses were white-washed, and surrounded with parterres of gooseberry and flowering shrubs. We saw heaps of turf, seemingly the only fuel, piled in the yards of most of the dwellings. It gave us pleasure to see some windmills also,—a novel sight to us who have just come from Scotland. They contributed to impart an air of industry and bustle to the landscape. Bangor, the town through which we first passed, after leaving Donaghadee, is pretty large and populous. It has a fine church, which resembles, I thought, though on a smaller scale, the celebrated church at Ross, in Gloucestershire, whose tower, Pope has significantly denominated the ‘heaven directed spire.’ Between Newtonards and Ballyrogan we passed Derry house, the ancient seat of the earls of Londonderry, the ancestors of lord Castlereagh, and the place where that distinguished nobleman was born. It is situated not far from Lough Strangford.

Before leaving Glasgow, I purchased an Highland cap, or bonnet, as it is called, for the convenience of wearing in travelling. It is frequently seen in the Lowlands, and is more comfortable in a carriage than a round hat. It excited, however, more attention than I could have wished. It has so happened that the 42d and 92d Highland regiments are ordered to this country, by the way of Port Patrick; the former were on the point of leaving Glasgow at the time that we did, and the latter had actually marched from Edinburgh, several days before. My bonnet, accordingly, which at another time would have passed unobserved, has led many to suppose me to belong to the army. While on my route from Glasgow, I heard several times the expression, as I was passing, ‘There goes a Waterloo cap.’ The landlord of Port Patrick at first took me for an Highland officer; and on the morning that I embarked, I was several times asked if I was attached to that body of military, which was expected to cross over that day. A similar mistake prevailed on my reaching the opposite shore, and many ques-

tions were put concerning the movements of the two regiments. It was not in every instance that I cared about undeceiving the inquirer; for, in the first place, it did no good, and in the second, a positive benefit was otherwise promised; for such is the high character which these troops have obtained by their brave and gallant conduct, that they are every where welcomed with demonstrations of respect; although many of the Irish have reason to look upon them with some distrust, as coming to quell and overawe the spirit of sedition. Their places in Scotland are supplied by the Connaught rangers, and other Irish contingents; an excellent policy on the part of government, to prevent a too cordial sympathy between the soldiery of a garrison and the neighbouring community, and particularly with the state prisoners, who, by virtue of the present suspension of the habeas corpus, are frequently seized on suspicion, and whom, the former are appointed to guard.

For the last few miles, before arriving at Belfast, I took a seat in the inside of the coach, and found there an elderly, pleasant, well-dressed man, with whom I soon entered into an agreeable conversation. He also took me to be an Highland officer; but I preferred to set him right upon this point, although I left him to suppose me a Scotchman, and, as I afterwards perceived from his conversation, a native of Edinburgh. The mistake led to some remarks connected with himself. He had been in the army formerly; and having served in the American revolutionary war, amused me much by some information which he undertook to give respecting my countrymen—or ‘the rebels,’ as he pertinaciously called them. He gave me an account of Boston, and its *prodigious* long wharf, the greatest, he said, that he had ever seen. He spoke of Bunker’s hill, and described the action which was fought there;—he accounted for the unusually large number of officers killed on that occasion, by saying, that many of the younger of them, several of whom were of his own acquaintance, volunteered to go out and witness the *fun* with the *Yankees*, as they expressed it; and, of course, the whole number was uncommonly and disproportionably great. He did not think that the Americans discovered much gallantry in any action in which he saw them engaged. The militia, and other hasty levies, behaved often, he said, very shamefully.

I asked if the Americans were, on the whole, pretty well *civilized*; adding, that I supposed they were much behind our countrymen, (meaning those of the united kingdom.) ‘Why, sir,’ said he, ‘I don’t know that; but I am far from thinking it. They have in America, some cities as fine as you may see in any part of Europe. At least this was getting to be the case when I was there, thirty years or more ago; and they must have improved very much since. In *my* belief, sir, if you were dropped from the clouds upon the older settlements of America, particularly in the northern *provinces*, and were not previously to be informed on what part of the globe you

were to be set down, you would not know that you were out of *your own country*.'—I thought so too, but did not mention the additional grounds which I had for entertaining the opinion.

The guard of the coach, whom I have already mentioned, I found possessed of some dry humour, and a good deal of honest feeling. He told me, that he should return with the coach to Donaghadee at 12 this day, (a distance, as we came, of eighteen or twenty miles,) and that, in this manner, he had been going backwards and forwards between the two places for nearly three years. 'I am downright sick of it, sir,' said he, 'and cannot stand it much longer. 'Tis the hardest work that I ever had yet. Oftentimes I have little or nothing to do for the whole distance, but to sit still and look about; and I know every bunch of thorn along the road. If I had always a pleasant gentleman like you, or that other young gentleman forward, who would converse with me, I should be satisfied.' I asked him if he did not like Ireland?—'I *ought*, sir.' 'Ought, but don't you?'—'I ought, sir, I say again, but I like England better, and Scotland too, Scotland I like better.' 'How happens that?'—'Why there, there are good people who would have kept me from going astray. I have been a wild dog in my day, sir, and I am certain I should have been better, had there been any here to check me.' 'Do you mean that the people in Ireland are all bad?'—'Why no, sir, not quite that; they mean well enough, I suppose, but they are all too much in the *harum-scarum* line, like myself. The old people never stopped me when I went wrong, but were always ready to join in any *deviltry* that I was about. I have been a sad dog,' he repeated, 'but would give (if I had them,) an 100,000 guineas'—bringing his hand with great force upon his knee—'would give an 100,000 guineas, if I were a *good* man now.' 'Oh, well,' said I, 'if you wish it so strongly, I have great hopes that you will be so soon.'—'Would that I might, sir; and I am *thinking* of it every day as I am passing along this road. But I keep putting it off—'tis my nature, sir.'

'I am glad,' said I, 'that you like my country.' 'What, England, sir? You're from England?'—Scotland, surely,' said I. 'That can't be, sir; you're from Edinburgh then? but after all, I suspect you're an Englishman.'—'Why true, I was in England first, but I have been in Scotland for some time.' 'Ah now, sir,' said he, 'don't expect to *catch a weasel asleep in the morning*. I knew you was an Englishman when you first spoke.'

His name is George Sloans. He was born in Antrim, had served in the army, and was quartered at York, Newcastle, and North and South Shields. At the latter place, he said that he had passed the happiest part of his life. 'In the first place I was appointed sergeant, and was *very much respected*; next, it was my business to oversee the putting up of a small *bit of a fort* there;—so I had nothing to do but to hold my head up—put my hands so'—(placing them akimbo,) 'walk about—give my *orders*, and *go into the*

water just when I pleased.—He appeared to be turned of fifty-five, and had a frank, careless air and countenance. His brogue was not very perceptible, and his English, in other respects good.

Dublin, April 21, evening.—After writing the above, objects crowded so rapidly upon me, and it took so much time to attempt giving any correction to my journal, or preserving even sketches of what transpired, that I was obliged to defer the labour, and only note a few hints which I shall now attempt to dilate. We had letters in Belfast to two gentleman, each highly respectable in their professions; one a clergyman, and the other a physician. Enough was said for the eulogium of the former, in a single remark which was made by the fellow passenger who accompanied us, as I have mentioned, to Belfast. I inquired if he knew Dr. B * * * *?—‘Know him, sir,’ said he, ‘every body knows him about here.’ He then mentioned, what, indeed, I had learnt before, that the gentleman was distinguished for his philanthropy, and was held in great estimation throughout this whole section of country. Unfortunately for us, they were both out when we called; the physician being absent on a journey, and the other gentleman being in attendance, in an official capacity, at a meeting of the directors of some charitable institution, from which he was not expected to be released till a late hour in the day. We were introduced, however, to his family; and they evinced a desire to show us many civilities, which our arrangements did not permit us to accept. Mr. * * * *, son to the Rev. Dr. and a merchant by profession, politely conducted us round the city. We visited with him, the quays, the exchange, the custom-house, the interior of St. George’s chapel, an elegant structure; the library, and the subscription reading-room. Our names were entered on the books of the two last, which gave a right to use for a month to come, any of the papers or volumes belonging to each institution. Our plans precluded our accepting further civilities—for such had been the vexatious delay occasioned by our passage across the channel, that we were determined to continue our journey as soon as might be; and besides, we were particularly desirous of passing the following day, which was Sunday, in Dublin.

Belfast is a populous, well built town, containing thirty thousand inhabitants, of whom, four thousand are Roman Catholics. It is situated at the head of the Carrickfergus bay, on the river Lagan, which there discharges itself. Over this stream, there has lately been constructed a magnificent stone bridge, of twenty-one arches; three of which are in the county of Antrim, the others in Down. The houses are chiefly built of bricks, instead of freestone, as in the Scotch cities; and these are not of the dingy colour common in England, but are of a bright red, and in some instances painted. Belfast has an extensive commerce, but trades chiefly, I believe, with the West Indies. Its manufactures are very considerable; the principal branch consists in the weaving of linens and cottons; but

the cotton manufacture is becoming, I was told, rather the more flourishing.

We took a hasty dinner at Belfast, and remarked that the *potatoes* were no better than in America.—At 4 P. M. we entered the stage-coach for Dublin, distant eighty miles. The whole day had proved fine, but what remained of it was beautiful. Our first stage was to Lisburn, a neat and pretty town. Several villages, which we passed on the way there, pleased us very much. The country from Belfast to Lisburn, and thence to Dromore, is most lovely. It has been well called the garden of Ireland; there being no spot of the same extent, in any part of the isle, which possesses equal beauty with this district in Ulster. We noticed a number of fine seats belonging to the nobility and more opulent gentry; and near Hillsborough, passed the palace of the bishop of Dromore, lately the residence of the lamented Dr. Percy. Beggars were frequent along the route. At the town of Dromore, while we were stopping to take a fresh relay, I was accosted by one, with—‘Heaven bless you, dear sir; pray give a poor old woman one ha’-penny to keep her from starving—an’ plase your honour, an happy eternity be with you—one single ha’-penny;—may you never want for money nor meat, your honour—only one ha’-penny, dear.’—I threw her a few pence, and the coach drove off. It was common to see by the way-side, mounds called here *raths*, all resembling tumuli, or the larger barrows which abound in the south of England. They seem to be of great age, and are mostly referred by antiquaries to periods even earlier than the Danish invasion. The better kinds of cottages which we saw, were very comfortable in appearance; all of them were well white-washed, and generally, they had little gardens or shrubberies before them. The fields were of a deeper green than it is usual ever to see in America:—many of the trees were in full leaf, and vegetation of all kinds had made a considerable progress. Several ruinous piles of antique structures were passed, but none of them possessed much interest. A little before ten in the evening, we entered Newry, thirty miles from Belfast, and there stopped to sup.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. II.—*Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with reflections on Prayer.* By Hannah More. London 1819.

[Republishing by Wells and Lilly, Boston.]

A NEW work by this venerable writer has now the additional interest, of being probably the last. Her extraordinary talents have been devoted for about forty years to the advancement of morality and religion, and her numerous productions have established for her a reputation equally pure and enduring. But she is far declined into the vale of years, and her eloquent appeals to all

that is virtuous and refined in the human heart, must soon be heard no more.

This latest effort of her mind is not in her happiest style; the object of the work is to display the evils flowing from a communion with the French nation, and her views of foreign manners, by which are of course meant manners *in France*, are tinged with much of that old fashioned prejudice, formerly entertained to so great a degree against every thing French, but which, since the return of peace, better opportunities of judging have almost entirely removed, even from *English* minds.

That the people of France are remarkably unamiable in domestic life, will hardly be believed at the present day, and a comparison between the French nobility and that of England impartially made, would not probably show any superiority in the latter, as to morals or piety. At all events, it is beneath the dignity of the enlightened and amiable Hannah More to become a politician, or to assist in keeping alive that spirit of hostility between the two nations which has already been of so much disadvantage to both, and so injurious to the cause of humanity.

The reflections on prayer are not liable to this observation: we extract a chapter as a specimen of this part of the volume.

False notions of the dignity of man, shown from his helplessness and dependence.

‘Man is not only a sinful, he is also a helpless, and therefore a dependent being. This offers new and powerful motives for the necessity of prayer, the necessity of looking continually to a higher power, to a better strength than our own. If that power sustain us not, we fall; if he direct us not, we wander. His guidance is not only perfect freedom but perfect safety. Our greatest danger begins from the moment we imagine we are able to go alone.

‘The self-sufficiency of man, arising from his imaginary dignity, is a favourite doctrine with the nominal Christian. He feeds his pride with this pernicious aliment. The contrary opinion is so closely connected, indeed is so intimately blended, with the subject of the preceding chapter, that we shall have less occasion to extend our present observation to any length.

‘We hear much and we hear falsely of the dignity of human nature. Prayer founded on the true principles of Scripture, alone teaches us wherein our true dignity consists. The dignity of a fallen creature is a perfect anomaly. True dignity, contrary to the common opinion that it is an inherent excellence, is actually a sense of the want of it, it consists not in our valuing ourselves, but in a continual feeling of our dependence upon God, and an unceasing aim at conformity to his image.

‘Nothing but a humbling sense of the sinfulness of our nature, of our practised offences, of our utter helplessness, and constant dependence, can bring us to fervent and persevering prayer. How

did the faith of the saints of old flourish under a darker dispensation, through all the clouds and ignorance which obscured their views of God. "They looked unto him and were enlightened!" How do their slender means and high attainments reproach us!

'David found that the strength and spirit of nature which had enabled him to resist the lion and the bear, did not enable him to resist his outward temptations, nor to conquer his inward corruptions. He therefore prayed, not only for deliverance "from blood guileless," for a grievously remembered sin, he prayed for the principle of piety, for the fountain of holiness, for "the creation of a clean heart," for "the renewing of a right spirit," for "truth in the inwards parts," that the "comfort of God's help might be granted him." This uniform avowal of the secret workings of sin, this uniform dependence on the mercy of God to pardon, and the grace of God to assist, render his precatory addresses, though they are those of a sovereign and a warrior, so universally applicable to the case of every private christian.

'One of our best poets—himself, an unsuccessful courtier—from a personal experience of the mortifying feelings of abject solicitation, has said, that if there were the man in the world whom he was at liberty to hate, he would wish him no greater punishment than attendance and dependence. But he applies the heavy penalty of this wish to the dependents on mortal greatness.

'Now attendance and dependence are the very essence both of the safety and happiness of a christian. Dependence on God is his only true liberty, as attendance on him is his only true consolation. The suitor for human favour is liable to continual disappointment; if he knock at the door of his patron, there is probably a general order not to admit him. In the higher case there is a special promise, that "to him that knocks it shall be opened."

'The human patron hates importunity; the heavenly patron invites it. The one receives his suitor according to his humour, or refuses his admission from the caprice of the moment; with the other, "there is no variableness nor shadow of turning:" "Come unto me," is his uniform language.

'The man in power has many claimants in his favour, and comparatively few boons to bestow. The God of power, has all things in his gift, and only blames the solicitor for coming so seldom or staying so little a while. He only wishes that his best gifts were more earnestly sought.

'When we solicit an earthly benefactor it is often upon the strength of some pretence to his favour—the hope of some reward for past services: even if we can produce little claim we insinuate something like merit. But when we approach our heavenly benefactor, as far from having any thing like claim, any thing like merit to produce, our only time, our only acceptable plea is our utter want both of claim and merit—is the utter destitution of all that can recommend us; yet we presume to ask favour when we

deserve nothing but rejection, we are encouraged to ask for eternal happiness, when we deserve only eternal punishment. Though we have nothing to produce but disloyalty, we ask for the privilege of subjects: though nothing but disobedience to offer, we plead the privileges of children—we implore the tenderness of a father.

‘ In dependence on God there is nothing abject; in attendance on him nothing servile. He never likes the great ones of the world, receives the suitor with a petrifying frown, or, what is worse, never dismisses him with a cruel smile, and a false promise.

‘ Even if the petitioner to human power escape the vexation of being absolutely rejected; even if his suit be granted, the grant, it may be, is accompanied with a mortifying coldness, with an intelligible hint that the donor, expects to be no further troubled. The grant may be attended with such a tedious delay, as may make it no benefit. The boon granted does not, perhaps, prove so valuable as the applicant expected; or he finds he might have spent the long season of his attendance, his watching and his waiting, to better purpose; or he might have employed his interest in another quarter, in obtaining something more important; or, after all he may have received it too late in life, to turn it to the profitable account he expected.

‘ But the Almighty Donor never puts off his humble petitioner to a more convenient season. His court of requests is always open. He receives the petition as soon as it is offered, He grants it as soon as it is made; and, though He will not dispense with a continuance of the application, yet to every fresh application He promises fresh support. He will still be solicited, but it is in order that he may still bestow. Repeated gifts do not exhaust His bounty, nor lessen His power of fulfilment. Repeated solicitation, so far from wearying His patience, is an additional call to his favour.

‘ Nor is the lateness of the petition any bar to its acceptance; He likes it should be early, but He rejects it not though it be late.

‘ With a human benefactor, the consciousness of having received former favours, is a motive with a modest petitioner, for preventing his making an application for more; while on the contrary, God even invites us to call on Him for future mercies, by the powerful plea of His past acts of goodness—“ even mercies which have been ever of old.” And as past mercies on God’s part so, to the praise of His grace be it said, that past offences on our own part are no hindrance to the application of hearty repentance, or the answer of fervent prayer.

The petitioner to human power, who may formerly have offended his benefactor, contrives to soften his displeasure by representing that the offence was a small one. The devout petitioner to God uses no such subterfuge. In the boldness of faith, and the humility of repentance, he cries, “ Pardon my iniquity for it is great.”

‘ It is no paradox, then to assert that dependence on God is the only true safety, dependence upon Him the only true freedom—

freedom from doubt, and fear, and sin; freedom from human dependence, above all freedom from dependence on ourselves. As pardoned sinners, through the redemption wrought for them, find, in the renewed nature, a restoration to that dignity they had forfeited, so those who are most destitute of the dignity which arises from this dependence, missing the reality, deceive themselves with the shadow.

‘He who does not believe this fundamental truth, on which the other doctrines of the Bible are built—even he who does nominally profess to assent to it as a doctrine of scripture; yet if he does not experimentally acknowledge it; if he does not feel it in the convictions of his own awakened conscience, in his discovery of the evil workings of his own heart, and the wrong propensities of his own nature, all bearing their testimony to its truth—such a one will not pray earnestly for its cure—will not pray with that feeling of his own helplessness, with that sense of dependence on divine assistance, which alone makes prayer efficacious.

‘Of this corruption he can never attain an adequate conception, till his progress in religion has opened his eyes on what is the natural state of man. Till this was the case, he himself was as far from desiring the change, as he was from believing it necessary. He does not even suspect its existence, till he is in some measure delivered from its dominion.

‘Nothing will make us truly humble, nothing will make us constantly vigilant, nothing will entirely lead us to have recourse to prayer so fervently, or so frequently, as this ever abiding sense of our corrupt natures,—as our not being able to ascribe any disposition in ourselves, to any thing that is good, or any power to avoid, by our own strength, any thing that is evil.’

ART. III.—*Historical Sketch of the principal Banking Companies of Europe.*

[From Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.]

WHEN the public attention has been so much excited by the discussions relative to the bank of England, the following historical sketch of the principal banking establishments throughout Europe, will, perhaps, not be unacceptable to our readers. With some slight variations, it is principally extracted from the ‘Cours d’Economie Politique,’ of M. Henri Storch, published at Petersburg, in 1815, but we have added a variety of particulars. In many points of view, this sketch will be found to be extremely interesting. It shows, by an almost universal experience, the ruinous consequences which have invariably resulted from permitting either the government, or private individuals, to tamper with the currency; while, by showing that the paper of the different continental governments constantly fell in value as its quantity was increased, and rose in value as its quantity was diminished, it affords a practical proof of the truth of the theory which teaches, that *by*

sufficiently limiting the quantity of paper money, its exchangeable value may be raised to any conceivable extent. We have annexed a short notice of the bank of England; and expect to be able, on an early occasion, to give our readers the most satisfactory account that has hitherto appeared of the bank of France.

Bank of Venice.—This was the most ancient bank in Europe. Neither the date nor the circumstances which led to its establishment are exactly known. Historians inform us, that in 1171, the republic being hard pressed by war, levied a forced contribution on the richest of its citizens, giving them in return a perpetual annuity, at the rate of 4 per cent. An office was established for the payment of this interest, which in the sequel, became the *Bank of Venice*. This might probably be effected in the following manner:—As the interest on the loan to government was always paid punctually, every registered claim in the books of this office might be considered as a productive capital; and these claims, or the right of receiving this annuity, must have been soon transferred, by demise or cession, from one person to another. This practice would, in the sequel, suggest to holders of stock, the simple and easy method of discharging their mutual debts by transfers on the office books, and as soon as they became sensible of the advantages to be derived from this method of accounting, *bank money* was invented.

The bank of Venice was essentially a deposit bank. Though established without a capital, its bills bore at all times an *agio*, or premium, above the current money of the republic. The invasion of the French, in 1797, occasioned the ruin of this establishment:

Bank of Amsterdam.—This bank was founded in 1609, on strictly commercial principles and views, and not to afford any assistance, or to commix with the finances of the state. Amsterdam was then the great *entrepot* of the commerce of the world, and of course, the coins of all Europe passed current in that city. Many of them, however, were so worn and defaced, as to reduce their general average value to about 9 per cent. less than their mint value, and in consequence, the new coins were immediately melted down and exported. The currency of the city was thus exposed to great fluctuations; and it was chiefly to remedy this inconvenience, and to fix the value or par of the current money of the country, that the merchants of Amsterdam established a ‘bank’ on the model of that of Venice. Its first capital was formed of Spanish ducats, or ducatoons, a silver coin which Spain had struck in the war with Holland, and with which, the tide of commerce had enriched the very country it was formed to overthrow. The bank afterwards accepted the coins of all countries, worn or fresh, at their intrinsic value, and made its own bank money payable in standard coin of the country, of full weight, deducting a ‘brassage’ for the expense of coinage, and giving a credit on its books, or ‘bank money,’ for the deposits.

The bank of Amsterdam professed not to lend out any part of the specie deposited with it, but to keep in its coffers all that was inscribed on its books. In 1672, when Louis XIV. penetrated to Utrecht, almost all who had accounts, demanded their deposits at once, and they were delivered to them so readily, that no suspicion could be left of the fidelity of the administration of the bank. Many of the coins then brought forth, bore marks of the conflagration which happened soon after the establishment of the bank, at the hotel de Ville. This good faith was maintained till about the middle of last century, when the managers secretly lent their bullion to the East India company, and to government. The usual 'oaths of office' were taken by a religious magistracy, or rather by the magistracy of a religious people, that all was safe; and the good people of Holland believed, as an article of their creed, that every florin which circulated as bank money, had its metallic constituent in the treasury of the bank, sealed up and secured by oaths, honesty, and policy. This blind confidence was dissipated in December, 1790, by a declaration that the bank would retain L. 10 per cent, of all deposits, and would return none of a less amount than 2,500 florins.

Even this was submitted to, and forgiven. But four years afterwards, on the invasion of the French, the bank was obliged to declare that it had advanced to the states, and the East India Company, more than 10,500,000 florins, which sum they were deficient to their depositors; to whom, however, they assigned these claims. Bank money, which previously bore an agio of 5 per cent. immediately fell to 16 per cent. below current money.

This epoch marked the decay of an institution which had long enjoyed an unlimited credit, and had rendered the greatest services to the country. The amount of the treasure of the bank of Amsterdam, in 1755, was estimated, by Mr. Hope, at 33,000,000 of florins.

Bank of Hamburgh.—The bank of Hamburgh was established in 1619, on the model of that of Amsterdam; its stock originally consisted of German crowns, called specie dollars. In 1770, in order to obviate the inconvenience arising from the receipt of bad coins, it was arranged that the bank should receive bullion as well as coin; and it soon afterwards ceased keeping any account in coined money. The bank now receives specie in ingots, or foreign coins, as bullion only, which renders the money or paper of this bank, the least variable standard of any in Europe. Its standard is 47 of pure metal, 1 of alloy. Those who deposit, pay less than one-half per cent. for the security, and one to one and a half per cent. for refining; when they re-demand their deposit in the proper standard, which few do, but for a profit on the metal beyond this charge, preferring at all other times the bank money. The bank also lends on the deposit of Spanish dollars, by giving its receipts payable to bearer; the charge for this accommodation is only 3s.

4d. per month, or 2 per cent. per annum. The loans are limited to three months, when the deposit is retired, or the loan renewed. The bank of Hamburg is the best administered of any in Europe; its business and accounts are the most open and best known to the public. Its governors are responsible, and frequently renewed.

When marshal Davoust retook Hamburg, (4th of November, 1813,) he seized on all the treasure he found in the bank, amounting to 7,500,000 marcs banco: part of this treasure has been restored by France.

Bank of Vienna—was founded by Maria Theresa, in the seven year's war. The empress issued simple 'bills of credit,' for twelve millions of florins, ordering a proportion of the taxes to be receivable in this paper only. This regulation, by obliging those who had taxes to pay to purchase bills, gave them at first, a value *superior to metallic currency*. But the necessities of government, having led to their excessive issue, gold and silver were gradually withdrawn from circulation. At length, in 1797, (a curious coincidence,) the bank became altogether unable to pay its paper in specie, on demand, and was relieved from this obligation, while at the same time its notes were ordered to be received as legal money. Their depreciation soon followed, but was accelerated and exaggerated by the expedient of creating a copper coinage, of little value; 100 lb. of copper being coined into 2400 pieces, and stamped as of the value of 600 florins, which were made the standard. During the subsequent years of the war, the government, fearing to add to the already exorbitant weight of taxation, and without credit, had no other resource but to add to the quantity of paper in circulation. In 1810, above 1,060,000,000 of paper florins had been issued, and a florin of silver was then worth no less than 12 or 13 *florins in paper*. The depreciation could be carried no farther, without risking the safety of the state; and in February, 1811, *the government* declared it would issue *no more*; and ordered the current paper money to be liquidated at ONE-FIFTH part of its nominal value, *in a new paper money*, called 'bills of redemption,' to be retired by a sort of sinking fund, formed by the sale of ecclesiastical property. The misery and destruction of property that was thus occasioned may be conceived, but cannot be described.

Though the new paper, in point of intrinsic worth, was no better than the former, *the reduction of its quantity, alone served to assist its currency and support its value*. In May, 1812, 100 florins of silver would exchange for only 186 of this paper, while the former had fallen below 12 to 1. From a statement, by Mr. Haldimand, of the value of Austrian paper money, in 1815, 1816, 1817, and 1818, printed in the Appendix to the Lord's Report on the State of the Bank of England, it appears, that in the month of April 1815, 100 silver florins were worth 489 paper florins; and that on the 12th of December last, 247 paper florins were worth

100 silver ditto. The value of paper has been gradually increasing since 1816.

Bank of Stockholm,—one of the most ancient, dates from 1657, and was established by the government. Its capital was 300,000 specie-crowns. It issued notes bearing interest, and payable to bearer. It borrowed at 4 per cent. and lent at 6. It was so well administered, that at the death of Charles XII. its capital had augmented to 5,000,000.

Another bank was afterwards established, and soon united to the first. They now made advances to the government and to the nobility, increased their paper to 600,000,000 of crowns of copper, or about L. 8,000,000 of our sterling. This issue was excessive. The bank paper could not be liquidated even in copper, and fell to the 96th part of its nominal value. In 1762, the government owed the bank more than 80,000,000 of silver crowns, or above L. 3,000,000 sterling.

Gustavus III. for a time, by strong and wise measures, remedied much of this disorder, but destroyed at last his own labours, by making war on Russia: from this time the country has been deluged by a paper-money without value, and has been so completely stripped of metallic currency, as to be obliged to use notes of the low value of sixpence!

Bank of Copenhagen—was founded by royal authority, in 1736, with a capital of 500,000 crowns: in 1745, in the tenth year of its establishment, it applied to government to be relieved from the obligation of discharging its notes in coin: it continued, however, to issue paper, and to make advances to the state, and to individuals. The public suffered; but the proprietors gained; their dividend was so large, that the shares of the bank sold for three times their original deposit. In 1773, when the bank had issued 11,000,000 of paper crowns, the king returned their deposits to the shareholders, and becoming himself sole proprietor, carried the issue to 16,000,000. Specie immediately disappeared, and government was obliged to issue paper notes of a single crown.

The evil being come to its acmé, a remedy was attempted. In 1791, all further emission was forbidden, and a progressive liquidation ordered. A new bank called the 'Species Bank,' was created, with a capital, in shares, of 2,400,000 specie crowns. This bank is independent of the government; and the directors, sworn to be faithful, are, in all that relates to its affairs, relieved formally from their oath to the sovereign. Its issue of paper was limited to one and nine-tenths (less than double) of the specie in its coffers. The former bank was to retire annually, 750,000 of its paper crowns. By these means, it was calculated to relieve Denmark, in less than fifteen years, from its oppressive load of paper money; but the event did not justify this expectation. When once the gangrene of a forced state paper money has seized on a country, neither the government nor individuals can extirpate this 'caries' of the

public economy, by mild and slow operations. Only a decided, prompt, and radical measure can relieve a country sinking under an increasing depreciation. In 1804, the new notes lost 25 per cent. compared with the currency in which they were payable; the notes of the old bank were at a discount of 45. In October, 1813, the depreciation was such, that 1800 crowns in paper were offered for one crown of silver!

Bank of Russia.—Russia, too, has her paper money. On the 29th of December, 1768, the empress Catherine, at the commencement of the war against the Turks, established the Bank of Assignats, designing to issue notes of bills payable to bearer. In the manifesto, these notes were declared, in general terms, and very indistinctly, ‘to be payable in current money.’ This doubt, however, was soon dispelled. In the first months of their issue, it was ascertained that they would be discharged in copper only, in imitation of the bank of Stockholm. But this was as impossible as it was improper. The value of copper was too small and too variable, and the difficulty of its transportation rendered it impracticable for this purpose. Only gold or silver could be the standard. The notes, therefore, soon *ceased to be notes of credit*, and became merely a state paper money. This paper money, however, by its convenience, the moderation of the government in its issue, and the regulation, that it should be received instead of specie in all the government treasuries, *bore a value above its nominal par with silver*. In the first eighteen years, only 40,000,000 (equivalent then to nearly L. 5,000,000 sterling) were in circulation, and no note for less than twenty-five rubles, or about L. 5, at the exchange of that time. This limitation of quantity, with the real advantages of paper currency, made the assignats so agreeable to the public, that, until 1788, they preserved an *agio*, or premium, of five per cent. above copper money, and silver had not more than *three per cent. premium in its favour*. In 1774, at the peace of that date, paper was on a par with silver.

In 1786, the empress created a loan bank, and increased the mass of assignats to 100,000,000, engaging to carry it no farther; but the wars with Turkey, Sweden, Poland, and Persia, occasioned the failure of this engagement in the year 1790. At her decease, in 1796, the assignats in circulation amounted to about 160,000,000 of roubles.

This increase was too great and too sudden, and necessarily led to depreciation. In 1788, paper was at discount; in 1795, it had sunk nearly one-third, and metallic currency had disappeared so much the more, because paper notes of 10, and of 5 roubles were issued, and all payments made in paper or copper.

The progress of the depreciation will be rendered more evident by the following statement, which we extract from another part of M. Storch’s work.

Account of the number of paper assignats in circulation in Russia, from 1786 to 1814, inclusive, and of the variations in their value, as compared with silver.

Years.	Annual Emissions of Paper Roubles or Assignats.	Total Paper Rou- bles in Circulation.	Mean value of the Silver Rouble in Assignats.	Mean va- lue of the Assignat in Silver.
	Roubles.	Roubles.	Copecks.	Copecks.
1786	40,000,000	40,000,000	102	98
1787	60,000,000	100,000,000	103	97
1788	————	100,000,000	108	92 6-5
1789	————	100,000,000	109	91 3-4
1790	11,000,000	111,000,000	115	87
1791	6,000,000	117,000,000	123	81 1-3
1792	3,000,000	120,000,000	126	79 1-3
1793	4,000,000	124,000,000	135	74
1794	21,550,000	145,550,000	141	71
1795	4,450,000	150,000,000	146	68 1-2
1796	7,703,640	157,703,640	142	70 1-2
1797	5,871,200	163,574,840	126	79 1-3
1798	31,356,765	194,931,605	137	73
1799	15,068,395	210,000,000	148	67 1-2
1800	2,689,335	212,689,335	153	65 1-2
1801	8,799,000	221,488,335	151	66 1-4
1802	8,976,090	230,464,425	140	71 2-5
1803	17,160,240	247,624,665	125	80
1804	13,033,885	260,658,550	126	79 1-3
1805	31,540,560	292,199,110	130	77
1806	27,040,850	319,239,960	137	73
1807	63,089,545	382,329,505	148	67 1-2
1808	95,039,075	477,368,580	186	53 3-4
1809	55,832,720	533,201,300	224	44 2-3
1810	43,798,700	577,000,000	300	33 1-3
1811	————	577,000,000	394	25 2-3
1812	————	577,000,000	379	26 3-5
1813	————	577,000,000	397	25 1-5
1814	————	577,000,000	397	25 1-5

Since the peace, the Russian government has made every possible exertion to lessen the quantity of paper money. From a report of the finance minister, M. Gourieff, dated 9th April last, it appears that about 118 millions of assignats have already been withdrawn from circulation, and it is estimated that in the next two years, an additional 100 millions will be cancelled. This has been partly effected by funding the assignats, and partly by exchanging them at certain rates for gold and silver roubles, of which there has been of late a very extensive coinage. In consequence of the diminution of their number, the relative value of the assignats has advanced considerably; and the paper prices of all commodities have proportionally declined.

Bank of England.—It will be seen from this sketch, of the history of the principal continental banks, that *their connection with their respective governments has been the radical defect of their constitution*, and the real cause of the various disorders we have thus briefly detailed. The lending of large sums to government, is a transaction altogether incompatible with the real nature of banking, and which could not fail to prove fatal to any company who were obliged to pay their notes on demand. If previously to a loan being made to government, the currency was sufficiently abundant, and paper on a par with gold, it is obvious that the additional supply of paper thus thrown into the market, would sink its value, and there would be a run on the bank for gold for exportation. Thus circumstanced, unless the bank had immense surplus funds, which it could easily convert into cash, or bullion, it would stand an extreme risk of being obliged to stop payment, and would, at all events, suffer considerable embarrassment and difficulty.

If a considerable amount of paper had been borrowed by government from a bank on long credit, without supposing its issue to have been in excess, it might, nevertheless, expose the establishment to great hazard. In the case of either real or imaginary dangers, arising from political or other causes, a run is always made on the banks; and if their funds are locked up, or not available, the consequences must inevitably prove fatal.

Circumstances of this nature, caused the crisis of 1797, and the restriction act. The issues of the bank of England were not at that time superabundant, for there was no excess of the market above the mint price of gold. The run was entirely owing to political causes, and would soon have subsided, had the directors been able sufficiently to control their issues, or had their paper been only issued to private individuals, from whom, in the course of sixty days at farthest, they would have received payment. Their capital, however, and several millions of their notes, having been lent to government, they could not recover payment of either the one or the other. The beggarly importunity of the ministry had emptied their coffers, and multiplied their notes—increased their debts, and lessened their means of payment. ‘It was then owing,’ says Mr. Ricardo, ‘to the too intimate connection between the bank and government, that the restriction became necessary; it is to that cause, too, that we have owed its continuance.’

The late reports of the bank committee, afford the most convincing proof of the accuracy of this statement. From 1790 to 1797, when the restriction act passed, the amount of the advances made by the bank to government, and of the notes outstanding, on the 25th of each year, was:—

		Bank Notes.			Advances.
1790	-	10,217,360-	-	-	7,908,968
1791	-	11,699,140	-	-	9,603,978

		Bank Notes.			Advances.
1792	-	11,349,810	-	-	9,839,338
1793	-	11,431,180	-	-	9,066,698
1794	-	10,963,380	-	-	8,786,514
1795	-	13,539,160	-	-	11,114,230
1796	-	11,030,110	-	-	11,718,730

The amount of the advances of the bank to government, on the 20th of February, and 2d of August, each year, since 1814, and of the bank notes issued during the corresponding half years, is reported by the commons committee as follows:

		Bank Notes.			Advances.
1814.	Jan. to June	25,511,012	—	Feb. 26. 1814	23,607,300
	July to Dec.	28,291,832	—	Aug. 2. —	34,937,800
1815.	Jan. to June	27,155,824	—	Feb. 26. 1815	27,156,000
	July to Dec.	26,618,210	—	Aug. 2. —	24,079,100
1816.	Jan. to June	26,468,280	—	Feb. 26. 1816	18,988,300
	July to Dec.	26,681,398	—	Aug. 2. —	26,012,600
1817.	Jan. to June	27,339,768	—	Feb. 26. 1817	25,399,500
	July to Dec.	39,210,035	—	Aug. 2. —	27,330,718
1818.	Jan. to June	27,954,558	—	Feb. 26. 1818	27,002,000
	July to Dec.	26,487,859	—	Aug. 2. —	27,060,900
				Feb. 11. 1819	21,930,000

The circumstance of the public creditors, being obliged to receive payment of their dividends in bank of England paper, has, since the epoch of the restriction, rendered it nearly as *compulsory* as that of any of the continental states. That it has not been equally depreciated, is to be ascribed entirely to its being liable to have its concerns inquired into by parliament, and canvassed by the public. We trust, however, that this ruinous connection between the bank and government is now about to be dissolved; that in future, the directors will be compelled to regulate their issues by reference to a fixed standard, and not according to their varying whims and caprices; and that they will no longer have it in their power to play at fast and loose with all the property in the kingdom.

Like the bank of Venice, the bank of England owed its origin and its privileges to the distresses of government. It was founded in 1694. The original capital was only L. 1,200,000, mortgaged to government for an annual interest of L. 100,000. In a year or two afterwards, its capital was increased to L. 1,400,000. In 1700, the bank obtained from parliament an assurance, that, during the continuance of its charter, no similar charter should be granted to any banking company established in England; and in 1708, it was enacted, that no more than six *persons should be capable of entering into any association or copartnership, for the purpose of carrying on the trade of bankers.* This most impolitic regulation has not hitherto been repealed. The capital of the bank of England now amounts to L. 11,686,800, lent to government at an interest

of 3 per cent. and payable at the expiration of the charter. The bank notes in circulation, on the 26th of August, 1818, amounted to L. 28,87,865, and on the 11th of February, 1819, to L. 23,028,820. In 1790, the bank had gold coin and bullion in its coffers of the value of L. 5,619,000; but on the 26th of February, 1797, the epoch of the restriction, this supply was reduced so low as L. 1,272,000. We do not know that an account has been published of the amount of cash and bullion in the bank at any subsequent period.

View of some of the leading points of difference in the situation of Great Britain, in the years 1797, (when the bank restriction act was passed,) and 1819.

	Jan. 1797.	Jan. 1819.
Annual net revenue,	L. 18,737,760	L. 49,549,899
Interest of public debt,	11,844,407	29,068,137
Sinking fund,	2,338,584	14,726,039
Outstanding exchequer bills,	13,218,600	43,655,600
Unfunded debt,	5,248,932	1,677,125
Outstanding credits due to the bank of England,	17,597,280	39,096,900
Exports,	30,58,000	53,559,711
Imports,	23,186,000	36,900,681
Circulating gold coin,	30,000,000	—
Bank of England notes,	8,640,250	25,956,840
Country banks,	230	750

To which may be added an increase of population exceeding one million and a half.

ART. IV.—British Finances.

ABSTRACT of the net produce of the revenue of Great Britain, in the years and quarters ended 5th July 1817, 5th July 1818, and 5th July 1819; distinguishing the consolidated fund, the annual duties, and the war taxes, and also distinguishing the customs and excise.

Revenue distinguishing the consolidated fund, the annual duties, and the war taxes.

	Years ended 5th July.		
	1817. L.	1818. L.	1819. L.
Customs,	5,367,836	7,898,556	7,347,081
Excise,	17,072,066	7,627,354	19,115,307
Stamps,	6,030,997	6,443,763	6,308,177
Post-office,	1,360,000	1,333,000	1,401,000
Assessed taxes,	5,935,664	6,169,009	6,184,410
Land taxes,	1,187,413	1,163,621	1,172,184
Miscellaneous,	258,688	517,669	520,561
Unappropriated war duties,	1,417,755	22,235	216,447
Total consolidated fund,	38,628,419	41,175,212	42,065,167

Annual duties to pay off bills.			
Customs,	2,900,109	2,101,823	3,152,326
Excise,	532,744	273,961	634,832
Pensions, &c.	4,016		16
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total annual duties, .	3,436,869	2,375,784	3,783,174
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Permanent and annual duties	42,065,288	43,550,996	45,852,341
War taxes.			
Customs,	556		
Excise,	3,629,404	3,277,779	3,436,029
Property,	4,725,119	1,204,749	72,910
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total war taxes,	8,355,079	4,482,548	3,508,933
Total revenue, distinguish- ing the consolidated fund, the annual duties, and war taxes, }	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	50,420,367	48,033,544	49,361,280
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Revenue distinguishing the customs and excise.			
Total produce of customs, } as particularized above, }	8,268,501	10,000,379	10,499,407
Ditto of excise, as above, }	21,234,214	21,179,114	23,186,168
Ditto of stamps, post-office, assessed property, and land taxes, miscellaneous, & unappropriated duties, and pensions, as ditto, }	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	20,917,652	16,854,051	15,675,705
Total revenue, distinguish- ing the customs and ex- cise, }	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	50,420,367	48,033,544	49,361,280
Deduct receipt upon pro- perty, war duty on malt, and unappropriated du- ties, }	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	6,660,476	1,226,984	289,357
Revenue, exclusive of pro- perty, war duty on malt, and unappropriated du- ties, }	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	43,759,891	46,806,560	49,071,923

ART. V.—*Foreign Literature.*

WE have been long accustomed in this country, to obtain all our foreign literary information from the periodical publications of Great Britain, and to place implicit reliance on their capacity and fairness.

The mass of evidence lately collected, and imperishably recorded, by the powerful genius of our distinguished countryman, Robert Walsh, jun. should diminish our admiration of British critics, and

shake our filial confidence in their decisions. If Mr. Walsh's able appeal should have the happy effect of sometimes enticing us from the beaten track of British literature, rendered disgusting by national prejudice and individual pride, into the delightful fields of continental science, he will have conferred a lasting benefit upon his countrymen.

The Edinburgh and London Quarterly Reviews, though bitter enemies on other points, appear to have formed a strict alliance for the purpose of repressing every effort of American genius. When a bright ray of science shines from the western shore of the Atlantic, it is either refracted into hideous obliquity, by the dense and misty atmosphere of British criticism, or sent back in contemptuous reflections, by those mirrors of national prejudice, the British Reviews.

These observations were elicited by the perusal of several numbers of a work lately commenced in Paris, called *La Revue Encyclopedique*. A desire to do justice to the labours of the votaries of learning in all countries, and to promote the cause of true science, are the most prominent features of this work. The French reviewers appear to be well informed with respect to the institutions, manners, and statistics of the United States; points on which the *learned*, in Great Britain, display the most lamentable ignorance, or the most wilful misrepresentation. The philosophers of France, Italy, and Germany, having escaped from the shackles of national prejudice, greet every legitimate son of science, whether an American or a Greek, a Franklin or a Nicolo Paulo, as a fellow citizen of the great republic of letters.

The four h number of *La Revue Encyclopedique* contains a very interesting article on prejudice, by the enlightened Sismondi, intended by its author to appear in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, in an English translation. There is a peculiar aptness in making a philosophical analysis of prejudice, for the use of the British nation. The profound genius of Sismondi, deeply versed in the master science of the human mind, having discovered the prevailing disease of British intellect, has administered a remedy at once mild and wholesome.

In the following translation of the introduction to Sismondi's article, I have endeavoured to give the author's meaning in plain English; to transfuse the beauties of his diction, would require the elegant pen of Murphy. If Sismondi's philosophical beauties should induce some of my young countrymen to give more of their attention to the literature of continental Europe, my object will be fully attained.

HARMODIUS.

Translation.—The name of *prejudices* is applied to all opinions which are formed, before our reason has discussed, and our judgment confirmed them; to all motives which influence our belief, without having any relation to the subject of inquiry. They may

be just or unfounded; they may aid our good inclinations, or shackle our reason; and we should neither reject them with contempt, nor submit to them with confidence. The judgment should remain free from prejudice, neither blindly resisting it, nor substituting it for reflection, but appreciating it according to its true worth. An opinion cannot be considered as clearly established, unless all the prejudices which are connected with it, have been analysed, traced to their origin, and estimated at their just value. A being destined to a longer existence, man comes into the world endowed with powers and an activity disproportioned to his earthly career. He knows, and he desires to know every thing; he forms but a small link in the chain of beings, and he would know them all, and foresee all their operations. His own experience is not sufficient to furnish him with the knowledge necessary for his own conduct. Upon the recommendation of others, he is obliged to adopt most of those rules which he feels the necessity of following. Did he not believe the reports of others, respecting the properties of bodies, he could neither defend, feed, nor clothe himself. In making him a social being, God has required him to claim his part in the great inheritance of human experience. All is tradition with him, long previous to conviction or experience. He imitates before he reasons, and imitation is the adoption of the knowledge of others. All his natural powers are developed in infancy, according to the example of those who have lived before him. All his moral faculties also, are planted and cultivated in his soul by other hands; and when he arrives at maturity, he conceits himself full of his own riches, whilst nearly all he possesses has been bequeathed to him by generations that have passed away.

The infant who learns from his parents, to feed, to walk, to speak, to avoid danger, learns also from them to think and to judge; and still more to express thoughts which are not his own, and to receive opinions which he has not formed. This constant adoption of the opinions of others, is a necessary consequence of his situation in the world. Continually required to decide and act for himself, before he is able to reflect, he is obliged to form his faith, his morality, and his political opinions, upon the foundation of others, and even to gather his knowledge of the sciences, of the arts, and of commerce, from observations which were not made by himself. Every thing is prejudice in his mind, long before it becomes judgment. In proportion, however, as his reason is developed, he reconsiders some of the opinions he had formed, and appreciates them intrinsically, (for themselves,) at least as far as he can, whilst all the points of comparison, and all the notions by which he began to form his mind, are yet established only upon prejudice.

What we have learnt from others, we *believe*; what we have observed ourselves, we *know*. Hence, in the most general acceptance of the word, all that we believe is prejudice; until, having applied successively the philosophical doubt, which precedes and

causes examination, to each point of our belief, this doubt, and the proof which follows it, change prejudice into judgment: but the difficulty and the tediousness of this operation are soon felt, even by those who are endowed with the clearest and most powerful intellect. Among the opinions generally admitted, and which every one at first received with confidence, some remain doubtful after examination; and the number of those, which a habitually reflecting person has not had the time or ability to examine, remains at the end of the longest life, infinitely greater than that of those which he has submitted to this test. Moreover, whatever may be the activity of his mind and the justness of his manner of thinking, he is constrained, during the whole course of his life, to trust to prejudice for the greatest part of his actions, because he has not yet established all the principles which belong only to judgment.

It is precisely because the philosopher cannot escape from prejudice, and because he meets with it at every step, both in himself and in others, that it is necessary for him to be acquainted with those human propensities which have influence over the opinions of others, and over his own. He will not entirely escape from prejudice; for in that case, he would be lost in a sea of doubts; but he will rise high enough to appreciate it himself, to foresee how each of his powers may modify his opinions; and after allowing its lawful part to the natural propensity which tends to *accrediter* every notion, he will receive no more upon the faith of others, than the notion itself, such as human testimony represents it; doubtful evidence, indeed, but which cannot yet be replaced by any thing more solid.

At the first glance, we discover a resemblance between prejudices and those presumptions which serve in law, to supply the defects of testimony, and which habitually determine our choice of probable opinions, when we cannot arrive, or at least, when we have not yet arrived at demonstration. But, presumptions arise from the circumstances of the thing itself, which is under our examination; prejudices grow out of the dispositions of our own minds. Presumptions are foreign to us; prejudices are foreign to the questions they decide. Hence, to arrive at greater precision in terms, we shall call *presumptions*, all those shades of probability which arise from the question itself which we examine, or from its accessory circumstances, whilst we call *prejudices*, all those inclinations to believe, or not to believe, which arise from the play of our faculties, the habits of our minds, or the emotions of our hearts. Presumptions are *without* us; they are as various as the circumstances from which they arise; and although logic teaches to appreciate them, it can with difficulty comprehend them all, and arrange them in classes. But, prejudices are *within* us; they arise from ourselves; and although it is impossible to foresee the millions of forms that human prejudices may assume, yet it may not

be so, to class them according to the natural sentiments to which they are related.

This analysis of the origin of prejudices is not only an object of curiosity; it should render us more indulgent to the opinions of others, and at the same time more correct in our own. It almost always makes us see a fair side in the most absurd opinions: (it is that by which they are disseminated;) and it teaches us at the same time to surprise in ourselves, and to dislodge that secret bias which induces us to prejudice, when wisdom requires that we should previously examine.

In effect, tradition, and it is thus that we shall call the whole mass of knowledge that we receive from others, presents us with nothing but presumptions; our faculties change them into prejudices, by the way in which they prepare us to admit them. The persons who transmitted these presumptions to us, possessed faculties analogous to ours, and they have also modified them. These faculties, which usurp the place of judgment, act as a prism, which gives colour to objects; the prism must submit to analysis in its turn. In general, we are sufficiently accustomed to distinguish within ourselves the faculties of *judgment*, *memory*, *imagination*, and *sensibility*. We shall follow this division to show how the different dispositions of the soul modify the objects which are presented to it; or rather, how the three latter usurp the place of the judgment, and offer *their* prejudices instead of *its* decisions. But besides these active powers, we may perceive one within us, which is passive, and is a kind of *vis inertiae*, which resists the action of the others. These faculties will afford us the division of all the prejudices. We shall refer them to *memory*, *imagination*, *sensibility*, and the *love of repose*, usurping the place of judgment.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. VI.—*Récherches Physiologiques et Médicales sur les Causes, les Symptomes, et le Traitement, de la Gravelle*. Par F. Magendie, Docteur en Médecine de la Faculté de Paris, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 91. Paris, 1818.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

FROM some isolated, but, so far as it goes, very strong evidence, Dr. Magendie infers that animal diet is the cause of gravel: and having, as he supposes, ascertained the fact, he propounds, by way of explaining this fact, a principle which, according to our conceptions, rests merely upon defective analogies, drawn from inanimate to living existence.

To the use of animal food, have been ascribed, even by some individuals in our own country, not only gravel, but serophula, cancer, consumption, asthma gout, and, indeed, all the chronic ailments that are incident to man; and there are very many who, although they may not go the length of some of the *ultra* ene-

mies to this kind of diet, and do not quite suppose, that with every slice of beef, we actually swallow a dose of poison, still are inclined to attribute a variety of diseases to this source, and to suppose that vegetable aliment would at the least insure against their easy induction.

An extended disquisition on this contested point, would properly embrace the following particulars of inquiry. First, how far is man shown to be carnivorous or herbivorous, by the form and structure of his body, and by the display of his natural or unsophisticated propensities? Secondly, what were the habits of our species, as it respects food, at former periods? Thirdly, what is the diet, and what, so far as they can be judged of, are the consequences of such diet in different parts of the world? Fourthly, what correspondence would there appear to be between our aliment and the more prevalent ailments of this country, now, and in the time of our forefathers? And lastly, is that class of our countrymen, at the present time, which consumes the greatest proportion of animal food, in the same *ratio* obnoxious to constitutional disease?

As far as structure would determine the question of man's alimentary destination, the vegetable apologists seem to consider themselves as almost invincible, since, in the human species, as they urge, those teeth are wanting, that are invariably found in carnivorous animals: at least, the teeth which are termed *canine*, in man, have nothing in their make answerable to the teeth of the same name in those brutes which refuse vegetable, and live upon animal food. But in their hurry to seize upon this fact, our speculatists have overlooked the circumstance, that almost all the *carnivora*, except man, are in some measure animals of prey, and that nature has provided them with the teeth in question, both for procuring and for tearing their food. Now, neither of these processes is performed by man; he is not accustomed to take his meat raw, nor by force, in the way of seizure. The *molars*, or grinding teeth, moreover, correspond, as it regards structure, in a very marked manner to the teeth of the *omnivorous* class of animals, or those which are capable of being sustained, either by a mixture of both kinds, or exclusively by one kind of aliment. With respect to the other principal distinction in structure, namely, the form and length of the intestinal canal, although man, in this particular, 'is removed to a considerable distance from the proper *carnivora*,' he cannot be classed with the *herbivora*: in fact, as it regards both the teeth and the intestines, there are indications which must be satisfactory to any sober judgment, that it was the design of Providence, that man's proper food should be of a mixed kind, while at the same time he should be enabled occasionally to accommodate himself to a protracted use of either species of aliment alone. With regard to early propensities, as marks of original destination, we see no great force in the inference deduced from the alleged fact,

of a few 'wild men of the woods,' having evinced an exclusive propensity for fruits and herbs, since, from the mode in which they had been sustained from infancy, such aliment was the only one with which they had been made acquainted. All that has been adduced on the subject of propensity and structure, avails to prove, certainly, that man is not an animal of prey, but, the argument avails no farther.

The inquiry, What were the habits of man in the earliest periods of society? would lead to the question of antediluvian diet and longevity; but the only records which exist, descriptive of 'the world before the flood,' contain, in respect to diet, no positive information. We must commence our comparison of ancient and modern customs, from patriarchal times subsequent to the deluge; and if abstaining from animal food and from drink, are dictates of nature, it will be seen that man very soon learned to disregard them, and degenerated into a carnivorous, a 'drinking,'* and a 'cooking' animal. We read that Abraham, when entertaining his celestial guests, 'ran unto the herd and fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it unto a young man, and he hasted to dress it. And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat.' We have upon record, even before this time, the express command of God to Noah on this head: 'Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you: even as the green herb have I given you all things.' Genesis ix. 3. Again. When Isaac was '*advanced to a good old age*,' he instructs Esau to make him some 'savory meat,' *such as he loved*, and, by implication, such as he had been in the practice of eating. So that we have very early proofs of what the maintainers of the herbaceous hypothesis are disposed to deny, namely, the compatibility of long life and animal diet.

But let us come to the test of what may be considered a fairer comparison, that of the respective diet and corresponding longevity of different parts of the world in the present time. On this head, a great deal of labour has been employed to prove, that in those regions of the globe, for instance, in extensive districts of the eastern world, where, from religious or other motives, man lives exclusively upon vegetable matter, instances of longevity are more frequent, than in countries where opposite habits are prevalent. But all the ingenuity of sophistry is found unavailing, to enable the abettors of this doctrine to make any way against the strong current of opposing and unsuspicious evidence. It has been asserted by witnesses who have not any particular case to make out, that, on the one hand, the vegetable-eaters of India scarcely ever ad-

* It has been asserted by one theorist, who maintains the vegetable creed with great pertinacity, that were man to live upon esculent and undressed vegetables, there would be no occasion for him to drink at all; and that he is not by nature '*a drinking animal!!*'

vance beyond, or even attain the age of sixty. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Lapland and Iceland, countries in which so much animal food in the form of fish is consumed, are distinguished by more than ordinary longevity. Much more, probably, in either case, is attributable to climate and other physical causes, than to the mode and matter of sustenance; but even in this particular, the advocate of 'fish, flesh, and fowl,' has quite as much to favour his side of the question, as the stickler for the superior salubrity of vegetable fare.

We have hitherto been advancing upon ground, over which, the generality of our readers, will not have felt much hesitation in following us. The solution of the two remaining questions, however, involves positions somewhat more debatable. The *quantum* of animal food consumed in this country, as connected with the *quantum* of disease, is a question of high interest to parents who are anxious for the welfare of their offspring. Now, it is a fact too often overlooked by advocates for a meagre regimen, that a much larger proportion of animal food was consumed, by some classes of society at least, formerly, than in our own time. Let the breakfast of a maid of honour in Elizabeth's court, be contrasted with the corresponding meal of the same description of personage in the present day, and then, until it can be proved to us that the chine-devouring dames of the period alluded to, were more liable to 'constitutional maladies' than our present tea-drinking court ladies, we shall take leave to doubt the direct connexion between quantity of food and quantity of disease, in the way that the defenders of abstemiousness suppose.

Again: we are told by sir John Fortescue, who wrote in the fifteenth century, when he is setting the *health* and happiness of the British poor against those of other nations, that 'they,' the poor, 'are fed in great abundance with all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty every where.'* And further, comparing one class of our fellow countrymen with another, at the present period, where do we find the maladies in question, existing in the greatest frequency and virulence? Do we expect to meet with cancer, and scrophula, and consumption, and madness, among rustic labourers, one of whom takes as much meat almost at a single meal, as serves a whole poor family in commercial and manufacturing towns? Or do we not rather look for such diseases either among the squalid and half-famished inhabitants of such towns, where vapid and merely stimulating fare usurps the place of solid sustenance, or among the superior classes of society, whose digestive organs, debilitated by habits of luxury, seldom demand or admit of much that is solid and supporting?

Upon the whole, it may be safely concluded, that a due admixture of animal and vegetable food, (the proportion being greater on

* *Omni genere carniū et piscium ipsi in copia vescuntur.*

one side or the other, according to constitutional temperaments and external circumstances,) is decidedly the natural and legitimate diet of mankind in general, and of the inhabitants of temperate latitudes especially. To the burning countries under the equator, a diet more decidedly vegetable, seems more suitable; but with us, animal matter appears almost indispensable. With respect to quantity, there is no occasion for any great apprehensions, so long as 'a good digestion waits on appetite.' It is not from the butcher, but from the cook, that we receive the slow poison which often preys upon the vitals. It is not by the quantity or kind of matter which we take, so much as by the mode in which it is furnished, and the *times* at which we take it, that our frames become radically impaired.

Much difference of opinion has obtained with respect to drink also, in reference to its supposed connexion with different diseased states. Ever since observations on the *ingesta* have been methodized into any thing like system, water has been an object of minute inquiry, both as to its chemical composition and its physical effects; and no wonder, since it is natural for mankind to attach a considerable effect to a substance they are daily swallowing. These researches, however, have thrown very little light upon the *quo modo* of the salubrity or insalubrity of the different kinds of the fluid in question. There is, indeed, no small reason to be altogether sceptical on this point; for even the maladies of particular climates and places, attributed to the qualities of the water, are much more satisfactorily accounted for by other considerations: the goitre, for example, prevalent in some of the Alpine valleys, has been thought to be owing to the waters of the place, but in other districts, the waters of which are precisely the same in quality, the deformity is not known. Gravel and stone, the subjects of our more particular investigation, have likewise been ascribed to the impregnations of the waters used by the patient; but, 'besides that those concretions do not answer to any of the known combinations of materials found in waters, the maladies in question, happen indifferently to persons living upon soft waters, as those of the Thames or the Seine, or to those, who are the principal part of their lives, in the practice of drinking from springs impregnated with calcareous ingredients.' In fact, there are no well attested instances of any specific effects arising from the use of any waters, if we except those which either operate in the way of temperature, or which contain sulphureous, chalybeate, or saline components, in such measure as sensibly to act upon the animal organization.

It is a law of life, that the more we enjoy, the more we suffer. We cannot have the advantages of civilization and refinement, without being exposed, in a greater or less measure, to the physical and moral evils which luxury brings in her train. Chronic, or constitutional maladies, are among the number of these evils, and

theorists have erred in dissecting and analysing one supposed source of evil, to the exclusion of a multitude of others.

But it is time that we should proceed to notice more particularly what are the facts upon which Dr. Magendie founds his hypothesis, of animal food being the cause of calculous complaints.

It will be recollected, that in our review of Dr. Marcet's work,* we stated, on the authority of that author, that 'in hot climates, and especially between the tropics, calculous affections are almost unknown.' Now, in these countries and climates, vegetable aliment constitutes almost exclusively, the sustenance of the inhabitants. This fact, Dr. Magendie seizes hold of with avidity, as amounting nearly to a demonstration in favour of his argument; but it is singularly unfortunate for the hypothesis, that the nations of the more northern and of arctic regions, enjoy an equal immunity from this class of disorders, notwithstanding that their food, far from consisting of vegetable productions, is almost exclusively, at least in the case of the latter, made up of animal matter, especially of fish. In reference to a particular district of our own country, we are told by Dr. Scudamore, who has had opportunities of personally observing the fact, that these ailments are exceedingly prevalent among the poorer classes in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, whose diet is almost wholly herbivorous. Mr. Copland Hutchinson also, in a paper recently published in the *Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society*, has proved, by indisputable documents, that sailors enjoy a remarkable immunity from stone and gravel; men whom we all know to be peculiarly liable to suffer in other ways, from the effect of living upon one kind of animal diet, to which they are often under the necessity of being restricted. We are further told, by apparently a very candid and dispassionate observer, upon Dr. Magendie's theory, that 'he has repeatedly seen all the phenomena of gravel subdued, and the inordinate secretion of uric acid speedily reduced, by perseverance in a diet consisting of *plain animal food*, sea biscuit, rice, potato, and other farinaceous vegetables, with a moderate allowance of white wine or diluted brandy; and from which, animal *fat and oils, fruit, salad, and other green vegetables, sugar, bread, pastry, and all alimentary substances prone to fermentation in the stomach*, have been rigorously excluded.'†

Dr. Magendie further alleges, that animals whose food is not naturally vegetable, and whose urine superabounds with a proportion of uric acid, may have the relative quantity of that acid reduced by confining them to vegetable diet. In this position he is in a great measure correct. Indeed, the fact that carnivorous animals are the only ones in which uric concretions are detected, we regard as the strongest point in favour of our theorist's assump-

* Eclectic Review, vol. IX. N. S. p. 270.

† London Medical Repository, vol. XI. p. 59.

tions. But it ought to be recollected that these concretions are never found in a great number of the carnivorous tribes of animals, so that something more than the mere circumstance of food must be connected with a constitutional disposition to secrete the uric acid.

Our author cites, with much apparent triumph, in support of his principle, the case of an individual who was, from the fluctuations of commerce, repeatedly subjected to considerable reverses of fortune, and who, during the periods of his opulence, and the corresponding mode of luxurious living, was invariably subject to gravel and gout, both which complaints as regularly left him when poverty compelled him to plainer fare. This instance, however, only proves, what had been already sufficiently substantiated, that the greater the call made upon the stomach and digestive organs, the greater is the liability to derangement in the secretions, and in the whole physical, we might add, moral man.

And this leads us to notice a second objection against Dr. Magendie's principles, on the ground of the tendency they evince to apply mere chemical laws to the explication of vital phenomena. 'Uric acid,' says our author, 'contains in its composition a large proportion of azote; animal food is azotic, and therefore, animal food must favour the generation of substances in which uric acid abounds.' But it ought to be recollected, that the quantity and quality of animal secretions, by no means bear this regular proportion to the kind and measure of the *ingesta*, and that the very essence of vital support consists in the faculty possessed by the living principle, of assimilating or converting aliment into a new product.* That this law has its limits, must be conceded; and it would be flying in the face of facts, to deny that several substances taken into the first passages, are afterwards detected in the secretions and emunctories of the body, almost unchanged. But this is by no means generally the case: the state of the stomach, relative to the integrity of its functions, has more influence upon the secretions, excretions, and exhalations of the body, than the nature or quality of the matter received in the shape of aliment. Nay, the mind itself will occasionally operate a remarkable variety in the particular referred to, without the assistance of any material agency: the hearing of unpleasant news will often impart a disagreeable odour to a breath, which, but the moment before, was free from it; and it is more than probable, that in Dr. Magendie's example of his commercial patient, the mental feelings incident to his varied fortunes, had a conjunctive influence with his diet, in regulating his alternate subjection to, and immunity from

* It is the same thing with vegetable life. 'The marine plant, (for instance,) the ashes of which form soda, if sown in a box filled with earth, that does not contain a particle of that alkali, and moistened with distilled water, furnishes it in as great quantity as if the plant had been growing on the borders of the sea, in a soil always inundated by brackish or salt water.'

disease. Individuals, suffering from gout or gravel, have been known to forget their complaints in the bustle and anxiety of contested elections, although during the whole of the time, they were taking into their stomach quite as large quantities of azotic aliment as they had before been accustomed to.

In noticing Dr. Marcet's work, we stated, that while lithic or uric acid concretions are allowed to be the most usual form of calculous, a great number of other kinds are frequently met with. This circumstance, however, is unfortunate for professor Magendie's azotic hypothesis, and accordingly we find him reluctant to admit the fact. *All* the calculi, he says, subjected to his own examination, have consisted of uric acid; and the varieties detailed by Wollaston, Marcet, and others, are of exceedingly rare occurrence. Are these contradictory statements to be reconciled by the supposition, that in France, uric concretions are more common than in this country? Or are we to seek assistance in the explanation of the enigma, by recollecting the proneness of speculatists to make facts bend to theory?

Such, in brief, are Dr. Magendie's arguments for his chemical theory of calculous formation, and such are the objections to which it is exposed. His practice, however, we believe to be better than his theory; and we have great pleasure in referring to his work for some useful hints, both on the dietical and the medicinal management of the complaints in question.* To regulate and simplify the diet, will be found a most important ingredient in our curative or preventive indications in gravel and stone; and vegetable, as being more digestible, and more easily assimilated by some weak stomachs, than animal food, is often much more appropriate fare for individuals subject to these disorders. 'I have often,' says Mr. Brande, 'known a week's abstinence only, from animal food, relieve a fit of uric gravel, where the alkalies were of little avail; and in other cases, the same plan has been most successfully adopted; at the same time, it must be remembered, that if flatulency and other stomach symptoms arise from the want of usual animal diet, mischief will in most instances result.†

In the paper from which we have made the above extract, are to be found some very philosophical intimations, and some very useful directions on the subject of calculous. Mr. Brande, we feel convinced, has duly appreciated chemical influences in the *rationale*, and treatment of the disorders under consideration, without having failed to recognise the modifications such influences must receive from the peculiar circumstances that regulate the phenomena of life.

'It is,' he says, 'of the utmost importance, that the early symptoms of gravel should be carefully attended to; for we are often

* An English translation of it has been published.

† 'Observations on the Medico-Chemical Treatment of Calculous Disorders.' By W. T. Brande. *Quarterly Journal of Science and Art*.

able, with little difficulty, to check their progress, and to form useful anticipations of the probable duration and extent of the complaint. It is in this stage, and this only, that we may rationally speak of solvent medicines; and that it is really in our power to prevent that kind of accumulation which ends in stone, either of the kidney or bladder.' Mr. Brande then proceeds to inculcate the necessity of bearing in mind, that there are not very often to be found more than three varieties of gravelly or sabulous deposit: there are, first, and principally, the uric acid; secondly, the phosphate of lime; and thirdly, the phosphate of ammonia and magnesia. The two last constitute a *white* sediment in the urine, while the first, forms a *red* deposit. Of the white, or phosphate calculi, acids are the particular correctives; while for the red or uric gravel, alkalies prove the best remedies. Such is the general principle which, in the indications of practice, or the institution of preventive measures, ought never to be lost sight of. Instances sometimes occur, as, indeed, was before intimated, of persons taking alkaline medicines, such as magnesia and lime, as supposed correctives of gravel, and solvents of calculous, which have added to, in place of diminishing the offending material, by encouraging the deposition of fresh matter. Soda water, for instance, not unfrequently produces abundance of white sand, 'which,' remarks Mr. B. 'the ignorance of the patient, and his medical attendant, lead them to refer to the solvent power of the medicine upon the stone, whereas great mischief is doing, by giving the urine more than its usual tendency to deposit the phosphates, and consequently to augment the size of the calculus.' To counteract, then, the tendency to the formation of this white sand, acid medicinals ought to be employed, (*viz.* the nitric, the sulphuric, the muriatic), which often operate a decidedly beneficial change upon the urinary secretion, in the course of a very few days. The vegetable acids also are occasionally very serviceable, and these are especially adapted to cases of disorder in children, in which the white sand appears in abundance. It is to be remarked, by the way, that both in young persons, and in individuals of a more advanced age, this white sediment often takes place as a mere temporary consequence and indication of digestive derangement; in such cases, its appearance ought not to excite any alarm as to future or permanent dispositions.

As acids are correctives of the white concretions, so are alkalies of the red: and soda, potash, magnesia, and ammonia, are, according to the circumstances of the individual, to be had recourse to, as remedies for the lithic or uric calculi. Magnesia possesses the double advantage of being aperient as well as alkaline, and is often most conspicuously serviceable; but some caution is requisite even in the use of this medicinal, simple as it may appear. Very mischievous consequences have been known to result from its lodgement in the first passages, and when carried to an extreme, there

is also danger of its encouraging that kind of deposit from the urine, which constitutes one of the species of the white sand. On the alkalies, both mild and caustic, and on the question of their mode of operating, we have already treated in analysing Dr. Marcet's volume.

We need not recapitulate. Our object, it will be perceived, has been throughout, to guard against illegitimate generalization, in reference both to diet and medicinals; and to prevent the reveries and abstractions of enthusiastic speculatists from gaining ground, to the exclusion of sober theory and scientific inference.

ART. VII.—*Iceland; or, The Journal of a Residence in that Island*, during the years 1814 and 1815. Containing, Observations on the Natural Phenomena, History, Literature, and Antiquities of the Island; and the Religion, Character, Manners, and Customs of its Inhabitants: with an Introduction and Appendix. By Ebenezer Henderson, Doctor in Philosophy, &c. &c. Octavo, 2 vols. 377 and 412 pages. Edinburgh, 1818.

THE author of these travels was not driven from his home by that want of employment from without, and of resource from within, which has so often excited a passion for rambling. The allurements of pleasure did not tempt him to wander in pursuit of luxury and fashion, nor did a taste for knowledge lead him to indulge, by travelling, in an extensive survey of manners, and of the works of nature and art. He appears to have been much the man of business, and, though learned, to have given, comparatively, little of his attention to any other object, than that which was the occasion of his voyage to Iceland. This object was not of a political or a commercial nature. Dr. Henderson was sent as the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in order to disseminate the sacred scriptures in a country which had great need of them, to investigate the wants of its inhabitants with respect to these repositories of divine truths, and to establish a Bible society among the Icelanders.

The author was not, however, by any means without a spirit of liberal inquiry, and has given us, in his introduction, a brief sketch of the island and its inhabitants. We extract the description of the *yokuls*, or ice mountains, which is peculiarly interesting.

‘Celebrated as this island is, for its volcanoes and hot springs, it is scarcely less remarkable on account of the enormous ice mountains which occupy a vast portion of its surface. To these mountains, the natives give the name of *yokuls*, which signify large masses of ice. They have, generally, terreous and rocky mountains for their basis; and, in many places, exhibit magnificent glaciers, which commence at a great height, and run down, with a very rapid descent, into the plains.

‘Though covered with coats of ice of immense thickness, when the internal parts of the mountains become ignited, the mass of ice,

or indurated snow, is cracked and rent by the explosion which ensues; a great quantity of it is melted by the flames, or the exundations of hot water; and whole fields of ice are sometimes deposited on the neighbouring plains. Some of these *yokuls* are remarkable for their vacillation; not remaining in a settled position, but moving forwards, and receding again, at certain indefinite periods.

Iceland, we are informed by the author, was discovered by Nad-doda, a Norwegian pirate, about the year 860. It was visited in 864, by Gardar Ivafarson, a Swede, who called it *Gardarsholm*, or the island of Gardar. It is recorded that Floki, another celebrated pirate, incited by the favourable accounts given by Gardar, made use of a singular expedient to assist him in finding out the island. On his voyage, probably when he supposed himself not far distant from the object of his search, he let loose three ravens, one of whom bent its course to Faroe, at which Floki had touched, another returned to the ship, but the third, flew towards the island, and thus supplied to the navigator, his want of a compass. But this expedition did not prosper; for Floki, too much occupied in fishing, neglected his harvest; and, during the following winter, the cattle which he had brought with him, died. After a further stay of about eighteen months, this navigator returned to Norway.

A permanent settlement was, at last effected, A. D. 874, and the colonization of the country was assisted by the tyranny exercised by Harald Harfagra, over the Norwegians.

After remaining republicans for three hundred and thirty-three years, the Icelanders fell under the dominion of Norway, and since 1387, have been subject to Denmark.

The author has advanced the position supported by particular narratives in the Icelandick history, that the Icelanders were the discoverers of America; and has asserted that this took place in 1001.

It is the opinion that Iceland was, formerly, much more populous than at present. The author has related that, in the fifteenth century, an epidemic disease, called the black death, produced a fatal result to nearly two thirds of the inhabitants; and in the years 1707 and 1708, sixteen thousand persons died of the small-pox. In 1801, the population, we are told, was forty-seven thousand two hundred and seven, and that it is calculated, three thousand have been added since that time.

Dr. Henderson describes the general temper of the Icelanders in the following terms.

‘It has been said, that in general, the Icelanders are of a sullen and melancholy disposition; but, after paying the strictest attention to their appearance and habits, I must pronounce the statement inaccurate, and one which could only have been made by those who have had little or no intercourse with that people. On the contrary, I have been surprised at the degree of cheerfulness

and vivacity which I found to prevail amongst them, and that, not unfrequently, under circumstances of considerable external depression and want. Their predominant character is that of unsuspecting frankness, pious contentment, and a steady liveliness of temperament, combined with a strength of intellect, and acuteness of mind, seldom to be met with in other parts of the world. They have also been noted for the almost unconquerable attachment which they feel to their native island. With all their privations, and exposed as they are, to numerous dangers from the operation of physical causes, they live under the practical influence of one of their common proverbs: "Iceland is the best land on which the sun shines."

Christianity began to be prevalent in Iceland in the beginning of the eleventh century, and in 1551, the protestant doctrines were universally inculcated. The author gives great praise to the Icelandick clergy, for their faithful attention to the performance of the duties of their stations, notwithstanding the smallness of their salaries obliges them to devote much of their time to their farms.

We dismiss the author's introduction, and enter upon his journal, from which we make the following extract:

'The first view we obtained of Iceland, was on the evening of the 12th of July, 1814. At the distance of forty miles, we could discover some of the ice mountains towering to an immense height in the horizon, surrounded below with clouds, and completely covered with snow. From about the middle of the highest, a black rugged ridge commenced, which continued to dip gradually towards the west, till it was intercepted by two small conical snow capped mountains, that bore the most perfect resemblance to sugar loaves. When the tediousness of the voyage is taken into consideration, an allowance will easily be made, for my attaching the idea of beauty to those masses of perennial snow, notwithstanding the revolting presentiment of cold, which necessarily forced itself into my mind.'

Having received a welcome reception, both from private individuals and from the constituted authorities, at Ruykiavik, which is the chief mercantile establishment on the island, our author prepared himself for the adventurous task of a journey through the interior to the northern coast, intending to return by the western shore.

After a picture of Icelandick travelling, of the rugged tracts of lava, which seem to form a considerable part of the surface of the island, and of that hospitality with which our traveller appears to have been uniformly welcomed in his journey, we are presented with the following account of a great natural curiosity.

'The track we followed, led us, all at once, to the brink of the frightful chasm called *Almannagja*, where the solid masses of burnt rock have been disrupted, so as to form a fissure, or gap, not less than a hundred and eighty feet deep, in many places nearly of the

same width, and about three miles in length. At first sight, the stupendous precipices inspired us with a certain degree of terror, which, however, soon left us; and we spent nearly half an hour in surveying the deep chasms, running nearly parallel with the main one, almost below our feet. On the west side of the rent, at no great distance from its southern termination, it is met by another opening, partially filled with large masses of broken rock, down which the traveller must resolve to proceed. Binding up the bridles of our horses, we made them descend before us, while we contemplated with surprise, the undaunted nimbleness with which they leaped from one step of this natural staircase to another. In our own descent, it was not without impressions of fear, that we viewed the immensely huge pieces of rock that projected from the sides of the chasm, almost overhead, and which appeared to be but slenderly attached to the precipice. When we arrived at the bottom, we found ourselves situated in the midst of a fine green; and after stopping once more, to admire the wild and rugged grandeur of the scenery, we again mounted our steeds, and reaching a pass in the eastern cliffs, which owing to the sinking of the ground, are considerably lower, we made our egress with the utmost ease.'

Our traveller soon encountered some of the hot springs, which form one of the most conspicuous curiosities of Iceland, and he expatiates, with considerable enthusiasm, on the mingled richness and wildness of the landscape, which, on one occasion, met his view. Indeed, the union of summer and winter, which characterized the scene, was well calculated to fill the mind of the spectator with delightful emotions.

We now approach, perhaps, one of the most remarkable works of nature. This is the *geysers*, or principal boiling fountains of Iceland. They have attracted the attention, and been described by the pens of many travellers, among whose accounts, that of Dr. Henderson is not the least interesting, and is, in part, as follows:

' Though surrounded by a great multiplicity of boiling springs, and steaming apertures, the magnitude and grandeur of which, far exceeded any thing we had ever seen before; we felt at no loss in determining on which of them to feast our wondering eyes, and bestow the primary moments of astonished contemplation. Near the northern extremity of the tract, rose a large circular mound, formed by the depositions of the fountain, justly distinguished by the appellation of the *great geyser*, from the middle of which, a great degree of evaporation was visible. Ascending the rampart, we had the spacious basin at our feet, more than half filled with the most beautiful, hot, crystalline water, which was but just moved by a gentle ebullition, occasioned by the escape of steam, from a cylindrical pipe, or funnel, in the centre. This pipe, I ascertained by admeasurement, to be seventy-eight feet of perpen-

dicular depth; its diameter is, in general, from eight to ten feet, but near the mouth, it gradually widens, and opens, almost imperceptibly, into the basin, the inside of which, exhibits a whitish surface, which has been rendered almost perfectly smooth by the incessant action of the boiling water. The diameter of the basin is fifty-six feet, in one direction, and forty-six in another; and when full, it measures about four feet in depth, from the surface of the water to the commencement of the pipe. The borders of the basin, which form the highest part of the mound, are very irregular, owing to the various accretions of the deposited substances; and at two places, are small channels, equally polished with the interior of the basin, through which the water makes its escape, when it has been filled to the margin. The declivity of the mound is rapid at first, especially on the northwest side, but instantly begins to slope more gradually, and the depositions are spread all around, to different distances, the least of which is near a hundred feet.

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‘Twenty-five minutes past nine, as I returned from the neighbouring hill, I heard reports, which were both louder and more numerous than any of the preceding, and exactly resembled the distant discharge of a park of artillery. Concluding from these circumstances, that the long expected wonders were about to commence, I ran to the mound, which shook violently under my feet, and I had scarcely time to look into the basin, when the fountain exploded, and instantly compelled me to retire to a respectful distance on the windward side. The water rushed up out of the pipe with amazing velocity, and was projected by irregular jets into the atmosphere, surrounded by immense volumes of steam, which, in a great measure, hid the column from the view. The first four or five jets were inconsiderable, not exceeding fifteen or twenty feet in height; these were followed by one about fifty feet, which was succeeded by two or three, considerably lower; after which, came the last, exceeding all the rest in splendor, which rose at least to the height of seventy feet. The large stones, which we had previously thrown into the pipe, were ejaculated to a great height, especially one, which was thrown much higher than the water. On the propulsion of the jets, they lifted up the water in the basin, nearest the orifice of the pipe, to the height of a foot, or a foot and a half; and on the falling of the column, it not only caused the basin to overflow at the usual channels, but forced the water over the highest part of the brim, behind which I was standing. The great body of the column, (at least ten feet in diameter,) rose perpendicularly, but was divided into a number of the most superb curvated ramifications; and several smaller spoutings were severed from it, and projected in oblique directions, to the no small danger of the spectator, who is apt to get scalded ere he is aware, by the falling jet.’

The author, next morning, saw an eruption of the *new geyser*, or, as it is called by the natives, *strokr*, nine feet in diameter, and from fifty to eighty feet high. The longest eruption of these fountains, witnessed by Dr. Henderson, continued for eight minutes and ten seconds.

We accompany our author from the geysers to the northern coast of Iceland, not without some sympathizing sentiments at the hardships which he endured, and admiration at the composed fortitude with which they were borne and surmounted. The interior of the island exhibits a dreary and uninhabited tract, composed of icy and volcanic mountains, mingled with tracts of sand and lava, and affording only small spots of verdure at the stations, which, in one instance, are fifty miles apart. We compassionate our traveller in his entrance on the desert, and share in the cheerfulness which animated him on beholding, after a dreary journey from a mountain, the valley of Eyafjord, which he thus describes:

‘The change in the prospect was indescribably delightful. The green grass with which the valley was richly clad, the beautiful river by which it was intersected, the cottages which lay scattered on both sides, and the sheep and lambs which were grazing in every direction, and which, from their distance below us, appeared only as small specks; these circumstances, combined with the height of the mountains that boldly faced each other, and then sloped gently down into the valley, proved an agreeable relief to the eye, which, for four days, had scarcely beheld a tuft of grass; or, indeed, any thing but stones and snow.’

The dwelling-houses of the Icelanders are far from being inviting, as they are low, poorly finished and dirty.

On his arrival on the northern coast, our traveller altered his plan of returning to Reykiavik, by the western part of the island, and determined to proceed by the eastern and southern divisions. Previous, however, to executing this determination, he made a short excursion to the west. On this tour, we find him paying a visit to a poet, who had translated Milton into the Icelandick tongue.

The following is an account of one of the many dangers to which the Icelanders are subject:

‘One of the principal inconveniences to which the inhabitants of the valleys, in the north of Iceland, are exposed, is what they call the *scrida*, or the falling of part of the surface of the mountains, into the valley below. It generally begins high up, by the disruption of a cliff, or the loosening of the earth after rain, which, accumulating fresh strength, and receiving new accessions as it proceeds, spreads wider and wider, and with a tremendous noise, hurls every thing before it, into the middle of the plain.’

On his return from Holurn, which was formerly the seat of a bishop, and where a printing press was established in the sixteenth

century, from which issued three editions of the Icelandick scriptures. Dr. Henderson commenced his return to Reykiavik. In the course of his progress, we find him passing a salmon fishery, and crossing a ferry, at which it was necessary to swim the horses. He was furnished with a tent, which he pitched almost every night, preferring it to the accommodation which the houses could afford. His attention was attracted by the hot springs of Reykiaverf, the principal of which are three in number. The basin of the largest is about thirty-three feet in diameter, the pipe, about ten, and of no great depth. The fountain is adorned with incrustations and other siliceous depositions, similar to those at the geysers. It only jets in tempestuous weather, when the eruptions are said to be both lofty and frequent; but our author witnessed an ebullition of about a foot in height, which produced an overflow of the basin, and lasted about half a minute. Another of these springs, instead of alternate states of quiet and eruption, boils continually and furiously; its pipe is about fourteen feet deep. The third, the pipe of which is about eight feet in diameter, combines in its operation, the spouting and boiling of the other two. Its jets take place every five or six minutes, and are from fifteen to twenty-feet high.

On his way to Reykiaplid, our traveller passed near *Theiandadal*, or, *The Valley of Silence*, so called from its having been formerly inhabited, but depopulated by the plague. We trace him over lava, with its craters; rivers with their cascades, and through a desert called *Myvats-sandar*, consisting entirely of sand, pumice, and other volcanic substances. He also crosses, several times, a stream of lava, one of those which issued from the neighbouring mountains of Leishnukr and Krabla, between the years 1724 and 1730. At this period, three farms were destroyed, and the molten stream advancing into the lake *Myvator*, formed several small islands, and destroyed the fish. This lake derives its name from the remarkable swarms of gnats by which it is infested, the bite of which is extremely painful.

On the border of the lake, our traveller met with a respectable family removing, on horseback, a distance of not less than five hundred miles to the south. To females, this journey must have been terrible, and a distressing accident which had occurred on the morning when these travellers reached Dr. Henderson's tent, of a child of two years old, breaking its thigh, at a great distance from surgical aid, in being dropped from the horse by its attendant, may illustrate the hardships which they underwent.

Our author, proceeding on his journey, passed the *vapour bath*, a low rude building of lava, raised over a crevice, through which a quantity of steam issues. Soon after, he arrived at the sulphur mines, which have been dug by the peasants, in an irregular and prodigal manner. The beds of sulphur are thick, and covered only with a thin crust. Near these mines are situated twelve large caldrons of boiling mud, the action of which, attended by roaring,

splashing, and the ascent of vast columns of dense steam, the author describes as truly terrific. On partially ascending the mountain *Krabla*, the author had a view of a circular pool, of black liquid matter, at least three hundred feet in circumference; from the centre of which, a column of the same substance, about ten feet in diameter, was ejected to a height of thirty feet, surrounded by smoke, and with a loud thundering noise. Leaving this mountain, he visited *Hrafninnufial*, or the Obsidian mountain, so called from its abounding in obsidian, or the Icelandick agate, of which our traveller selected such specimens as he could conveniently carry.

In crossing a river in this neighbourhood, which, like many others in Iceland, proceeds from a yokul, or ice-field, the author encountered considerable danger. He was afterwards benighted in a desert, six miles in extent, where, not being able to discern the path, he was carried on safely by the instinct of his horses, until stopped by a steep elevation, which on examination, proved to be the farm house of Grimstad, which was the limit of his day's journey.

In calculating time, our traveller informs us that the Icelanders make use of the natural horizon, which they divide into eight points, consisting of the peaks or projections of mountains; or, in the absence of these, of pyramids of stones, erected on the corresponding heights.

More than once, our author passes his encomium on Icelandick manners, particularly where they are not corrupted by intercourse with strangers. He describes the inhabitants as moral, religious, cheerful, contented, and hospitable. Much simplicity appears to prevail among them, together with a degree of information in the peasants, quite remarkable, and superior to what is generally observed in that class. The intemperance which was sometimes observable formerly, has been checked by the high price of spirituous liquors; and, to use the expression of an Icelandick clergyman, 'their poverty is the bulwark of their happiness.' It is difficult to resist the testimony founded on daily observation, of the effect of so simple a state of society, in promoting virtue; but, at the same time, these remarks carry with them a severe reflection on the manners of a majority of those communities to whom Providence has allotted abundant temporal blessings.

We notice, in perusing our author's narrative, that in the parish of Hof, containing upwards of four hundred souls, there was only one parishioner more than eight years of age, who could not read, and this individual was prevented by a natural infirmity.

Following our traveller, we behold him now cheered by the prospect of fine meadows; now crossing a deep river, by a slight and partially decayed bridge, thrown from one precipice to another; now perplexed in fording a stream, and now tracing a resemblance

between the mountain peaks and the turrets of Edinburgh castle, or the dome of St. Paul's.

At the factory of Diupavog, the most southerly harbour on the east coast, the author met with a pretty voluminous circulating library, which the zeal of the proprietor has prompted him to establish, for the accommodation of such as may wish to cultivate different branches of science.

The following is an interesting account of some mineralogical curiosities:

'At the distance of about three miles from the factory, we came to a long irregular range of cliffs, where the shore, "eat into caverns by the restless wave," exposed "the place of stones," and disclosed to the ravished eye, some of the most unparalleled beauties of the mineral kingdom. In the hard rock, were numerous and widely diversified crystallizations of quartz; but what particularly attracted my attention, was the zcolite, or star stone, so called from the beautiful shining rays of crystal, which all diverge from a common centre, and terminate in a pyramidal form. It was imbedded in argillaceous earth, and on this account, is easily dug out; but was so exceedingly brittle, of itself, that it could hardly bear the removal of the clay. Of this mineral, I met with many beautiful varieties. Some of these stars contain four sided rays, or bars of crystals, nearly as fine as hairs, and not more than a quarter of an inch from the centre to the circumference; others consist of bars near a quarter of an inch in circumference, and three or four inches in length, while others are found in the shape of a goose's egg, but twice as large, which, on being broken, present a flat surface, consisting, at one end, of a white, and white bluish substance, resembling cornelian, and at the other, of beautiful bars of white crystal, that lie close together, like pillars in a bed of basalt. These last are covered with a thin coat, of a light green colour, in which, in various places, small prominences appear, consisting of a greenish loose grained substance. At the same place I found some small light stones, externally of the same colour; but on being broken, they discovered a beautiful shining substance, which I take to be calcareous spar. Chalcedonies and red jasper also abound in the neighbourhood; and though most of the European cabinets have been stocked with specimens from this place, in the selection of which, the greatest waste has been made; it still contains inexhaustible treasures, and would richly repay the toils of the naturalist, who spent a summer here in mineralogical researches.'

After proceeding some distance further, the author found himself in the midst of large masses of columnar rocks, which he compares to the remains of Grecian architecture.

'The pillars were piled one above another, with the most perfect exactness, and arranged so as to form an entire semicircle. They stand quite perpendicular; some of the divisions may be about four feet in length, but in general, they appeared to be from two to

three feet. The most of them were six-sided; a considerable number had five, and some seven sides. Finding that such fragments as had been thrown down, were mostly all concave, at the one end, and convex at the other, I was anxious to ascertain their original position, and climbed up amongst the broken pillars, when I discovered that they were all concave at the upper end; and the excavation appeared to be more or less hollowed, according to the convexity of the lower end of the joint that had stood upon it.'

The colour of some of the *yokuls* is thus described:

'In the upper regions, they appear to consist of the purest virgin snow; about the middle, they become blackish, owing, I suppose, to the admixture of sand and dust from the adjacent mountains; and a considerable way around the edge, they assume a beautiful green tint, which, reflecting the beams of the sun, produces the most brilliant effect.'

We are furnished with a description of a moving ice mountain, called the *Breidamark yokul*, about twenty miles in length, fifteen in breadth, and having an extreme height of about four hundred feet. Its progress towards the sea, appeared from its covering the tracks made in the sand by travellers the preceding year. The author observed, that one which had been made only eight days previous to his arrival, was already invaded by the ice.

Our poor traveller, in passing a river called the *Yokulsa a Breidamerkursand*, was in imminent danger. He describes its tumultuous roar, and the height of its breakers, to have been tremendous; and avers, that nothing but a confidence in the Divine protection, which seems to have been his support in every danger, emboldened him to encounter its fury. The boiling and raving of the stream, whose impetuous current was obstructed by shoals of ice, the washing of the loose stones hurled against one another at the bottom, the dashing of the waves, produced by masses of ice, stopped in their course by large stones, the baggage horses being swung round by the flood, when the water rose against their sides, and our author's riding-horse throwing himself suddenly against the stream to avoid being carried away, were circumstances which, when united, were well calculated to intimidate. It is in scenes like these, that the mind relinquishes, for the moment, that practical atheism in which the generality of mankind love to indulge, and which opposes, in the ordinary circumstances of life, a resistance too generally successful, to all serious and permanent impressions of religion.

An extraordinary instance of generosity was experienced by our author, from an Icelandick peasant, who exchanged a strong fresh horse for one of Dr. Henderson's lean ones, which he was obliged to leave behind, without expecting any money for the exchange. This is a custom of the country, called *hesta-kaup*, and is esteemed

a duty of hospitality towards travellers who may need such assistance.

We meet, soon after, with a farmer famous for his attachment to ancient Scandanavian literature, and who owned more than a hundred sagas or legends.

We have also an account of a dreadful exundation of the volcano *Orafa*, which, in the year 1727 poured down such torrents of hot water, as to destroy, according to one estimate, six hundred sheep, and one hundred and sixty horses, besides carrying away two women and a boy.

We notice the account of the alternate progressive and retrograde motion, at certain periods, of the *southern Skeidera yokul*, which on these occasions is known to recede more than half a mile. Our author observed, at the distance of about three eighths of a mile from the present margin of the *yokul*, a number of inferior heights that had been left on its regress in 1812, which was the last time, previous to his visit, that it had been observed to be in motion.

The following picture exhibits a pleasing contrast to the scenes of desolation and danger in which our traveller has wandered so long.

‘The two subdivisions of *Skaftafell’s sysstel* are separated from each other by the *Gnupsootn*, and the traveller, on passing that boundary, leaves the regions of perpetual ice and snow, and enters a tract, which, though greatly defaced by the terrible convulsions of nature to which the last century was witness in this neighbourhood, still exhibits ample specimens of that beauty and fertility, for which it has been renowned. The *northern Skeidera* and *Skaptar yokuls* lie at a considerable distance back from the farms, and the low flat hills which occupy the intermediate space, while they screen the inhabitants from the cold northern blasts of winter, afford their flocks and herds a pretty luxuriant pasturage. The numerous cottages that line the base of the hills; the rich vegetation which clothes nearly two thirds of the declivity; and the beautiful basaltick pillars appearing among the cliffs above, the tops of which are met by the descending heath, all combine to render the districts of *Lida* and *Fliotshverfi* the most delightful of any in Iceland.’

In the year 1783, an eruption of the *Skaptar volcano*, produced, according to two accounts published by chief justice Stephenson through its immediate effects, and by the famine and other miseries which it caused, a loss, in two years, of 9,336 persons, 28,000 horses, 11,461 head of cattle, and 190,488 sheep. ‘The extreme length of the torrent of lava, says our author, is about fifty miles; its greatest breadth, in the low country, between twelve and fifteen miles; its height in the level country does not exceed a hundred feet, but in some parts of the channel of the river Skapta, it is not less than six hundred feet high.’ These dimensions are taken by our author, from chief justice Stephenson’s description of the

eruption of 1783, altered according to Mr. Paulson's M. S. The great distance to which its minor effects extended appears from the following extract. 'The quantity of ashes, brimstone, &c. thrown up into the atmosphere, was so great, that nearly the whole European horizon was enveloped in obscurity. Salso-sulphureous rains fell in several countries of the north. In the Faroe islands, the ground was, at times, almost entirely covered with sand, ashes and pumice; and luminous meteors, were observed in England, Holland, and other parts of the continent.'

A living scene of human misery soon succeeds to the black and melancholy aspect of the lava, and is thus depicted:

'A little to the west of this place, (*Sida*,) we came to *Hoyland* hospital, one of the four establishments existing on the island, for the reception of incurable lepers, where I had an opportunity of contemplating that loathsome disease, so particularly described in the Levitical code; and which gave occasion to the composition of one of the most sublime pieces of Hebrew poetry, that is to be met with in the sacred volume. Two females were, at this time, in the hospital, the one about thirty, and the other upwards of fifty years of age. The latter of these objects exhibited the most miserable spectacle I ever beheld. Her face and hands were swelled to a frightful degree, and full of livid red sores, or blotches, between which appeared scars, or rents, resembling cuts in a high state of inflammation. The other seemed to be afflicted with a less malignant species of the same malady: for, though her face was also swelled, no pustules appeared; but the skin was covered with whitish glossy scales, and, in some places, intersected by reddish streaks, which are, most probably, a disposition to wrinkles. They were both sitting in the door of the Lazar-house, and the deepest melancholy seemed depicted in their looks.'

Our author meets in his progress, with an Icelandick gentleman, Mr. Ivend Paulson, a surgeon by profession, whose researches into the natural history of the island have been extensive and valuable.

In crossing the *Hafursa*, a river swollen by the rain, our author's guide and his horse, together with the baggage horses, were carried away by the impetuosity of the stream, and narrowly escaped destruction. Dr. Henderson himself, attempted to follow, but was obliged to return, and to pass the night, which was rainy, alone, and unsheltered on the mountain. His imagination was occupied in this situation, by the romantic strains of *Ossian*, and the more placid images of the bard of the Seasons.

'In one sense, says he, I could say with *Colma*, It is night. I am alone; forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds! But I could also with a nobler propriety, adopt the effusions of *Thomson*:

——— 'Tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste, as in the city full,
 And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.'

Our author soon encountered another river, whose mighty waters, bursting from the bowels of the yokul in which they originated, hastened, with resistless fury, down the sloping descent, to the ocean which received them at no great distance. He escaped, but complains that the traveller is apt to become giddy, in passing these rivers, and that sometimes persons thus affected have fallen from their horses, and perished. Two travellers, passing a few days after, were carried away, one of whom was never more seen, and the other was found, almost half-dead, on a sand bank in the stream.

Our author was entertained, in his ride, by the conversation of a peasant, who gave him a long detail of events which occurred in Great Britain during the usurpation of Cromwell, and asked several questions relative to the Thames, Tay, Forth, &c.

We accompany him within view of *Mount Hekla*, the appearance of which is described as not equalling his expectations, and of which, he informs us there have been twenty-three eruptions, since the occupation of the island. He gives the following account of part of the neighbouring region.

'The surrounding country was formerly inhabited almost close to the mountain, and is said to have been uncommonly beautiful and fertile; but the successive inundations of lava have entombed the farms; and the verdant meadows have been almost entirely covered with sand and pumice.'

After passing a number of volcanic chimnies, formed of lava strongly vitrified, of a colour varying from black to a light green, and some of which are occupied as sheep pens, our author reached Reykiavik after an absence of fifty-eight days, and a journey of more than twelve hundred miles.

Dr. Henderson passed the winter of 1814-15, at Reykiavik, and describes the climate as milder than that of Denmark at the same season in the preceding year, and as temperate as any he had experienced either in Denmark or Sweden. The lowest degree of Fahrenheit was 4° 30' above zero, and the atmosphere was rather clear and serene than misty. This winter was unusually moderate, and very different from that of the year 1348, when the sea was formed into a solid mass around the whole coast. The floating ice from Greenland which sometimes gathers in different quarters increases the cold in Iceland, and proves unfriendly to the health of the inhabitants. The *aurora borealis* is seen from this island in great brilliancy and grandeur. Those which our author witnessed were generally of a dunnish yellow, often varied by tints of red and green, and when they are remarkably vivid, they are attended by a crackling noise, resembling that produced by electric friction.

The fishing season lasts from the 3rd of February till the 12th of May; the principal fish caught is the cod, which is generally dried in the sun, and is a chief article of food and commerce.

The gathering of the *lichen Islandicus*, or Iceland moss, hay-making, manuring, and the care of the cattle and sheep, form parts of rural labour.

On the winter nights, one of the family generally reads in a *saga* or legend, to others who are occupied at their work. Education is generally carried on at home, there being but a single school on the Island. This seminary is situated at Bessastad, near Reykiavik, and contains twenty-five scholars.

On the approach of the summer of 1815, the author prepared to traverse those parts of the island, which he had not visited in his former journey. On the 16th of May he set off from Reykiavik, on an excursion to the western part of Iceland.

Near *Flatey*, our author visited one of the haunts of the eider ducks, the nests of which he found scattered in great profusion. The male, on his approach, became alarmed, and plunged into the water, but the females were remarkably tame, some of them only retreating a yard or two, and others suffering him to stroke them on the nest. It is from the nests that the fine down is collected, which the bird plucks from its breast to line them. As soon as the Icelanders observe the first eggs to be laid they rob the nest of its down, which the duck replaces; a second or third spoliation then takes place, but, if the nests be stripped more than twice, the birds generally begin to leave the place.

The female of this bird teaches her young to swim by carrying them out, on her back, some distance in the water, and then diving, and leaving them to their own exertions.

On the island of Hergilsey, which our author afterwards visited, he found it difficult, in watching on the heights, to avoid trampling on the nests of the eider ducks.

Coffee, which was a beverage frequently presented to him, is, he informs us, used rather too profusely in the west of Iceland.

We find him having for a temporary travelling companion, a young man, who, though he had never been at any school, had read the whole of the Greek Testament, several books of the Iliad, and a number of the Latin classicks.

He also meets, in a clergyman, with the translator of several of Gellert's poems, and of Pope's Messiah.

A long patriarchal beard, generally of fair hair, distinguishes the inhabitants of one of the districts.

Our author notices among the people the custom of making a turn to the right, when it would be more convenient to turn to the left; and he traces this custom to the ancient Grecian superstition which considered the left hand side as unlucky, and of evil omen.

The *surturbrand*, or mineralised wood, is one of the natural curiosities of Iceland. Dr. Henderson found it, on one occasion,

deposited, on the side of a cleft, in four layers, from a foot and a half to three feet thick, and about thirty yards in length. The most perfect is of a jet black, and exhibits, in its knots, roots, and the annual circles observable in the ends of the trunks, or branches, plain marks of its ligneous origin. The author favours the opinion of its being timber drifted to the coast. One of the strata of the cleft was composed of a bed of schistus, consisting of leaves closely pressed together, and mixed with a fine alluvial clay. The *surturbrand* is sometimes manufactured by the Icelanders into furniture, but is only adapted to their damp houses, as it cracks and splits when exposed to the heat of the fire or the sun.

The timber which drifts on shore forms an article of considerable value to the Icclander, as it supplies the want of those forests which are said to have formerly existed on the island, but which are now almost entirely destroyed.

On the west side of the mountain *Bitruhals*, lies a valley in which are situated the *Mokollshaugar*, composed of several banks and eminences, abounding in excellent porcelain earth.

Our author enjoyed, from a mountain the spectacle of beholding the sun, at midnight, continue stationary for about half an hour, a little above the horizon, and then commence his ascent.

Dr. Henderson gives us an account of Snorro Sturluson, an eminent Icelandick chieftain who flourished in the close of the twelfth, and for a considerable part of the thirteenth century. He was twice supreme magistrate, and was remarkable for his learning, but was turbulent, aspiring, and avaricious. Our traveller visited Reykholt, a farm which was at one period the abode of Snorro, having been at that time surrounded with a fortification; and used a hot bath which was constructed, with great ingenuity, by the ancient chief.

In the progress of his journey, the author meets with an aged Icelandick clergyman, who though receiving an annual salary of only about twenty-seven dollars, money of the United States, had found time, after attaining his sixtieth year, to acquire considerable knowledge of the Hebrew tongue.

The Icelanders are accustomed to prepare towards the end of June, every year, for their journey to the particular factory, to which they resort for trade. Reykiavik is the most frequented, as it presents the liberty of choice among several mercantile establishments, between which there is also a degree of competition. Sometimes, the natives unite in a caravan of sixty or seventy horses, and encamp in the vicinity of Reykiavik, until they have made their arrangements as to the sale of their commodities. They have suffered much from monopolies and other injurious restrictions on trade, but these are now in some measure removed.

Our author succeeded, on his return from his second excursion to Reykiavik, in inducing the diocesan synod, together with two respectable lay inhabitants, to enter into a resolution for the purpose

of establishing a bible society of Iceland. On information being received of the formation of this society, by the committee of the British and foreign Bible society, they voted a donation of three hundred pounds sterling, in favour of the infant institution.

On the 18th of July, Dr. Henderson set out on a third journey, from Reykiavik, to the north. He relates a surprising instance of sagacity extracted from the writings of Mr. Olanson, a learned Icelander, of a species of mouse, somewhat analogous to the labours of the beaver, and which he assures his readers was authenticated by the testimony of two eye-witnesses of unquestionable veracity. These mice are sometimes obliged to cross rivers in search of berries, and contrive the following method of transporting their supplies. The party, which consists of from six to ten, select a piece of a light substance, well calculated to bear their weight, in the centre of which they place the berries they have collected, and seating themselves around the heap, with their heads together, and their tails, which serve for rudders, in the water, they float across the stream.

Dr. Henderson enumerates many earthquakes which have occurred in Iceland, at different periods of its history, and which have occasioned considerable destruction both to life and property.

On the 20th of August, 1815, our author left Iceland, with very favourable impressions of its inhabitants, and with the satisfaction of having accomplished the important objects of his visit.

He has given us an appendix, consisting of three numbers, the first of which contains a historical view of the translation and different editions of the Icelandick scriptures, the second is a poem of thanks addressed by Sira Jon Thorlakson, the translator of Milton, to the British and foreign Bible Society, together with a Latin translation, and an English imitation; and the third is a disquisition on Icelandick poetry.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, the Abbot of Thyckvala monastery, in the eastern quarter of Iceland, composed a work intitled, 'Stiorn,' 'Government,' or 'Directions,' and comprising the substance of the Old Testament History, mingled, however, with much extraneous matter.

The first Icelandick New Testament, was printed, in large duodecimo, in the year 1540. In the year 1584, Gudbrand Thorlakson, bishop of Holum, caused the whole of the Bible to be printed. The edition of the Bible which the author was employed in distributing, was printed at Copenhagen almost entirely at the expense of the British and foreign Bible Society, and consisted of five thousand copies.

The famous Icelandick 'Edda,' consists of two parts, the former of which is composed of thirty-eight poems said to have been principally collected by Samund Frode a learned priest; the latter comprises the rules of Icelandick prosody, and was written, in part, by the famous Snorro Sturluson.

The principal feature of Icelandick versification, is its alliteration; it admits of rhyme, and the lines in the specimens introduced by Dr. Henderson, are generally short. Snorro enumerates upwards of a hundred species of versification, which, however, are all reducible to four classes.

We dismiss these volumes with the expression of the satisfaction we have derived from their perusal, and of the wish, which has already been intimated from one of our presses, that they might be diffused, in this country, by an American edition.

ART. VIII.—*An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain* respecting the United States of America. Part first, containing an historical outline of their merits and wrongs as Colonies, and strictures upon the calumnies of the British writers. By Robert Walsh, Jr.

A CENTURY and a half ago when the strength and vigor of the English republic had begun to excite the admiration of the people of Europe, and to awaken the fears of those interested in the support of monarchical establishments, the expedient was adopted by the latter, of aspersing the reputation of that democracy upon which their arms had previously been ineffectual. The press, that powerful weapon, whose efficacy was now first felt, was employed on this occasion without mercy against those who had ventured to break down the barriers which hedged in the 'divinity of kings.' The most remarkable of the publications of that period, both from the genius of the author and the style of the composition, was the celebrated work of Salmasius, who beside his great learning is said to have possessed an extraordinary talent for scurrility.* A qualification which probably led to his appointment to the office of Court-Libeller, and in which none of his successors in that station appear to have been deficient. To support the cause of Charles the second, by whom he was hired for the undertaking, he attacked the characters and motives of the English republicans with a force and virulence of invective that can only be paralleled in the present age. The task of replying to this assailant was undertaken by Milton. In his 'Defensio pro populo Anglicano,' he overthrew the arguments and refuted the aspersions of this pensioned libeller, and retorted with so keen a satire upon him and his cause, that shame and mortification are said to have brought him to an untimely end.

The British reviewers are probably made of sterner stuff than their unfortunate predecessor, and we have no idea that the masterly exposure of their falsehoods and inconsistencies which has been made by Mr. Walsh will affect, in the smallest degree, their

* 'This prince of scholars,' says Bishop Newton 'seemed to have erected his throne upon a heap of stones, that he might have them at hand to throw at every one's head that passed by.' *Life of Milton*.

peace of mind. But upon the good sense of the people of Europe we think this powerful work will make an impression as general and lasting as that 'noble task' of Milton of which as he himself expressed it, "all Europe rung from side to side." The circumstances and temper of those times indeed bear a considerable analogy with the present. It is true we did not make war against the person of a king, but we took the liberty to extricate ourselves from the fetters of a monarchy, and our experiment in republicanism has so far been attended with signal success. This fact is of itself sufficient to account for much of the ill treatment we have received from European writers. Government is a business by which a greater or less number of the human race get their bread. Those who derive their subsistence from pursuing it in a certain routine, are sure to look with ill will upon any new establishment by which labour and expense are saved. Now 'a republic,' as Milton observes, 'is the most frugal of all governments, for the trappings of a monarchy might set up an ordinary commonwealth.' All the adherents of monarchies are therefore interested in crying down republics. Nothing, they know, can be more fatal to their prospects than the general extension of that system of frugality in paying public officers which no other than a republican government can enforce. When therefore direct means of violence fail, they have recourse to the measure of vilifying and traducing. For the purpose of retaining the support of the people in an age where public opinion is of importance, they exaggerate the defects of a republic, conceal its virtues, and take every opportunity to throw ridicule and opprobrium upon its members. The letter of Mithridates to the king of the Parthians in which he flouted the origin of the Romans and charged them with aiming at the subversion of all kingdoms, and with contempt of every thing sacred or civil, seems to have been the text book of monarchical writers in succeeding times. Republicans have no similar reasons for becoming the assailants in a war of words and obloquy. Their institutions are sufficiently conformable to the natural disposition of mankind, to require no factitious support. They have nothing to gain by libelling other forms of governments or the people who choose to live under them.

We are probably no favourites at any court, and it is natural enough that we are not. But in England ill will to this country, which in the rest of Europe probably exists only in the vicinity of the palace, seems to have spread its roots in every quarter. We have the authority of all their political writers for the fact that the war against our independence was popular with a great majority of all classes. From the king to the pauper, and from Dr. Johnson to the newspaper hack, the character and pretensions of the young nation were, with the exception of a few parliamentary orators, the subjects of dislike and hostility. The pressure of taxes and the final conviction of the folly of prosecuting the contest

when no prospect of success remained, led to a change of sentiment in England, which no affection for us as kinsmen had been able to produce. We have the express assertion too of the *Edinburgh Review* that 'the Americans are not popular in England,' and when Dr. Johnson exclaimed that he could love all mankind, except an American, he spoke the sentiments of no small portion of the English. It is unnecessary however to quote authority on this subject when the pages of British history, abound with proof of the fact, that every measure of their government by which it put itself in opposition to the rights or feelings of America, received the general approbation of the people. No system indeed was ever marked in more legible characters than that of Great Britain, towards her American colonies. Indifference and neglect while they were struggling with the hardships of a new settlement, oppression and monopoly when there was any thing to be gained by oppressing and monopolizing, and opprobrium and vituperation, when it was no longer in her power to use more open weapons. Time which generally softens animosities appears to add new vigour to this unaccountable spirit of hostility. Every breeze wafts over to us some new libel more scurrilous than its predecessors, and the 'thin partitions, by which we formerly distinguished the animosity of the whigs of England from that of the tories, becomes every day less discernible. Since the termination of the European war both the number and virulence of our assailants, have increased in a tenfold degree. The labour and talent that were formerly engaged in the regular warfare of the press against France being now in some measure out of employment, have probably turned their arms against us, and it would seem as if peace which has made pirates and buccaneers of the disbanded military, had let loose an irregular gang of marauders upon our character and fame. As a nation we have been charged with mental incapacity and moral profligacy, with irreligion and fanaticism, with political ambition, and public corruption, and in a word with faults, deficiencies, and crimes of which did we possess but a tithe we should justly deserve to be 'a reproach and a byword, a taunt and a curse, among the nations of the earth.'

The hostility of the British writers to this country seems generally admitted, and there are few we believe of our countrymen, whose national feelings have not been wounded by their wanton and unprovoked calumnies. But the propriety of noticing their accusations, has been questioned by some, who have contended that the opinions of travellers and their reviewers make little impression on the public mind, and that to answer them will be to give them currency and notoriety, and to perpetuate feelings of hostility between two nations who ought to entertain no other sentiments for each other than those of kindness and good will. These ideas are we think derived from a mistaken view of the

subject. It might perhaps be a sufficient answer to the objection to borrow the words of Milton: 'If these antagonists of ours who have thus chosen to interfere in the affairs of a foreign state had published the same things *here*, no man would have thought it worth while to return an answer to them, but would partly despise them as common, and exploded over and over again, and partly abhor them as sordid and tyrannical maxims not to be endured by the meanest of slaves. But since they have given them a considerable bulk and dispersed them among foreigners, who are altogether ignorant of our affairs and constitution, it is fit that they who mistake them should be better informed, and that they who are so very forward to speak ill of others, should be treated in their own kind.'—'Nature and laws would be in an ill case, if slavery should find what to say for itself, and liberty be mute; and if kings should find men to plead for them, and republics should not be able to find advocates. And it were a deplorable thing indeed, if the reason mankind is endued with—all, and which is the gift of God, should not furnish more arguments for men's preservation, for their deliverance, and as much as the nature of the thing will bear, for making them equal with one another, than for their oppression and ruin under the domineering power of a single person.' Were it true in point of fact that the elaborate productions of our assailants, are held in little estimation in Europe, silence would undoubtedly be the course prescribed both by our dignity and interest. Had, for instance libels on our history or manners been confined to the pages of Parkinson, or Janson, or Ash, the leaden genius of these authors would have carried them down to oblivion without requiring any effort on our part to accelerate their progress. But when they are found in a book extensively read and quoted like that of Fearon, and professing to be written by an advocate of republican principles, as that author held himself out, when they are embodied in the splendid poetry of Moore, and stamped with the authority of the most celebrated literary journals, they assume a form and substance, which we ought by no means to despise. No periodical journals have probably ever had a more extended circulation than the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. It is not in the British islands alone, or in the United States, that they find admirers. They are read with interest in every part of the reading world. From the ability with which they have been conducted, the masterly disquisitions on science and literature, with which their pages have abounded, their opinions have been looked upon as oracular in England, and are received with the highest respect on the continent of Europe. Since the days of the *Spectator*, no productions of a similar nature have commanded a greater share of public attention, or exercised a more controlling influence over the public mind. When it is considered too that the contributors are not merely celebrated as periodical essayists, but

distinguished as poets, orators and statesmen, when we find such men as Walter Scott, Southey, Jeffrey, Playfair and Brougham, in the ranks of our assailants, we must at once be convinced, that their opinions are not proper subjects for contempt. Now, these two great journals, differing from each other in almost every other point, unite in one subject, the misrepresentation and slander of this country. Till within a few years their notice of us was confined to a passing sarcasm upon our republican simplicity and literary deficiencies. But of late it is difficult to open a number of either journal, without finding its pages sullied with the marks of a bitter and unsparing animosity. Nor are these effusions of malevolence and dislike confined to articles expressly treating of American concerns. In the midst of a grave discussion of a question of morals, or of an able article on political economy, the American reader is often startled by finding some sneer or invective against his country. It is impossible that this system should fail of producing some effect. The reiteration of calumny upon calumny, of line upon line, and precept upon precept, must in the end affect the opinions and dispositions of the people of Europe towards us, unless some steps are taken to counteract the poison. In England, where there appears to have been a pre-existing disposition to receive the contagion, the mischief is done already. No American can be long in that country without being sensible that he is breathing an air contaminated by the slander of his nation. Surely then it becomes American writers to efface the stigma cast upon us. We are a young nation, and have yet to place our character on an elevation too exalted to be reached by the shafts of malice. A true regard for our dignity requires, we conceive, not a forward zeal, to vindicate ourselves at every insinuation, but a plain and manly exposition of the character of our history when assailed from a quarter to which mankind are in the habit of paying respect. National animosities, the prolific source of wars and misery, are, we freely admit, anxiously to be deprecated. But we do not perceive that they are necessarily to follow from such a review of our institutions and manners, as will place them distinctly before the eyes of the world, in comparison with those of other nations. If the people of England possess that magnanimity and virtue which they have attributed to themselves, and for which we in this country have so long been in the habit of giving them credit, they will cheerfully acquiesce in a vindication of the character of their 'kinsmen,' and find in it new motives for friendship and esteem. If however feelings of national dislike must unavoidably be sharpened by acts of self defence on our part, let the blame fall on those whose unprovoked calumnies led to them: and if in the course of vindication it has become necessary to remove the veil which charity has hitherto drawn over the degeneracy of the land of Milton and Sydney, it may operate as a

suitable lesson to future libellers, and thus perhaps put an end to this war of words into which it is evident our writers have reluctantly entered.

We proceed now to give our readers some account of the important work which has led to the preceding remarks. It was originally the intention of the author, as we are informed in his preface 'to prepare a survey of the institutions and resources of the American republic, and of the real character and condition of the American people.' But the delay incident to the collection of the necessary facts produced a change in his plan, and he resolved to make up in the interval, 'a preliminary volume which should embrace a review of the dispositions and conduct of Great Britain towards this country, from the earliest period, and a collateral *retaliation*, for her continued injustice and invective.' The work, it is added, 'is not offered as a digested book, but as a series of notes and illustrations; and it could not be other from the shortness of the time within which it has been composed.' With all proper allowance on this account we think that a better arrangement of the materials might have been adopted. The preface contains much that ought to have been embodied in the work, and the order in which the subjects are treated, is not, we conceive, the most lucid. The book opens with 'the political and mercantile jealousy of Great Britain.' We then pass to a discussion of the merits and wrongs of the colonists, and from that again to 'the commercial obligations of Great Britain.' This is followed by a section on the 'Dispositions from the peace of 1763,' and we are then led at once to the 'Hostility of the British Reviews,' which, with considerations on slavery and the slave trade, occupies the remainder of the volume. An important interval, that from the peace of 1783, to the beginning of the present century, is left almost untouched, not we presume through want of materials, for what part of our national life has escaped the invective of our transatlantic brethren? It would have conduced greatly to the convenience of readers if a table of contents or an index of the subjects discussed had been added. For want of them, those who may have occasion hereafter to refer to the many valuable facts here collected will find themselves greatly at a loss.

These are considerations however which 'melt into thin air,' when put in comparison with the substantial merits of the book, with its excellence in a mere literary point of view, or its value as a triumphant vindication of this abused and insulted country. The reputation which Mr. Walsh has already acquired by his former admirable compositions will receive no diminution from the present production. Short as the time was within which it was composed, its strong but graceful style, the force and clearness of the reasoning, and the solid foundation of authentic facts by which it is supported, recommend it as a model for future writers. The American reader will be proud to find that it is in every

respect a contrast to the noisy and illogical effusions of the transatlantic critics. For, here is no idle and unmeaning declamation, none of the rhetorical flourishes of an empty patriotism, and no attempt to build a theory of slander and defamation on the evidence of obscure or corrupt witnesses. The facts with which the book abounds, are from authorities which our calumniators will be the last to question, as they are chiefly English, and the conclusions resulting from them, such as the most prejudiced minds cannot fail to admit. In laying open to view some of the deformities of British morals, the author has evidently been actuated by no malicious spirit, he has 'touched their sores and blotches' with a very gentle hand, and it will probably be the fault of their own writers, if the people of that country are hereafter compelled to swallow a deeper draught of the cup of retribution.

The different subjects discussed by Mr. Walsh may be naturally divided into two parts. Those which relate to the disposition and conduct of the British nation prior to our revolution, and those which are connected with the hostility of British writers since that period. We are compelled by the want of sufficient time to do justice to the whole to confine ourselves in the present number to the first of these parts.

The oppressive and alienating system pursued towards their North American colonies* by the British nation, whether under

* The treatment of Ireland at this time and for half a century previous, forms a curious counterpart to our colonial oppressions. The following extract from the writings of a distinguished tory and zealous partizan of the government, the celebrated Walter Scott, shows this part of Irish history in a strong light.

'England, whose councils have been sometimes too easily swayed by a narrow-souled and short sighted mercantile interest, availed herself of the unhappy state of the sister kingdom to degrade her into a subdued province instead of strengthening the empire by elevating her into an integral part. The power of legislating for Ireland was assumed by the English Parliament though contrary to principle and precedent; and it was so exercised as to fetter, as far as possible, the commerce of the kingdom, and render it subordinate to and dependent upon that of England. The statutes of 10th and 11th William 3d. prohibited the exportation of all woollen goods, excepting into England and Wales, and thus at once ruined the woollen manufactories of Ireland, worth upwards of an annual million, and drove the staplers into a smuggling trade with France, by which the Irish wool was exported to that country to the great benefit of the manufactures recently established in Picardy. Ireland did not want patriots to state these grievances. Molyneux the friend of Locke, and of Liberty, published in 1698, the case of Ireland's being bound by acts of parliament stated,' in which he showed with great force that the right of legislation of which England made so oppressive an use, was neither justified by the plea of conquest purchase or precedent, and was only submitted to from incapacity of effectual resistance. The temper of the English House of commons did not brook this remonstrance. It was unanimously voted that these bold and pernicious assertions were calculated to shake the subordination and dependency of Ireland as united and annexed forever to the crown of England; and the vote of the house, was followed by an address to the queen complaining that although the woollen trade was the staple manufacture of England, over which her legislature was accustomed to watch with the utmost care, yet Ireland which was dependent upon and protected by England, not contented with the linen manufacture, the

the Stuarts, the Commonwealth, or the Guelphs, is exposed by Mr. Walsh, with a force of reasoning and an exuberance of evidence, that must shake the faith of the most bigoted devotee of our *Alma Mater*. The earliest notice that appears to have been taken by England of her exiled subjects was not to defend them from the inroads of savages, or to minister to their physical or intellectual wants, but to secure to herself a monopoly of their trade and produce, or to mould into a more convenient shape for her purposes of oppression, those charters of government which she had unwarily granted. The general scope of her policy is thus stated by Mr. Walsh:

‘ We know that some of the states of antiquity harboured a mischievous jealousy of the prosperity, spirit, and aims of their colonies; but it was only when the latter had become truly formidable; had attained to an equality of strength, and given unequivocal evidence of indifference, estrangement, or hostility. But among the modern colonies, the Anglo-North American, were precisely those which stood the farthest from this relation,—which, in all stages of their existence, whether we consider their dispositions, or the general circumstances of their condition, presented the least cause of distrust or alarm to the powerful parent. One of a truly magnanimous and judicious character would have seen, as I hope to prove, abundant reason for treating them with the utmost latitude of indulgence and ‘ceremonious kindness.’ England, however, is the mother country, who, although perpetually proclaiming the weakness, as well as insulting the origin, and vilifying the pursuits of her *plantations*, conceived the earliest fears for her supremacy; who displayed, throughout, the *keenest political and mercantile jealousy*. It is true, that the other European powers established and maintained in their settlements on this continent, a stricter commercial monopoly, and more arbitrary systems of internal administration. It is equally true, however, that England always sought to secure to herself the carriage of the produce of her North American colonies; to engross their raw materials, and to furnish them with the articles of every kind which they required from abroad: That if, from the cupidity or indifference of her monarchs, charters of a liberal genius were granted to the first settlers—if, from a like cause, or national em-

liberty whereof was indulged to her, presumed also to apply her credit and capital to the weaving of her own woollen cloths, to the great detriment of England, &c. &c. Not a voice was raised in the British House of Commons to contradict maxims equally impolitic and tyrannical, and which were much more worthy of the monopolizing corporation of some peddling borough than of the enlightened senate of a free people. In acting upon these commercial restrictions, wrong was heaped upon wrong, and insult was added to injury, with this advantage on the side of the aggressors, that they could intimidate the injured people of Ireland into silence by raising, to drown every complaint, the cry of rebel and of jacobite.

Memoirs of Swift, p. 277.

barrassments, commonwealths thus cast in the mould of freedom, were suffered to acquire consistency, and to become identified as it were with their first institutions—she made incessant attempts to destroy those charters, and substitute a despotic rule. Her writers on the trade and general politics of the empire, her colonial servants, civil and military, continually called for a more rigorous monopoly and subjection. It was owing to extraneous events, and to the firmness, vigilance and dexterity of the provinces, that they remained in possession of their liberties. I scarcely need remark in addition; that it was a scheme of administration, tending to place them on the level of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, which impelled them to attempt and achieve their independence.'

The proof of these assertions furnished in the succeeding pages is ample and conclusive. One of the most striking things in this part of the work is the evidence of the anxious hostility of the English government and its officers to the intellectual improvement of the colonists. We are told by Chalmers that no printing press was allowed in Virginia, 'that in New England and New York there were assuredly none *permitted*, and that the other provinces probably were not more fortunate.' The captain general of the Northern colonies was instructed by James II 'to allow of no printing press.' Sir William Berkely, the Governor of Virginia in 1671, appears to have held opinions in regard to education similar to those expressed within a few years by Mr. Windham, and a considerable part of the British parliament. 'I thank God, says this enlightened statesman, 'that we have no free schools nor any printing; and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both.' Education and printing however flourished in spite of the royal governors. As early as 1639 schools were established by law in Connecticut. Two years previously the legislature of Massachusetts, while that colony was yet struggling with the first hardships of their untried settlement, founded and endowed a college for instruction in the higher branches of learning. 'The outcasts of England in the first part of the seventeenth century,' says Mr. Walsh, 'brought hither with them that sense of the importance and beauty of national education which their descendants have constantly cherished, and to which England herself, with all her boasted illumination, is now only and reluctantly come. It is but lately that her government and her politicians regarded and treated the universal diffusion of knowledge—the instruction of the lower classes particularly as a critical not to say pernicious theory.' The character of these estimable and enlightened men, as well of the whole people of our country has been made the subject of the most vile and unfounded aspersion by English writers of no mean authority. When

we find such a man as Dr. Johnson pronouncing that 'the Americans are a race of convicts,' the scurrilous sarcasm of the *Quarterly Review* that 'the Adam and Eve of the colonies came out of Newgate,' need excite no surprise. The true history of the facts which English hostility has thus perverted for its purposes of defamation is given by Mr. Walsh, and long as the passage is for an extract, it may serve some useful ends to lay it before our readers. To those who are familiar with our early annals no refutation of this slander was necessary. The descendants of a race of virtuous and high minded men exiled by their own indomitable love of liberty from the comforts and luxuries of home, from the scenes of their childhood and the graves of their ancestors, to a distant, unknown and barbarous country, who struggled without a murmur against the hardships and dangers of their new settlements for 'conscience sake,' (the expression is probably unintelligible to the parliamentary ears of the *Quarterly Reviewers*) and laid the foundation of a great and enlightened republic, need not blush to compare their origin with that of any people on earth. 'There was no corner of the globe,' said lord Chatham, 'to which the ancestors of our fellow subjects in America would not have fled rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical spirit which prevailed in their native country.' 'Such was their resolution,' says the historian Hutchinson, 'that they would have sought a *vacuum domicilium*, (a favourite expression with them) in some part of the globe where they would, according to their apprehensions, have been free from the control of any European power.' Virgil with all his reverence for monarchy, 'to Cato paid one honest line,' but the 'great English moralist' wanted either taste to appreciate, or courage to applaud the exalted character of our ancestors.

'The occasional exportation to the plantations, of those whom the government of England chose to denominate convicts, vagrants and "dissolute persons," is the most plausible ground for the language of contempt and derision, which has been so commonly indulged, with respect to the original stock of these States. The fact taken in the broad and unqualified manner in which it is usually announced, would exalt but little the generosity and justice of the mother country, if the character of the first and voluntary settlers be admitted to have been such as it appears in the foregoing pages, upon the testimony of the British writers. An impartial investigation of this subject gives it, however, a different complexion from that which it commonly wears.'*

'Franklin calculated in 1751,† that there were then one million or upwards of English souls in North America, and that scarce eighty thousand had been brought over sea. Among this number of emigrants, not one-eighth was of the description mentioned above, and it is certain, from the uniform acknowledgment

* Discourse on Trade chap. x.

† Essay on population.

of history, that those who were, did not adulterate, but imbibed, themselves, in a great degree, the character of their predecessors. Numbers became, in process of time, laborious and orderly citizens; anxious and exemplary fathers of families. I have quoted in p. 27 some remarks made by Mr. Brougham in his "Colonial Policy," which bear upon the true theory of this point; and I may add here from the same work, "that if the convicts in the colony of New Holland, though surrounded on the voyage, and in the settlement, by the companions of their iniquities, have, in a great degree, been reclaimed, by the mere change of scene, what might not be expected from such a change as that which the transported persons experienced on arriving in America?" *

'It is to be noted, that the real convicts were received by the colonists not as companions, but as servants; and if the circumstance of their comparative paucity did not render absurd a general reproach upon our descent, it is difficult to conceive why any generation in Great Britain should not be stigmatized in its origin, on account of the much more considerable proportion of "dangerous rogues," who remained at home. Chalmers tells us, that "it is to James I, that the British nation and the colonists owe the policy whether salutary or baneful, of sending convicts to the plantations."—The excuse which this writer offers for the British nation would seem fitted to operate as efficaciously in favour of the colonies:—"The good sense of those days justly considered that their labour would be more beneficial in an infant settlement, which had an immense wilderness to cultivate, than their vices could possibly be pernicious.'" †

'But there are other considerations, of a nature, to render a Briton cautious, how he attempts to handle this topic offensively. When we find the term *convicts* used, in reference to the persons transported, during three-fourths of the seventeenth century, we are not to understand it in the opprobrious sense in which it is generally received, and was tyrannically meant to be employed. The several parties who alternately gained the ascendancy in the furious struggles of that era, in England, oppressed and exiled, under this appellation, the objects of their political resentment, or their religious intolerance. Chalmers even, confesses, that the only law which, in the time of James I, justified the infliction of expulsion, unknown to the common law, was the statute of Elizabeth, which enacted that "dangerous rogues might be banished out of the realms;" and he adds that it is probable the obnoxious men were transported agreeably to the genius of the administration of the time—by prerogative.'

'The extent of the guilty abuse and cruel hardship to which this assumption of power led, can be readily imagined, from the facility of sweeping off the obnoxious and distressed, under the

* Book I. Sect. I.

† Chap. iii. Political Annals.

denomination of vagrants or "dangerous rogues." It may be worth while, in order to illustrate the point further, to refer to sir Josiah Child's account of the peopling of the plantations, which, from its early date, carries with it a particular authority, and which, at the same time, furnishes a curious picture of the miserable state of things in England at the epoch in question. He relates, in the first instance,* that Virginia and Barbadoes were partly settled by a loose, vagrant people, who must, if there had been no English plantations, have starved at home, or "else have sold themselves for soldiers, to be knocked on the head, or starved in the quarrels of England's neighbours, as *many thousands of brave Englishmen* were, in the Low Countries, as also in the wars of Germany, France, and Sweden; or else, if they could by begging or otherwise arrive to the stock of two shillings and six pence, to waft them over to Holland, become servants, where none are refused." Then come the following passages:—

"But the principal growth and increase of the aforesaid plantations of Virginia and Barbadoes happened in, or immediately after, our late civil wars, when the worsted party, by the fate of war, being deprived of their estates, and having some of them never been bred to labour, and others made unfit for it, by the lazy habit of a soldier's life; there wanting means to maintain them all abroad with his majesty, many of them betook themselves to the aforesaid plantations, and great numbers of Scots soldiers, of his majesty's army, after Worcester fight, were, by the then prevailing powers, *voluntarily sent thither.*"

"Another great swarm, or accession of new inhabitants to the aforesaid plantations, as also to New England, Jamaica, and all others his majesty's plantations in the West Indies, ensued upon his majesty's restoration, when the former prevailing party being, by a divine hand of Providence, brought under, the army disbanded, many officers displaced, and all the new purchasers of public titles, dispossessed of their pretended lands, estates, &c. many became impoverished, and destitute of employment; and, therefore, such as could find no way of living at home, and some who feared the re-establishment of the ecclesiastical laws, under which they could not live, were forced to transport themselves, *or sell themselves for a few years, to be transported by others to the foreign English plantations.* And some were of those people called Quakers, banished for meeting on pretence of religious worship."

'In noticing the prevalence of the practice of transportation, after the Restoration, Chalmers remarks, that it was probably upon the authority of the statute which empowered the king to send Quakers to the colonies.† This is the statute 13, 14, ch. ii. c. 1, "for preventing the dangers that may arise by certain persons called Quakers, and *others refusing to take the lawful oaths.*" It

* Discourse on Trade, chap. x.

† Chap. xv. Annals.

enacted, that it should be lawful for his majesty, to cause such refractory persons to be transported beyond the seas. We are informed by Hume,* that Cromwell caused the royalists who engaged in conspiracies against his government, to be sold for slaves and transported. On the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion against James II, those of his followers who escaped judicial massacre, were treated in the same way. Chalmers furnishes, from the records of the plantation office in London, a letter from James to the governor of Virginia, which states, that the crown "had been graciously pleased to extend its mercy to many rebellious subjects who had taken up arms against it; by ordering their transportation to the plantations;" and which directs the governor to propose a bill to the assembly for preventing the convicts, those rebellious subjects, from redeeming themselves by money, or otherwise, until the expiration of ten years at least. The assembly refused to co-operate in this scheme of royal vengeance, and the inhabitants of Virginia received the victims with the sympathy due to their situation.'

The general character of the colonists, their love of independence, their bold defence of the charters, the religious freedom which was generally allowed, their domestic virtues, and their intellectual and physical improvements, subjects to which if we wish to perpetuate their principles we cannot too often recur, are discussed by Mr. Walsh at considerable length. The difficulties surmounted by these enthusiastic republicans, in the early periods of their settlement, would have depressed the spirits and quenched the energies of any other race of men. 'It was their peculiar lot,' says Mr. Walsh, 'at one and the same time to clear and cultivate a wilderness; to erect habitations and procure sustenance; to struggle with a new and rigorous climate; to bear up against all the bitter recollections inseparable from distant and lonely exile; to defend their liberties from the jealous tyranny and bigotry of the mother country; to be perpetually assailed by a savage foe, "the most subtle and formidable of any people on the face of the earth,"—a foe that made war the main business of life, and waged it with forms and barbarities unknown to the experience and superlatively terrible to the imagination of an European.' With a striking but not uncommon inconsistency, our ancestors have been accused by the English, of provoking the Indian wars and seizing by force upon their lands, and in the same breath have been charged with wanting courage to defend themselves from these savages, a charge which says Mr. Walsh: 'even at this distance of time, causes the breast to swell with indignation, when the bold expeditions of these colonists, the prodigal effusion of their blood, and the hardships of their warfare,

* History, chap. lxi.

are passed in review. This emotion is not allayed, as we read, in descending through their history, that on the occasion of the bill, introduced into the British Parliament, in 1715, for the destruction of all the charter governments, the first of the charges brought against them was, "the having neglected the defence of the inhabitants!" To convey an idea of the severity and destructiveness of the hostilities to which they were constantly exposed, I will transcribe from the annals of Holmes, the summary which he makes, of the evils of the war waged by the New England Confederacy, in 1675, with Philip, sachem of the Wampanoags. "In this short, but tremendous war, about six hundred of the inhabitants of New England, composing its principal strength, were either killed in battle, or murdered by the enemy; twelve or thirteen towns were entirely destroyed; and about six hundred buildings, chiefly dwelling houses, were burnt. In addition to these calamities, the colonies contracted an enormous debt.' "

The accusation of cruelty and oppression towards the Indians, which has afforded so fruitful a theme in our own days, comes with an ill grace from the lords of Ireland and Hindostan. To retort upon them their own language, we may ask—What right has an Englishman, a scourger and murderer of the helpless and uncivilized, to taunt this nation with inhumanity.* In this, as in other matters, however, we need not rely on the crimes of our accusers to acquit ourselves in the eyes of the world.

' At a very early period, the mother country cast the reproach which she has constantly repeated, against the colonists, of provoking the Indian wars, and acquiring the dominion of the Indian territory by fraud as well as force. Dummer's defence of the charters, written at the commencement of the last century, treats of this "unworthy aspersion," as the honest author styles it, and as he proves it to be, by unanswerable suggestions. With respect to New England particularly, what he asserts is susceptible of abundant evidence—that "she sought to gain the natives by strict justice in her dealings with them, as well as by all the endearments of kindness and humanity;" that "she did not commence hostilities, nor even take up arms of defence, until she found by experience that no other means would prevail"—and, "that nothing could oblige the Indians to peace and friendship, after they conceived a jealousy of the growing powers of the English." The congress of the New England league was particularly authorized, to prescribe rules for the conduct of the colonists, towards the natives; and its legislation on this head, was tempered with as much forbearance and mercy, as a due regard for self-preservation, would possibly admit. So rigid were its enactments against private violence, and so strict was the execution of them, that we have an instance of three settlers being put to death at the same time, for the murder of a single Indian.'

While the mother country was thus waging a cruel war on the *reputation* of her emigrant offspring, those hardy adventurers were engaged in a harrassing series of hostilities with the neighbouring French, with whom, were it not for their dependence on the European policy of England, they would probably have remained at peace. They had much more than their full share of the hardships and sufferings of the continued wars, in which Great Britain was engaged from 1680 to 1763. The French of Canada were able to enlist the savages on their side, and thus set the example of that desolating warfare which the English have since invariably pursued. The military enterprises of the colonists during this period were remarkable for their boldness and vigour, and when not assisted by British regulars or royal governors for their general success. A view of their different expeditions, comprises a very interesting part of Mr. Walsh's work, and places the character of our ancestors in a light probably new to the greater part of the world. Twice, during the year 1690, did New England engage in attempts upon Canada. In the last of them one thousand of our countrymen perished through the incapacity of the English commander. In 1693 the colonies were put to a great expense in raising men to assist in an expedition projected by the British cabinet, which the latter were never able to carry into effect. The southern colonies displayed the same spirit of enterprise.

‘ In 1702, South Carolina, with a population of only seven thousand whites, and scarcely forty years after its settlement, sent an expensive expedition of six hundred militia, and as many Indians, against St. Augustine. The whole purpose was not accomplished, indeed, but great mischief was done to the Spaniards. “ It is almost incredible,” remarks the Universal History,* “ that a government so lately settled as that of Carolina, and subject to such mismanagements from the proprietary, should undertake so unpromising an affair, and be so near succeeding in it as the Carolinians were.” The mystery is to be explained by the spirit of its popular assembly. Under the same auspices, a body of Carolinians marched, the following year, against the Apalachian Indians, the allies of the Spaniards, acting under the command of a Spanish colonel; penetrated into the heart of their settlements; subdued and dispersed them, and reduced their whole territory under the British power. An invasion of Carolina, from the Havanna, was attempted in 1706, by the Spaniards and French, with a formidable force, and most gallantly repelled and frustrated by troops assembled in haste at Charleston. Nearly one half of the assailants were either killed or taken, and the infant colony had little to regret on the occasion, except the heavy burden of the expenses incurred in the military levy.’

* Vol. xxxix.

Another expedition to Canada was projected by the ministry in 1709. 'Orders were received by the provinces to prepare for the enterprise upon a larger scale, and obeyed with the utmost alacrity. After considerable levies had been made and the transports and troops kept four months in waiting at Boston, for the arrival of the English fleet, it was announced from London that a change in the affairs of Europe rendered it expedient to relinquish the expedition.' In 1710 great expenses were again incurred for a similar enterprise. A British fleet was sent out, but the expedition failed in the outset through the folly of the English admiral. The exertions of the colonies during this period were almost incredible. 'What,' says one of the historians, 'would be thought extraordinary in any state of Europe, one fifth part of the whole inhabitants of Massachusetts capable of bearing arms, were in pay that summer, not vagrants swept, as in England, from the streets and brothels, but heads of families, artificers and robust young men, whose labour was inestimable to new settlements.' Nor were these exertions solely in defence of their own frontier.

'When, in 1703, Jamaica, under the apprehension of an invasion, solicited help from Massachusetts, that province sent to the island, several companies of foot, of which but few individuals ever returned to their native country. When, in the year 1705, Nevis was sacked by Ibberville, New England spontaneously contributed a large sum of money, together with building materials, &c. for the relief of the sufferers, and never claimed nor received retribution. The British court not only left to the northern colonies, the care and expense of their own defence against the French and Indians, and of the protection and advancement of the general interests of the empire, in North America, but drew upon their resources for the execution of its plans of aggrandizement, in the West Indies. In 1741, three thousand six hundred men were assessed and levied upon them, in aid of the expedition of that year against the Island of Cuba; and they were at the whole charge of bounty, provisions and transports for their respective quotas. Massachusetts contributed five hundred men, of whom the equipment and transportation cost her 7000*l*. It is calculated by Hutchinson, that, from the year 1675 to 1713, the epoch of the treaty of Utrecht, five or six thousand of the youth of Massachusetts and New Hampshire—the provinces most exposed—perished either by the hand of the enemy, or by distempers, contracted in the military service. This judicious author is of opinion, that the people of New England bore, during the same interval, 'such an annual burden, as was not felt by any other subjects of Great Britain.'*

The capture of Louisburg in 1746, wholly by the enterprise and bravery of the New Englanders, was in England attributed by

* Vol. ii. H. of M. p. 183.

the ministry to the presence of a British commodore, and no pains were spared to perpetuate the misrepresentation. In 1748 more than eight thousand men were raised by the colonies for another invasion of Canada, projected by the British ministry and subsequently abandoned. The Americans were left to defray the expenses of the levy. In the famous expedition of Braddock, the same enterprise in the colonists, the same ignorance and incapacity in the royal officers are displayed. This officer had, (says Mr. Walsh:)

‘ Too just a sense of the superiority of the European race of men and soldiers, not to despise the *Provincials*. Accordingly, he, ‘ neglected, disobliged, and threw aside the Virginians, and treated the Indians with the utmost contempt.’* ‘ He showed,’ says Entick,† ‘ such contempt towards the Provincial forces, *because they could not go through their exercise with the same dexterity and regularity as a regiment of guards in Hyde Park.*’ “ In conversation with general Braddock one day,” says Franklin, (in his Memoirs,) “ he was giving me some account of his intended progress. ‘ After taking Fort Du Quesne,’ said he, ‘ I am to proceed to Niagara, and having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time, and I suppose it will; for Du Quesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara.’ “ Having before revolved in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes; and also what I had heard of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Illinois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. He smiled at my ignorance, and replied, ‘ These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to *your raw American militia*, but upon *the king’s regular disciplined troops*, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression.’ ” ”

‘ The humble auxiliaries of Braddock pointed out the dangers to which he was exposed, remonstrated against the confidence of his march, and in so doing, heightened his magnanimous disdain. The horrible catastrophe is still fresh, in verse and prose, at almost every fireside in the interior of our country. Six hundred of his regulars either killed or disabled, by an enemy not two-thirds of their number, and partly armed with bows and arrows—himself mortally wounded—the middle colonies laid bare to the tomahawk and scalping knife—their frontiers devastated and drenched in blood—consternation spread throughout British America:—such were the consequences of the national and personal pride of the British general. The moral of the affair is made doubly striking by the following accurate relation of the English Universal History: ‘ It is remarkable, that the Virginians and other Provin-

* Universal History, vol. xl. p. 203.

† Vol. i. p. 143.

cial troops who were in this action, and whom Braddock, by way of contempt, had placed in the rear, far from being affected with the panic which disordered the regulars, offered to advance against the enemy, till the others could form and bring up the artillery; but the regulars could not be brought again to the charge, where, as they said, they were butchered without seeing the enemy. Notwithstanding this, the Provincials actually formed, and behaved so well, that they brought off the remaining regulars; and the retreat of the whole was so unintermitting, that the fugitives never stopped, till they met the rear division, which was advancing under colonel Dunbar.*

‘ I may add, from the Memoirs of Franklin, who wrote as an eye witness, a passage which throws additional light on the heroic character of the “ king’s regular disciplined troops.” “ In their first march, from the landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, *if we had really wanted any.*’ ”

The remaining events prior to the peace of 1763, equally creditable to the enterprise and bravery of the colonists are perhaps sufficiently familiar to our readers.

The generous loyalty of their American subjects, awakened no feeling of gratitude in the British government.

‘ It will seem scarcely credible, that the politicians of England earnestly debated, during the negotiations for the peace of 1763, and while parliament was yet complimenting the colonies for their loyal sacrifices, whether Canada should not be restored to the French, and the Island of Guadaloupe retained in preference. The odium of this controversy, which, in its general purport, put out of question every claim and security of their American brethren, and admitted of no calculation but one of mere commercial profit and loss, was greatly aggravated by the principal grounds of argument with some of the most eminent writers of the day, who embraced the affirmative—“ that the colonies were already large and numerous enough, and that the French ought to be left in North America to prevent their increase, lest they should become not only useless, but dangerous to Great Britain.” “ It was insinuated,” says Russel,* “ by some of our keen-sighted politicians, that the security provided by the retention of Canada, for the English settlements in North America, *as well as for their extension in the cession of Florida by Spain*, would prove a source of new evils. It would embolden our old colonies to shake off the control of the mother country, since they no longer stood in need of her protection, and erect themselves into independent states.” Franklin, who,

* Vol. xl. p. 204.

† Modern Europe, part ii. letter xxxv.

at this period, as agent of some of the provinces at the court of London, watched paternally over the interests of the whole, found himself under the necessity of combating these doctrines in an elaborate tract, which I have already noticed. The very existence of the "Canada-Pamphlet" is an eternal reproach to Great Britain; and there is an increase of shame, from its being an appeal, not to her generosity or her justice, but to her separate interests. Upon these, the sagacious author, deeming every higher consideration idle and misplaced, laid all stress; and the same thing may be said of the British cabinet, on a reference to the tenor of the discussions respecting the peace both in and out of parliament. Amid the violent discontents which the improvident treaty of Paris excited, consolation was found, not, as some of her writers have gratuitously alledged, in the exemption of the colonies from the annoyance of a European enemy, and their increased ability to overawe the savages,—but in "the wide scope for projects of political ambition, and the boundless field for speculations of commercial avidity, which the undivided sovereignty of the vast continent of America, with the exclusive enjoyment of its trade, seemed to open to the British nation."* We may judge how the colonies would have fared with the "tory counsels," to whose influence the demerits of the peace were attributed, had not the retention of Canada fallen within their selfish and corrupt views, when we advert to the fact, that the execrable suggestion above mentioned came from the *whigs*. To display it in its true light, as well as to illustrate the temper of mind with which the great champion of the colonies had to contend, I cannot do better than quote his bold language on the point.

"But what is the prudent policy inculcated to obtain this end—security of dominion over our colonies? It is, to leave the French in Canada to '*check* their growth; for otherwise, our people may increase infinitely from all causes.' We have already seen in what manner the French and their Indians check the growth of our colonies. It is a modest word, this *check*, for massacreing men, women, and children.'"

"But if Canada is restored on this principle, will not Britain be guilty of all the blood to be shed, all the murders to be committed, in order to check this dreaded growth of our own people? Will not this be telling the French in plain terms, that the horrid barbarities they perpetrated with Indians, on our colonists, are agreeable to us; and that they need not apprehend the resentment of a government with whose views they so happily concur? Will not the colonies view it in this light? Will they have reason to consider themselves any longer as subjects and children, when they find their cruel enemies hallooed upon them by the country from whence they sprung; the government that owes them pro-

* Russel, *ibid*.

tection, as it requires their obedience? Is not this the most likely means of driving them into the arms of the French, who can invite them by an offer of security, their own government chooses not to offer them?" "

" " If it be, after all, thought necessary to check the growth of our colonies, give me leave to propose a method less cruel. The method I mean, is that which was dictated by the Egyptian policy, when the 'infinite increase,' of the children of Israel, was apprehended as dangerous to the state. Let an act of parliament then be made, enjoining the colony midwives to stifle in the birth every third or fourth child. By this means you may keep the colonies to their present size.' "

The celebrated stamp act followed soon afterwards. The avowed purpose of this act was to raise money for the support of ten thousand troops, who were to be quartered in America.

' I do not know,' says Mr. Walsh, ' of any moral phenomenon which history offers, more hateful—than that those who were entrusted in Great Britain with the supreme administration, should not only have proved utterly insensible to the services and distresses of the colonies, but have at once resolved to take advantage of the expulsion of her rival from the American continent, effected, in great part, through their vigorous assistance, and of the mighty increase and complete disengagement of the national strength, produced by the same generous co-operation—to enforce in all its rigour the whole digest of commercial subjection; to plunge them into what Mr. Burke so justly described as "a perfect uncompensated slavery, by joining together the restraints of an universal internal and external monopoly, with an universal internal and external taxation.' "

' There seems to be now but one voice throughout the world, respecting the expedients employed to establish this cumulative despotism—the revenue-acts, stamp acts, restraining and starving acts, Boston port acts, acts for disfranchising legislatures, for quartering soldiers in private houses, dragging men to England for trial, &c. English writers of every party-denomination, finding that the verdict of Europe was given unanimously and irreversibly, against this headlong career of injustice and folly, have concurred in passing upon it, themselves, the severest sentence of reprobation. They tell us without hesitation that a scheme of new modelling the colonial government, so as to increase the power and patronage of the crown, and enable ministers to enrich their relations and dependents, was the cause of the war, and of the loss of America. They adduce these as the prominent features of the hopeful scheme:—

' First, to raise a revenue in America by act of parliament, to be applied to support an army there; to pay a large salary to the governors, another to the lieutenant governors, salaries to the judges of the law and admiralty; and thus to render the whole

government, executive and judicial, entirely independent of the people, and wholly dependent on the minister. Second, to make a new division of the colonies, to reduce the number of them by making the small ones more extensive, to make them all royal governments, with a peerage in each, &c.'

The extracts given by Mr. Walsh from the parliamentary debates of that period, display in a strong light the affection of our elder and more polished brethren towards us, and must prove highly edifying to those among us, who have been accustomed to regard the British parliament as the centre of pure principles and refined taste. Colonel Grant, who in the year 1758 had with a detachment of British troops been saved from utter ruin, by the devoted courage of a company of Virginians, pronounced in a debate in 1775, that 'he knew the Americans well, was certain they would not fight; they would never dare to face an English army; and that they did not possess any of the qualifications necessary to make a good soldier; he repeated many of their common place expressions; ridiculed their enthusiasm in religion, and drew a disagreeable picture of their manners and way of living.' The 'noble lords,' of the upper house naturally enough joined in the cry against a nation so lamentably deficient in the 'Corinthian capital of society.' American courage, religion, understanding and honesty, afforded full scope for animadversion. 'Some of the lords,' says Dr. Franklin, 'thought that we were of a different species from the English of Britain.' Earl Talbot was of opinion that 'the Americans were not able to conquer *their natural propensity to fraud and concealment*.' The duke of Chandos remarked on 'the *obstinacy, baseness and ingratitude* of his majesty's *rebellious subjects* in America.' The earl of Sandwich related a pleasant story, told him by sir Peter Warren, proving 'what *egregious cowards* the Americans were.' 'Believe me my lords,' added the head of the admiralty, 'the *very sound of a cannon* would carry them off, in sir Peter's words, as fast as their feet could carry them off.' Our readers are probably satisfied with these specimens of transatlantic urbanity. We shall therefore content ourselves with but one more extract from this part of Mr. Walsh's work. It is impossible we think for an American to read it without feeling a warmer glow of patriotism at the contrast it exhibits, and with all their national sins towards us, we cannot help commiserating the feelings of the better part of the English, when such passages as these come before their eyes.

'There is still a sort of incredulity of the imagination when we reflect, how soon the *parent* state resorted to the expedient of annoyance—the last which, in the order of penal visitation, would present itself to the fiercest hate against the most detestable object, or to the most just revenge for the deepest and bitterest injury. It will be at once understood that I mean the employment

of the savages as auxiliaries; an enormity of rancour and desperate ambition, which drew down those blasting thunders from the genius of Chatham, that seem to be still heard, when we look at the faint image of them conveyed in the parliamentary history. Two years after the commencement of the revolution, had this prophetic and generous spirit to tell his countrymen, in an agony of shame and grief, "It is not a wild and lawless banditti whom we oppose:—the resistance of America is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots." The cruelty and degeneracy of associating to the British arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife*—of "trafficking at the shambles of every German despot" for the purpose of crushing that resistance; of butchering a people chiefly descended from British loins, and from whose labours Britain had reaped so rich a harvest of power and glory, might well produce the "sanctified phrenzy" to which he was wrought. But he recollected, besides, how long that people had struggled with "the merciless Indian" for the possession of the soil, on which they had reared English communities and institutions; and he felt, in seeing the same inveterate enemy led back upon them, by the country for whose benefit nearly as much as their own, they had fought so bravely, and bled so profusely, the peculiar hardship and bitterness of their lot, and the unparalleled barbarity and callousness of England. There was enough to rouse all the energies of his humanity and his patriotism, in the item which the treasury accounts presented, of 160,000*l.* sterling, for the purchase of warlike accoutrements for the savages;—in that phrase, as ridiculous as it was ferocious, of Bourgoyne's speech to the congress of Indians at the river Bouquet (June 21st, 1777)—"Go forth in the might of your valour and your cause; *strike* at the common enemies of Great Britain and America, disturbers of public order, peace, and happiness; destroyers of commerce; parricides of the state;"—and in the proclamation of governor Tonyn of East Florida, offering a reward for every American scalp delivered to persons appointed to receive them.'

'It is aggravation of guilt that the utmost efforts of the highest degree of human eloquence, seconded by the most mature wisdom and approved patriotism, were wholly without effect. Throughout the war, the mother country displayed as haughty and ruthless a spirit, as if she were in fact engaged in crushing "a wild and lawless banditti," or resisting an hereditary enemy and rival, alien and odious to her by every principle of estrangement and aversion. The Americans whom she made prisoners in the contest, persisting, as they did, in rejecting all temptations to enter into her service against their country, so far from conciliating kindness by their magnanimity, experienced a more rigorous treatment than the French and Spaniards in the same situation. After many hundreds of them had languished for several years in a cruel captivity, they petitioned the government in vain for an equal al-

lowance of provision. The earl of Shelburne affirmed in the House of Lords, in the debate of December 5th, 1777, that "the French officers taken prisoners going to America, had been inhumanly treated; but that the American prisoners in England were treated with unprecedented barbarity."

'The American Board of War had a conference with Mr. Boudinot, the commissary general of prisoners, at York town, on the 21st of December, 1777, and after having carefully examined the evidence produced by him, agreed upon the following report: "That there are about 900 privates, and 300 officers prisoners in the city of New York, and about 500 privates and 50 officers in Philadelphia;—That the privates in New York have been crowded all summer in sugar-houses, and the officers boarded on Long Island, except about 30, who have been confined in the provost guard, and in the most loathsome jails:—That since the beginning of October all these prisoners, both officers and privates, have been confined in prison ships, or the provost:—That the privates in Philadelphia have been kept in two public jails, and the officers in the state house;—That from the best evidence which the nature of the subject will admit of, the general allowance of prisoners, at most does not exceed four ounces of meat and as much bread (often so damaged as not to be eatable) per day, and often much less, though the professed allowance is from eight to ten ounces:—*That it has been a common practice with the enemy, on a prisoner's being first captured, to keep him three, four, or even five days without a morsel of provisions of any kind, and then to tempt him to enlist to save his life:*—That there are numerous instances of prisoners of war perishing in all the agonies of hunger from their severe treatment:—That being generally stript of what clothes they have when taken, they have suffered greatly for the want thereof, during their confinement."

'Mr. Burke, in one of his publications of the year 1776, sarcastically remarks "it is undoubtedly some comfort for our disappointments and burdens, to insult the few provincial officers we take, by throwing them with common men into a goal, and some triumph to hold the bold adventurer Ethan Allen, in irons in a dungeon in Cornwall."

'This gallant American was taken prisoner, fighting with the utmost bravery, in Canada, under the banners of Montgomery. He was immediately loaded with irons, and transported to England, in that condition, on board of a man-of-war. On some observations being made in the House of Lords, by the duke of Richmond, concerning his treatment, the earl of Suffolk, one of the ministry, made this reply—"The noble duke says, we brought over Ethan Allen in irons to this country, but were afraid to try him, lest he should be acquitted by an English jury, or that we should not be able legally to convict him. I do assure his Grace, that he is equally mistaken in both his conjectures; we neither had a

doubt but we should be able to legally convict him, nor were we afraid that an English jury would have acquitted him; nor further was it *out of any tenderness to the man*, who I maintain, had justly forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country. But I will tell his Grace the true motives which induced administration to act as they did. We were aware that the rebels had lately made a considerable number of prisoners, and we accordingly avoided bringing him to his trial from considerations of *prudence*; from a dread of the consequences of retaliation; not from a doubt of his legal guilt, or a fear of his acquittal by an English jury.”*

‘The conduct and temper of the ministry in the case of Ethan Allen,—which would have been the same in that of Montgomery, had he fallen into their hands,—deserves to be visited with the contrast, which is afforded in such a trait as the following, related by general Bourgoyne in the house of commons, on the 26th of May, 1778.

“The district of Saratoga is the property of major general Scuyler of the American troops; there were large barracks built by him which took fire, the day after the British army arrived on the ground. General Scuyler had likewise a very good dwelling-house, exceeding large store-houses, great saw-mills, and other out buildings, to the value altogether, perhaps, of 10,000*l.* a few days before the negotiation with general Gates, the enemy had formed a plan to attack me; a large column of troops were approaching to pass the small river, preparatory to a general action, and were entirely covered from the fire of my artillery by those buildings. Sir, I avow that I gave the order to set them on fire; and in a very short time that whole property, I have described, was consumed. But, to show that the person most deeply concerned in that calamity, did not put the construction upon it, which it has pleased the honourable gentleman to do, I must inform the House, that one of the first persons I saw, after the convention was signed, was general Scuyler. I expressed to him my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons which had occasioned it. He desired me to think no more of it; said the occasion justified it, according to the principles and rules of war, and that he should have done the same upon the same occasion, or words to that effect. He did more—he sent an aid-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed, to procure me better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. This gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Scuyler and her family; and in this general’s house I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality.”

In our next number we hope to give our readers some further account of a work for which every American, has reason to be grateful to the author. By dispelling the mists with which mal-volence has sought to obscure her rising glory, Mr. Walsh has done a great service to his country. We trust he has not abandoned his original plan of giving to the public a survey of the institutions and condition of the republic. We are sure at least that the public reception of the present volume is not such as to deter him from attempting another.

ART. IX.—*Binns' Engraved copy of the Declaration of Independence.*

SINCE the publication of *our* last number, Mr. Binns has been at length enabled to publish his splendid Print of the Declaration of Independence; and a beautiful specimen it is of the present state of some of the fine arts in this country, for all the materials, and every part of the execution of this magnificent engraving, are exclusively American—It is one of the largest prints extant: and in the execution of the written part in particular, may challenge competition with any foreign performance of the kind, that has hitherto appeared. The manufacture of the paper, also, and the mechanical execution of the copy from the plate, are pronounced, by competent judges, to be excellent.

Its merits are by no means inconsiderable, as an authentic document of the Declaration of Independence. The proprietor has we understand, been indefatigable in ascertaining the precise terms of this state paper, and the print therefore may always be appealed to with perfect confidence, for the settlement of any disputes in respect to its import or phraseology.

It may also, for the future, serve as a plate of reference for the arms of all the original States, united to form the American nation in the war of the revolution. Some embellishments, it is true, have been added to the rough sketches transmitted from the different states, as the impress of their seals of office, but without superadding any thing that is not strictly within the Legislative designations of what their respective arms should be. No liberty has been taken, contrary to law. As these impressions are therefore the most classical delineations of the seals described in the several acts of assembly, they will perhaps, hereafter, become the models from which official seals will be copied. Some poetical licence in this particular, may frequently be indulged with manifest advantage. For instance, the act of Congress directs our coin to have an impression emblematic of liberty, which has been acted on at the mint by putting a *head* of liberty, when, certainly a graceful and classical figure would be much more attractive to the eye, than the uncomely bust which shakes its gory locks at us, on our cents.

It would seem difficult so to arrange the medallions as to produce any thing like symmetry in their appearance, without intermingling them in such a way as to encroach upon their proper geographical position. But by a singular and fortunate coincidence their geographical has proved to be their most symmetrical collocation. Thus, of the three heads, that of Washington is a front face; while those of Hancock and Jefferson, on each side look towards each other. In like manner the medallions of the state seals happen to pair together, precisely in the manner in which an artist of taste would have arranged them, had it been left to his choice. In this curious point of view the print is worth examining.

The very spirited delineation of the eagle, and the general execution of the arms of the United States, are so much more elegant than the common clumsy style in which these things are done, that it is to be hoped the improvement will be generally, if not universally, adopted.

This is not only one of the largest but the cheapest prints ever offered for sale in this country. Besides an exact and beautiful copy of the Declaration of Independence, the admirable and correct engraving of the arms, the ornamental foliage, and the fascicular bandeau, there are sixteen distinct medallions of very superior execution, highly picturesque, and the whole performance officially and critically accurate.

Every friend to the principles of the Declaration of Independence (in which classification it is probable that almost every man in the United States is comprehended) must be pleased to see so much skill and taste employed, to embellish and signalize by art, a Document which will for ever be the pride, boast and standard of the politics of America.

ART. X. Remarks of the Eclectic Review on Mr. Paulding's
Backwoodsman.

THIS is certainly the most favourable specimen of transatlantic literature that has yet fallen under our notice. It is a poem which would be its author's passport to celebrity in any country; and unless we are greatly deceived in our estimate of its merits, it will satisfy the most sceptical as to the possible existence of such an anomaly as native poetical genius in an American. Into the causes which have operated to repress hitherto the development of poetical invention in a nation which has contributed so respectable a proportion of writers on the physical sciences, this is not the place to enter. The state of society in the United States is sufficient to account in some degree for the circumstance. There is in the national stock of recollections and associations, a paucity of the elements of poetry. There is in the calculating, sceptical, self-accommodating habits of the people, something

counteractive of the spirit of poetry. They have no childhood of society to go back to for legends of the dimly distant past, where romance blends with history. They have no relics of feudal tyranny and papal superstition, scattered over their landscapes, to please the eye of taste, and to form an index to past times, while, as being ruins, they yield a feeling of complacency. They have none of the master-peices of Art, to rekindle, by the power of sympathy, the high creative imaginings which live in the sculptured or pictured originals. They have fewer of the delusions of half-defined sentiment spread over the scenes of real life. Perhaps the deficiency of sentiment, or rather, of that which is the source of sentiment. that which excites and feeds the finer sensibilities of our nature, the imagination, is the most striking deficiency in the American character. Women, and Home, are not the same words—do not comprehend the same associations on the other side of the Atlantic as they do with us: the notions there prevailing, are more nearly allied to those of the Parisians. Country does not mean the same: it cannot, so long as half the population consists of slaves; nor can Man mean the same in their pronunciation of the word, who do not recognise the rights of man. When to these considerations we add the habit of relying upon an imported literature, arising from the consciousness of native poverty and inferiority, and a calculating indolence which seeks to supply its wants at the cheapest rate of exertion, it is not to be wondered at that America has hitherto produced no genuine poet, scarcely any one, indeed, who has been able to make his name heard across the ocean. Mr. Paulding, however, deserves to be heard and honoured as a brilliant exception, &c.

ART. XI.—*Literary Information from England.*

Dr. Burrows's work on Insanity is in considerable forwardness, and may be expected in the ensuing season.

Mrs. Graham, author of a *Journal of a Residence in India*, who is now in Italy, is preparing for the press, *Two Months' Residence in the Mountains near Rome*, with some account of the Peasantry, and also of the Banditti that infest that neighbourhood.

The same lady has also been employing her time upon a life of Nicholas Poussin.

The Rev. Mr. Bulmer, of Haverfordwest, is preparing for publication, in one volume 8vo, *The Vicar of Landover*; or light from the *Welchman's Candle*. In this work the "Divine Poems" of the Rev. Rees Prichard, the celebrated Vicar of Landover, will be divested of numerous repetitions and defects, pecu-

liar to the age in which they were written; and the most interesting parts of that popular book called "*The Welchman's Candle*," will be given in a modern dress. The preface will contain a new and enlarged account of the Vicar, and the whole will be illustrated with copious notes, partly relating to the progress and present state of religion in the principality.

In the press, an *Introduction to the Writing of Latin*; containing easy exercises on all the declineables, with arranged lists of the indeclineable parts of speech. Adapted to the *Eton Latin Grammar*. By James Mitchell.

The Rev. George Crolay, author of "*Paris*," a poem, is preparing for the press *Specimens of the Living British Poets*, with biographical notices and critical remarks.

The Rev. Mark Wilks will soon publish, some Account of the Present State of France, and of the recent persecutions in the South.

G. A. Robinson, Esq. is preparing for publication, Gleanings in Africa, collected during a long residence and many trading voyages in that country, particularly between Cape Verd and the river Congo.

M. Lavaysse's Political and Commercial Account of Venezuela, Trinidad, and other adjacent Islands, translated from the French, with notes and illustrations, is in the press.

Mr. James Hogg, author of the "Queen's Wake," is printing in two duodecimo volumes, Winter Evening Tales, collected in the south of Scotland.

Mr. John Wilson, author of the "Isle of Palms," will soon publish, Lays from Fairy Land.

A History of the House of Austria, from the foundation of the Monarchy, by Rodolph, to the death of Leopold II. 1218 to 1792, is printing in five octavo volumes.

The author of "Letters from Paraguay," will soon publish, in an octavo volume, Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili, with a history of the latter country, illustrated by engravings.

Twenty-two Sermons, by the late Rev. James Stillingfleet, Prebendary of Worcester: with a memoir and portrait, will soon appear in an octavo volume.

Dr. Watkins has in great forwardness, a new edition of the General Biographical and Historical Dictionary, revised and continued to the present time.

Mr. L. J. Mac Henry has in the press, nearly ready, a third edition of his improved Spanish Grammar, designed especially for Self-instruction.

In a few days will be published, Christian Missions vindicated and encouraged; a Sermon preached at Queen-street Chapel, Lincolns-Inn-Fields, on Wednesday morning, June 23d. By Thomas Edmonds, A.M.

The Juvenile Miscellany, containing Geography, Astronomy, Chronology, Trade and Commerce, &c. &c. Adapted for the use of schools, and private tuition. By R. Humber. Second edition,

with considerable additions and corrections, is nearly ready.

Also, the Instructive Pocket Companion, containing a great variety of Anecdotes, Observations, Maxims, Calculations and Experiments, Philosophical, Historical, Literary, and Scientific, from the most eminent authors. By Joseph Taylor.

The new edition of Mr. M'Lean's valuable Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, in two octavo volumes, is in a state of considerable forwardness, and will be ready for publication on the 1st of November. The work is issued in parts, of which the fourth is now ready; it will be completed in six.

The Art of Instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb, by Mr. Arrowsmith, illustrated with copper-plates, drawn and engraved by the author's brother, an artist born deaf and dumb, will be published in a few weeks.

In the press, America and the British Colonies; or an abstract of all the most useful information relative to the United States of America, and the British Colonies of Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Island; exhibiting at one view, the comparative advantages and disadvantages each country offers for emigration: collected from the most valuable and recent publications; with notes and observations by William Kingdom, junior.

In a few days will be published, a New Dictionary of Classical Quotations on an improved plan, accompanied by corresponding paraphrases, or translations from the works of celebrated British poets. By F. W. Blagdon, author of the "French Interpreter," &c.

We have the pleasure to learn that the impatience of the subscribers to Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, is daily expected to be gratified by the publication of the conclusion of that valuable work.

In a few days will be published, the third edition of King Coal's Levee, or Geological Etiquette. With explanatory notes, and the council of the metals; to which is added, Baron Basalt's tour.

Mr. Taylor has published the first part of his Historical Account of the University of Dublin, (to consist of 12 parts) on an uniform plan with Mr.

Ackerman's Histories of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. It is illustrated with three richly coloured engravings and twenty-four pages of descriptive letter-press. A part will be published every two months, till the whole is completed. The work is intended to contain about thirty coloured views, &c. and three hundred pages of letter-press. The subscription continues open to December 31st, after which the parts will be advanced.—In the course of the work, several essays will be contributed, each by an eminent professor, on a science immediately connected with his own department. *Elec. Rev.*

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List of the principal new British Publications.

A Memoir of the Most Renowned James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, translated from the Latin of the Reverend Dr. George Wishart, afterward Bishop of Edinburgh. To which are added, sundry Original Letters and Papers, never before published. With a portrait of Montrose. 8vo. 12s.

A Memoir of Charles Louis Sand; including a Narrative of the Circumstances attending the Death of Augustus Von Kotzebue: also, a defence of the German Universities. With an introduction and explanatory notes by the Editor. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Volume I. Part II, of Bibliotheca Britannica; or, a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland ancient and Modern, with such foreign works as have been translated into English, or printed in the British Dominions; including also a copious selection from the writings of the most celebrated Authors of all ages and nations. By Robert Watt, M.D. 4to. 17. 1s. boards.

The Theory of Elocution; exhibited in connexion with a new and philosophical account of the nature of instituted language. By B. H. Smart, Professor of Elocution, and Public Reader of Shakspeare, 8vo. 7s. boards.

The Sufferings and Fate of the Expedition which sailed from England in Nov. 1817, to the rivers Orinoco and Apure, and joined the Patriotic Forces in Venezuela and Caraccas. By G. Hippisley, Esq. late colonel of the 1st Venezuelan Hussars. 8vo. 15s.

The Young Musician, or the Science of Music, familiarly explained; with a glossary of musical terms and phrases. 18mo. 3s. half-bound.

Remarks on the Conduct of Man to inferior Animals; on the Primeval State of Man; arguments from Scripture, Reason, Fact, and Experience, in Favour of a Vegetable Diet; on the Effects of Food; on the Practice of Nations and Individuals: Objections answered, &c. By G. Nicholson. 18mo. 5s. boards.

The Authoress, a Tale. By the Author of Rachel. f. cap. 8vo. 5s.

A Manual of Directions, for forming a school according to the National or Madras System. By the Rev. G. I. Bevan, A. M. Vicar of Crickhowel. 12mo. 2s.

The Instructive Pocket Companion; containing a great variety of anecdotes, observations, maxims, calculations and experiments, philosophical, historical literary, and scientific, from the most eminent Authors. By Joseph Taylor. With an engraved frontispiece, representing a portable sun-dial. f. cap. 8vo. 4s. boards.

Parga, a poem, with illustrative Notes. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Musæ Biblicæ, or, The Poetry of the Bible. A selection of the most elegant poetical translations, paraphrases, and imitations of the Sacred Scriptures. With beautiful vignette title page by Charles Heath. 13mo. 6s.

A system of Theology, in a Series of Sermons. By the late Timothy Dwight, D.D. President of Yale College, Connecticut. With a life and portrait of the Author. 5 vols. 8vo.

Tales of the Hall. By the Rev. George Crabbe, 2 vols. 8 vo. 24s.

The Court of England in the Reign of Charles the First. Being a translation of Marschal Bassompierre's account of his Embassy to London, with Notes and commentaries. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, Esq. A *Second Edition*, in 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

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